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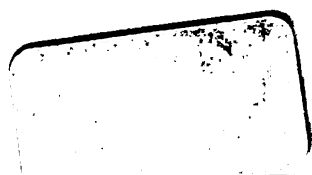
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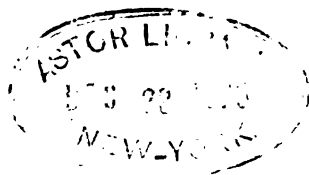


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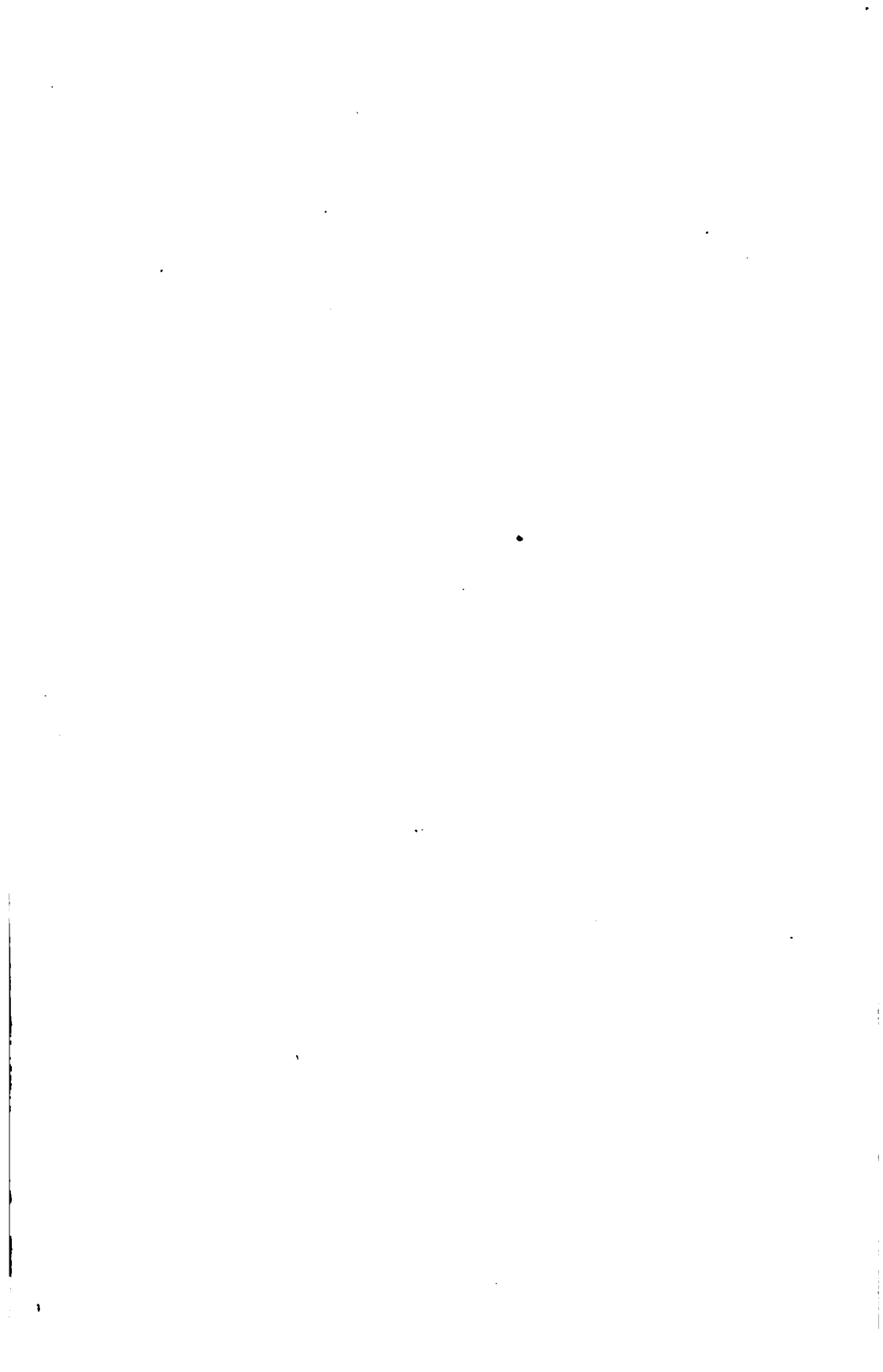
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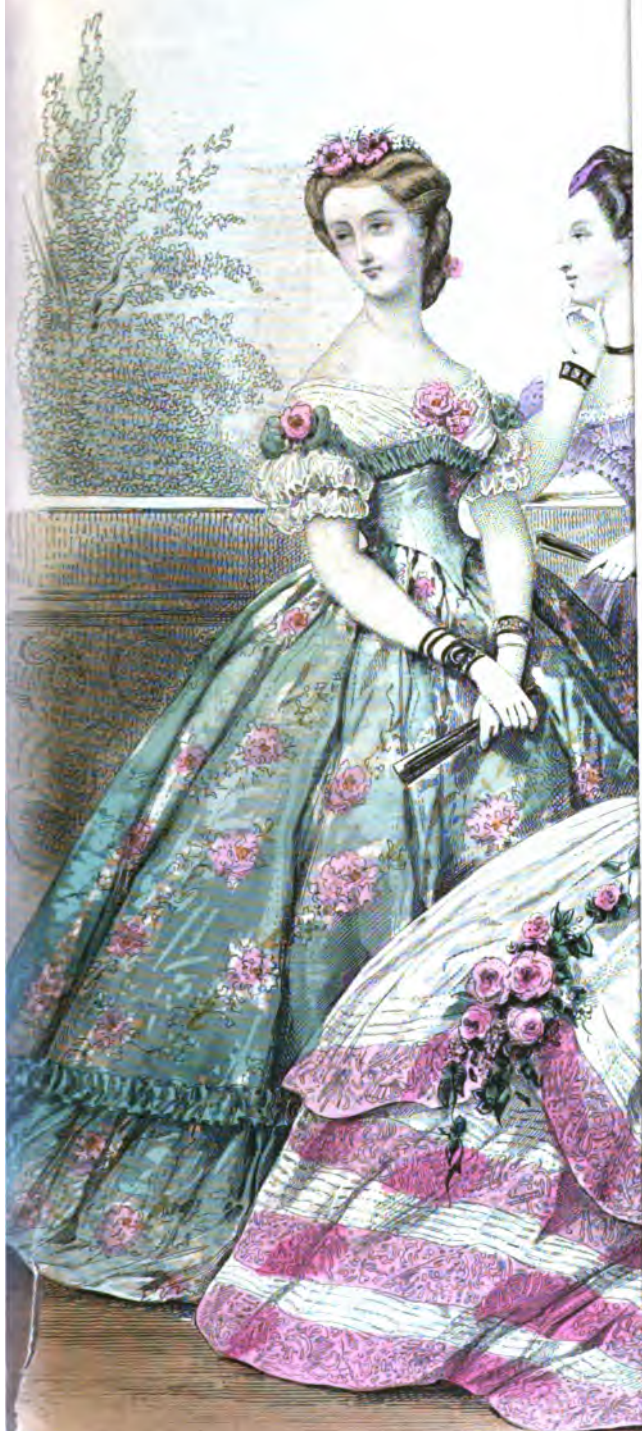
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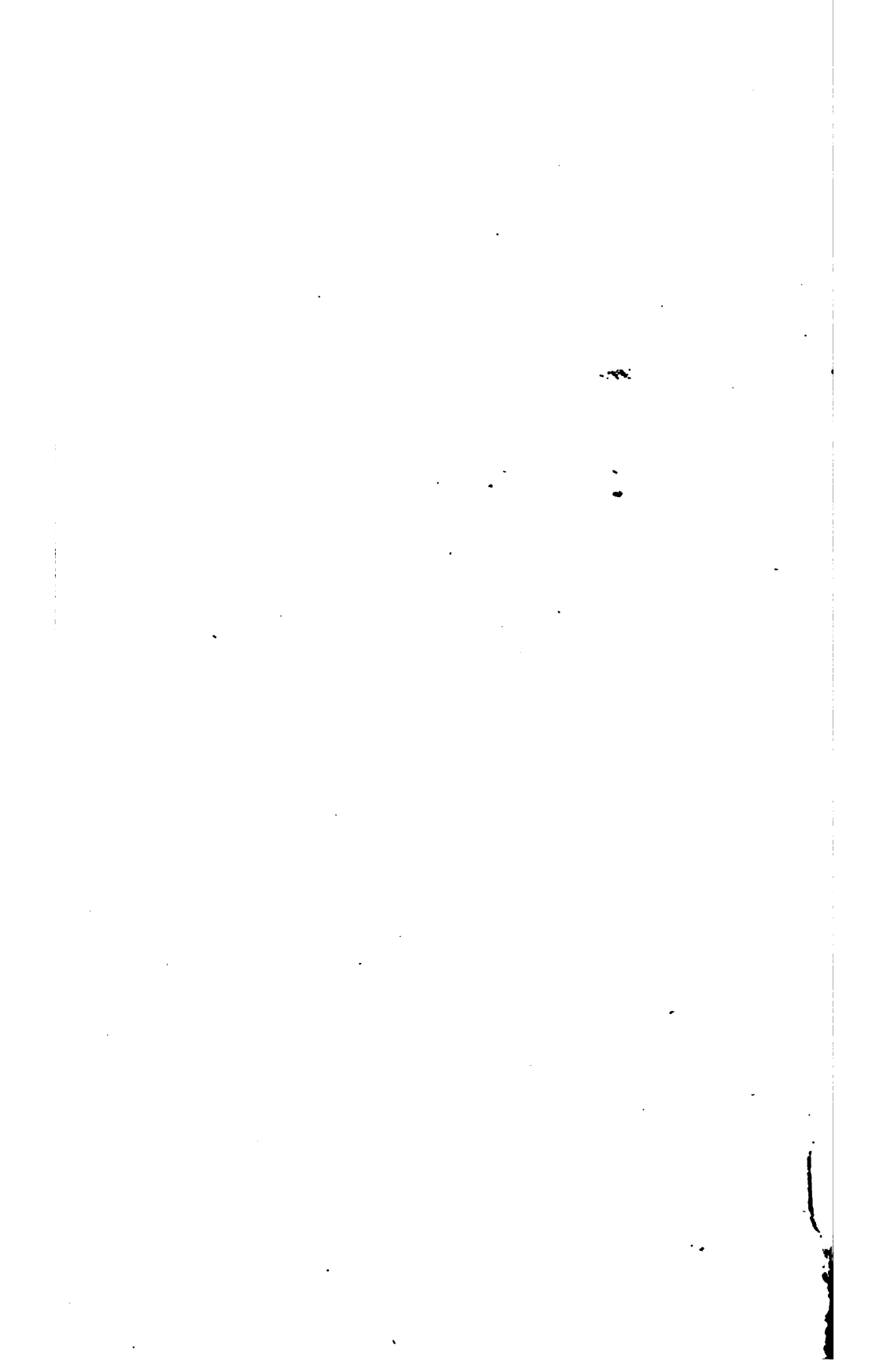




Sun set.

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V I R T U E L E M O Y N E .

BY J. B. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF "RUTSON MORLEY."

CHAP. XIII.

Is it life or death that is the marvel—the miracle? Is life a shadow because death is so real?—or is death a light thing compared with the bounteous reality of one triumphant hour of life? Surely we do err in contrasting them. If the clear sunlight of the world's noon of reason has shown us anything at all of that which is unseen, assuredly it is that death is not the defeat of hope, nor the quenching of aspiration, nor the blunting of purpose, nor the arrest of fine issues, but the necessary emancipation of fettered forces that the conquest of all the world could not satisfy, the outburst from the chrysalis, the assumption, the adoption, the consummation.

So do we reason, and we reason well, of death in general. But when it comes to us personally, and changes our best beloved into a name and a memory, what do we feel but the severance—the severance? So it was with *Virtue Le Moyne*. There was but little philosophy in her first grief—a simple faith, certainly, that God could do no wrong, and that all must be for the best; but even this could not be brought to bear at once upon the bitterness of bereavement. We will not pause, however, over her grief, nor rudely lift the veil that hides the sanctuary of tears. Let her weep. He who dealt the blow is the same who formed the issue of the eye, and the tears of bereavement are his, precious unto him as the prayers of the saints. Time was kind to her. At first she thought it a duty to weep for Willie Hepburn, and sometimes was startled at her own callousness when she found that she had been so much interested in anything else as to pass a tearless hour. Gradually, however, she began to perceive that tears were not the noblest tribute she could pay to her dead, and that to live as if he were still her goal, to interest herself in all that he had loved, and to try to make herself still more worthy of all that he had been, and that with a more single eye to the glory of the Truth which she now saw had formed the real greatness of his life and death, were commemoration

far more worthy in itself, and far more consonant with the spirit of the love wherewith he had loved her. A Bible he had given her at their first parting became now her constant companion, and she hung upon every word of it with the most childlike simplicity and unquestioning reverence. Where else could she have found a comfort that had in it no element of selfishness, a resignation that had in it nought of forgetfulness, a satisfaction that even the departed could not be jealous of? On what other ground could she have found herself so near to what had passed from her sight? But still the tears would come, and who could reprove them! On bright days especially when the sunshine reminded her of her day of hope, when the birds that used to be their mutual delight were singing as if there were no death and no sorrow, and when the green leaves quivered with the universal joy of summer—on such days *Virtue* could do little else than sit with her hands preat upon her breast, and gaze upwards through the fluttering lace-work into the blue sky. On stormy days too, when the wind howled through the great trees that surrounded the hall, hushing the song of birds, and driving the whirling columns of fallen leaves against the window panes, what wonder that she thought, with a vividness of imagination that almost drove her to distraction, of helpless ships on rocky coasts, and of despairing men and women sobbing out amidst the merciless fury of tempest their last farewell to home?

But time, as we have said, was kind to her. Softly and still more softly he laid his hand upon her, till she began again to feel that there was joy in the dawn, and peace in the shades of eve. Gradually, according to the law of life, she became aware of the assimilating influence of that nature into whose spirit she had entered so deeply, and though she yet felt that "of all her many voices grief is still the undertone," it was such a tender melancholy as was fruitful unto peace and holiness of heart. And so one by one she resumed her daily duties, and, after her season of helplessness, renewed her attentions to her uncle and aunt with increased assiduity

and faithfulness. And was Willie Hepburn at length forgotten? Ah, no; but from being a memory wept for, he became a present influence, stimulating to yet higher life, more constant duty, and brighter faith—a ministering angel, even more powerful in death than in life.

Time had not dealt so kindly with Mr. Hepburn. He was an old man now, and his soul, wanting the elasticity of earlier years, once moulded to sorrow, retained the shape. The tone of his existence was lowered for life, and though the physical effects of the shock he had sustained wore off to a much greater extent than his medical attendant had been sanguine enough to hope for, it was plain that the light of his life was quenched, and that he was now only travelling the path of daily duty in the spirit of patience, waiting to be called home. His chief pleasure, if pleasure it may be called, consisted in sitting beside Virtue Le Moyne, either indoors or out, in perfect silence. He gave her to understand that she was to work or read just as if he were not present. This seemed to him the nearest approach he could make to the life to which his son had gone. "They were one in heart," he constantly said within himself; "surely they must be so still." Both were, of course, frequently visited by Mr. Angus, in whose unofficial sympathy they found inexpressible comfort, especially as they knew him to be himself in no small degree a fellow-sufferer. And thus when the winter was over, and the summer had come, such afternoon walkers as strayed unbidden into the avenue, were not unfrequently stopped in their trespass by the sight of a group of four persons, seated in rustic chairs on the lawn, the minister reading, Miss Le Moyne listening and dosing, Virtue listening and working, and the schoolmaster neither listening nor working, but gazing intently on every motion of the finger and expression of the face of her whom he still deemed the bride of his son.

Sometimes—very seldom though, Mr. Le Moyne formed one of the group. Generally he was either in the town of Borrowbridge, or helplessly confined to the house. The blow of Willie Hepburn's death had fallen heavily upon him too, for he had loved him with all the tenderness of a nature that consisted of very little more than affection; but morally it had brought no good result to him. In his grief he only felt all the more the necessity of artificial support, and in spite of all the remonstrance of his sister, in the face of his ever-reiterated promises of amendment, the fatal habit had become if possible more strongly rooted than ever, and the mystery still was how he obtained the means of satisfying his depraved craving. Ever since the exposure of Morgan's stratagem, Mr. Le Moyne had avoided him, so that it was pretty clear that the former was no longer the tempter. Moreover, Mr. Le Moyne's particular haunt in the town was by this time found out, and it was also well known that when he indulged he took care to be quite alone; so that though the *where*

was no longer a mystery, the *wherewithal* was as dark as ever.

Not unfrequently the tranquillity of the above-mentioned group was disturbed by the appearance of Peter Morgan. Still renting the lodge and the farm round the Hall, he had unavoidably the full range even of the more private grounds. The merest recognition was all that ever passed between the parties, the Le Moynes being aware that he had not even yet given up his designs on the Hall, the minister heartily and undisguisedly disliking him, and the schoolmaster knowing more about him than they all. His sneering nod always chilled the mourners, and a sigh of relief invariably accompanied his disappearance.

Old Betty had died quietly after having been bedridden for years. Eppie Berry was now established permanently in the Hall, and bade fair under the influence of her young mistress to become a sane member of society.

And thus having passed them all in review once more before us—(ah no! not all!) let yet another year revolve unrecorded, a year of light and shade, of green leaf and withered branch, of birth and death, and all the many contrasts that chequer human life from May to May.

CHAP. XIV.

Willie Hepburn had been dead more than a year and a half, and the flush of life was again on Virtue's cheek. She could smile now and feel it no cruelty. She understood Willie better now than in the days when she thought that dry eyes were a sin against his soul.

It was a beautiful evening in May. Virtue sat in her chamber—Lady Lilburn's, drinking in from her open window the sweet influences of golden light, bird-music, and the flutter of young leaves. She thought of Willie in unison with them all. By this time his spirit somehow had become transfused through all that she deemed good and beautiful, and thus it was that while she thought of him she could not help thinking also of Mr. Angus, as so dear a friend of Willie's, and so like him, just because he was so good. There had been an afternoon of reading that day, and the weird melody of "Kilmany" beautifully read by the clergyman had roused Virtue's whole mind, and had stirred so many strings which her all-absorbing grief had allowed to lie dormant that she had once more listened with conscious delight to the music of her own soul. With this said mystic music she could not help allowing the voice of the minister to mingle, and thinking of this and of his many kind words to her, she forgot all about the sweet May outside. After a little time, however, she started from her reverie and half reproached herself for treason to the one dear memory. So she fled for refuge to the Bible Willie had given her, but presently she found herself poring over the last text from which Mr. Angus had preached and trying to recall

not only what he had said, but the very tones of his voice. In this mood of mind she was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Eppie.

"I wix share there wix something wrang when I seed his face at the door," exclaimed she angrily, totally forgetful that nouns should precede pronouns.

"What is wrong? Whose face?" cried Virtue frightened by her sudden appearance and agitated manner.

"I dinna ken ony mair than yersel' what's wrang," answered Eppie, who in spite of her general improvement was still addicted to the mysterious.

"Has uncle gone out again?"

"No. He's in the leebary."

"And where is my aunt?"

"She's in the leebary as weel."

"Come," said Virtue impatiently, "you are trifling with me, Eppie. I must go down and see for myself."

"Stop, Miss, stop, and I'll tell ye what I ken afore ye gang doon. Mr. Morgan's been wi' yer uncle this last hour, and Miss Le Moynes been sent for tae, an' there's an awfu' greetin' in the leebary."

"Stand away, Eppie, let me go down at once."

"Stop, Miss, stop. I've mair tae tell ye afore ye gang down. Yer uncle's gane an' done something wrang—I kenna what, but as I stood at the door I heard him implore Maister Morgan to gang nae farrer. Then I heard Miss Le Moynes say it wud kill them baith, an' bring disgrace upon you—"

"Let me go, Eppie, I tell you. I must go down. Let me go. Let me try to save them."

"Wait, Miss. That's just what I heard him say. He said you could save them."

"How?"

"They offered tae leave the Hall at yince if that wud satisfy him, tae dae anything. But he said you alane could save them noo."

"Eppie," cried Virtue passionately, "you are cruel to me. I have never been unkind to you. Tell me at once what you mean. Did he say how I could save them?"

"Yes. I heard what he said," answered Eppie, with the tears gushing down her cheeks, "but it grieves my hert tae tell ye, my puir mistress."

Virtue stood amased, half inclined to beg her servant's pardon.

"Ah, Miss Virty," resumed Eppie, putting her apron to her eyes. "Jist look yersel in the glass, and tho' ye're frichtit lookin' an' no jist sae redd up as I've seen ye, jist look at yer bonny face an' yer lang gowden hair."

"What has that to do with it, Eppie?"

"Ay, but that's jist it. Are ye prepared tae sell a' that for the love o' yer auld uncle an' the honour o' yer faimly name? Better, better I tell ye, let that gude-nater'd drucken auld body dee a thousand times, an' yer auntie tae, an' ca' yersel' by some ither name a'thegither than gie yer bonnie hand tae that hard-herit heepycree. Noo ye may gang doon. The trith is I wix sent

fur ye, an' they're waitin' on ye," and Eppie disappeared as suddenly as she had entered.

Virtue would have rushed after her, but she knew that in her 'vagary' moods Eppie was a miracle of speed, so there was nothing left for her but to extricate herself from her bewilderment without assistance. What had she heard? Something about—disgrace! It was a new word to Virtue altogether. She knew what death meant, what bereavement meant—what did she not know of tears, and weariness of soul, and void affection, and blighted hope, and severance of hearts? But disgrace! This was something new and strange, something which the holy consolation of grief could not reach, something that checked even her appeal to heaven for support. Now that the way was clear her desire to rush down stairs and face the evil almost vanished, and she felt irresolute and sick at heart. How easy it would have been compared with this to have thrown herself into the thickest of the storm, to have singled him out in spite of the blinding waters, and to have died by his side in wreck and hurricane! But to bear her own servant tell her confidentially of impending family disgrace! And what had she meant by those hints about the means of escape? Virtue in her simplicity did look into the mirror, and, for the first time since she had ceased to prize her beauty for the sake of him whose eye could look on it no more, consciously struck with the power of her own face, and the streaming loveliness of her golden hair, of a sudden the meaning of Eppie's words fell on her like a thunder-bolt.

He! The very thought was intolerable—revolting. So impossible did it seem that she began at once to be sceptical about Eppie's accuracy, and in that state of mind she descended to the library.

On entering, her aunt, to her surprise, rose and moved towards the door, saying, "Your uncle and I will leave you with Mr. Morgan. We will join you soon again."

At the same time she tapped her brother on the shoulder, who rose as if in a state of stupor and followed her with tottering step from the room. Virtue saw plainly that her aunt was trying to conceal her agitation. She heard a loud hysterical sob just as the door closed on them, and unable any longer to restrain her anxiety, rushed out after them.

"What is the meaning of all this, dear aunt?" she cried. "What has happened—and why do you leave me?"

"Go in, dear; go in again. Mr. Morgan will tell you all. It is easier for him than for me."

Virtue obeyed reluctantly, and for the first time in her life found herself alone with Peter Morgan.

He was still a wiry man in grey, not at all formidable in appearance; but every line of his severe meagre face spoke of tenacity of purpose, shrewdness and unscrupulousness. He was now half way between forty and fifty, but his

features were of that hard set cast, and his hair of that iron grey colour that make it a very difficult matter to fix the precise age, and that are much more suggestive of permanence and longevity than the ruddiest complexion and most "hycynthine locks." Insignificant as he was, however, she could not help shrinking before him as the one man whom she had been brought up from her childhood to regard as the enemy of her house, and partly from the influence of Eppie's hints being still upon her, and partly from the dislike she felt at the idea of being shut up with him within four walls, she threw up the window ere she sat down, that the power of something far beyond his presence might be all the nearer to her, even the holy freshness of nature, which was ever to her like the breath and spirit of heaven.

A cold salutation had passed between them on her first entrance into the library, and now Virtue thought it was best as long as her force of mind lasted to break the suspense at once.

"From what Miss Le Moyne said, Mr. Morgan," she began, "I presume you have something to say to me."

Morgan twirled his hat uneasily. This was evidently a new position to him. Virtue had to speak again.

"May I ask you to tell me at once, Mr. Morgan, what you can possibly have to say regarding me?"

"I suppose, Miss Virtue," replied Morgan slowly, and evidently at a loss how to get at his subject, "I suppose you know, at least you have been here a long time, and I think you can't but have seen, for everybody knows it—in short, I think I may safely say that, all things considered. . . you understand?"

"I must confess I do not understand you, sir."

"I was about to remark that. . . that, in fact, there is no man in the place more looked up to than myself. It is my consciousness of how we all stand before a higher power that makes me so slow in speaking in such a manner of myself; but I think you will not deny, Miss Virtue, that that is the case."

"I do not see that I am called upon to deny it," said Virtue coldly.

"Then again, Miss Virtue, I know my own affairs better than any one else, and I do assure you that they are in a very satisfactory condition. I can offer a pleasant home and all the luxuries of life to any one I may choose as fit to share them with me. Do you understand me now, Miss Virtue?"

Virtue pushed the window still further open. "I understand every word you say," replied she, "but I do not see what it has to do with any one in this house."

"To make my meaning still plainer, Miss Virtue; though I am a quiet plain man, I am not insensible to charms such as yours, and now that I have by industry and integrity made myself the first man in the place, I am desirous to crown my success by obtaining the noblest woman in the place, and I need not say who

that is. I can offer you in return for what I ask, the guidance of a wise head, and the command of a long purse. Can you resist that? Is not that better than living up here with a pair of old people that are of no use in the world whatever?"

Virtue was sitting at the open window. On the one side, young summer was playing in her hair, and breathing into her ear mysterious whispers of unutterable peace. On the other side, to which she did not dare to turn her eyes, was coarse brutality pouring forth insults upon the pride of her womanhood. Which was the truth? Or could both hold together within the scope of actuality? She put forth her burning hand and clutched some of the young green leaves that were hanging within reach of her as if to assure herself by their palpable coolness that this side of the question was the true one; and thus she remained, holding nature, as it were, by the hand, till the passionless sharp voice again roused her from her bewilderment.

"This is not a matter about which a man likes to remain in suspense, Miss Virtue. I suppose you think that because I'm not a young, red-cheeked chap like that poor unfortunate sailor—"

Virtue started to her feet. She could bear to hear herself lightly spoken of, and merely feel bewildered so long as she had green Nature to cling to; but the leaves of a thousand forests could not cool down the burning shame and anger that were kindled within her by this wanton profanation of her soul's holiest sanctuary.

"Leave this house, sir!" cried she, as soon as her emotion permitted her to speak. "You are not worthy to be named with him! You have insulted me!"

"Calm yourself, Miss," said Morgan coolly, placing his chair against the door. "I have not said all my say yet."

"What have I done to be subjected to this?" cried Virtue, finding her anger impotent; and thinking how impossible such a scene would have been had Willie Hepburn been alive, her wrath was changed into the old tenderness, and she sunk again into her chair in an agony of helpless weeping.

"You would not speak so proudly, Miss Virtue," resumed Morgan when he saw that she was sufficiently recovered to listen to him, "if you knew your uncle's present position. Ruin and disgrace, that will reflect on all connected with him, are hanging over him. Mr. Le Moyne, in a moment of weakness I doubt not, has committed a crime against the laws of his country. In order to meet a pressing debt he has endeavoured to anticipate by a forged paper what will not be due of your pension for some months. The paper is in my hands, and it only needs a word from me to send Mr. Le Moyne to prison—perhaps into banishment."

Morgan paused to give Virtue time to take in the full bearings of the circumstances, and to see their connection with the language he had previously held to her. He did not tell her that her uncle had been brought to this by a creature

of his own (for he was powerful enough now in the small place to have creatures)—a tavern-keeper in Borrowbridge, who acting under his orders had supplied Mr. Le Moyne's necessities *ad lib.*, allowing him unbounded credit, and who had at last, under pretence of a pressing debt, come down upon him inexorably for the money due. For the method he had taken to obtain the money Morgan was certainly not responsible. It had been the tavern-keeper's suggestion to Mr. Le Moyne, hoping to be rewarded by his patron for thus hastening the removal of this obstacle to one of his life-desires. Morgan as manager of the bank had come into possession of the forged cheque, and while professedly repudiating the scheme, had no objection to take advantage of it to the full for the furtherance of another ambition that had fired him ever since Willie Hepburn had smitten him to the ground, and which, first brooded over in the spirit of revenge, had become with him, as all ideas once seriously entertained did become with him, a settled purpose, something to be waited for and wrought for in silence, till the moment for grasping it should come. That moment he thought had now arrived.

"You will understand now, Miss Virtue," said Morgan at length, "that I have not come for to supplicate your favour. I am come rather for to dictate terms to you. You see what is in my power. You see also how it is in your power to prevent it. I don't profess to make love to ye, but I mean to offer ye a comfortable home; and who knows but it may be this very house?"

Virtue was gazing intently at the declining sun through a lattice-work of quivering green, that softened the glory of the evening into something exquisitely tender. In the distance she heard the cuckoo's note, and so still was the evening that the mystic murmur of the Eerie Burn fell faintly on her ear. Yet all was changed for her. There had "passed away a glory from the earth." There was a mist before her eyes, and dulness in her ear; and she could see nothing plainly—hear nothing plainly but the word "disgrace." All that she had loved, and cherished, and clung to beyond her own heart seemed now to reproach her. All her fair dreams of goodness and beauty, all her high purposes of self-culture, all the visionary Elysium of her early life came back upon her, not as they had come in her time of bereavement like ministers of God to chasten and purify her, but like derisive demons to hold her up to scorn. She could not answer, for she could not reason. In the wildest hour of her sorrow she had ever been able to recognize the hand of heaven, and in the sorest sense of severance there had been no heart-revulsion; but now it seemed as if heaven itself, instead of bringing her near to it through suffering, were leaving her to be altogether "put to confusion." She could not even ejaculate a prayer. She could not even clutch the green leaves to soothe the throbbing fever of her hand. She had neither part nor lot now in anything fresh or green. She was alone, surrounded with an exclusive atmosphere of reflected guilt that nothing lovely

or of good report could live in or even approach unto. She lost the sense even of Morgan's presence. Between her and the sun, in shapes and hues doubtless borrowed from the varied clouds that strewed the path of his going down, like the garments of votaries laid at the feet of the Great, the guilt of her house seemed to embody itself visibly, and to whirl before her bewildered eyes in fantastic mockery of all that she had loved in earth and sky.

"You do not answer me, Miss Virtue," said Morgan, becoming impatient. "Well, well; I've taken you very suddenly, to be sure. I am not a cruel man, and I've no objection to give ye time for to think about it. I've only one thing to caution ye against, as I have already cautioned your uncle and aunt. If there's one word said about this to the minister or Mr. Hepburn, not even your consent, Miss Virtue, will avail to save your uncle. I will then spurn you as proudly as you seem to do me. Well then, let me see. This is Tuesday. To-morrow is market day, and I'll not be home till late. Thursday night is the prayer meeting night. Well, we'll say Friday night. On Friday night, then, I'll call up again, and take your final answer. That night will decide whether ye live on, a respectable and respected woman, or whether ye cast in your lot with disgrace and infamy."

"One word, Mr. Morgan," cried Virtue, recovering herself momentarily, as a gleam of hope flashed through her grief. "Perhaps this is a false charge on your part. What proof have I that you are not deceiving me?"

"Ask your uncle," replied Morgan, and with a scornful laugh he left the room.

CHAP. XV.

How Mr. Le Moyne, lying down in his chamber, turned his face to the wall, and moaned without ceasing "Let me die! let me die!"—how Miss Le Moyne, in the weakness of grief and the fear of shame, implored Virtue from morning until evening to have mercy on her poor uncle and to save their family name from disgrace—how Eppie, only half-informed on the subject, fumed and fretted, and muttered irreverent things about her master's infirmity—how the cloud of grief darkened and darkened as the time drew nearer and nearer—how hour by hour brought new and ever more terrible views of the change that had come upon them, from stainless honour before God and man to guilt and the horror of exposure, "twere long to tell and sad to trace."

Virtue moved about the house like a troubled ghost, pale and silent. This was a grief to which even the alleviation of tears was wanting: this was a war—"a war 'twixt will and will not"—in which her solitary soul could have no ally, no helper. This was a trouble for which heaven itself seemed to have provided no remedy. Self-abnegation, self-sacrifice, self-abasement,

these, indeed, by the brightest example of all, seemed to be the highest of duties, and, by the holiest analogy of all, the surest and greatest of victories. But, in such a strife as this! How easy it would have been, she thought, to have retired altogether from the world, to have given up all the powers of life to the solitude of prayer and the solemn music of convent hymns, to have ceased forever from mankind, and become the bride of heaven! Oh, had her religion but permitted this, that from the day of Willie Hepburn's death she might have severed herself from earth by a vow as irrevocable as death itself; then this had not been; then had she not been called upon to this fearful warfare between revolting fellowship and intolerable shame!

In spite of all his infirmity, Virtue loved her uncle. His childlike tenderness towards her formed no small part of her earliest recollections, and had grown into her heart, year by year, till its roots were interlaced with all the tissue of her life. Her aunt, too, was as her mother, and Virtue trembled before her grief even more than before her own. Even Miss Le Moyne's opportunity, selfish in a certain sense though it was, careless of her niece's future happiness as it made her appear, did not cool the warmth of Virtue's affection, as she saw in it nothing but the tenderness of a sister, and a noble sensitiveness to dishonour.

Friday morning came.... was there no way of compromise? Might not entreaty prevail? Ah, no: Virtue knew Morgan too well—too well she knew that it was yes or no; and on either side what a gulf of wretchedness! Once, in a moment of delirious agony, she prayed that heaven would send its child some token to lift her from her perplexity, and to show her the way wherein to walk. As she rose from her knees, something fell heavily at her feet with a startling noise. Virtue looked, and saw her father's sword, that for years had hung on the wall by her bedside. That it fell in obedience to the simplest law of nature need we take the trouble to affirm? But who would not have been superstitious at such a moment, and in such circumstances? And in Virtue's nature there had always been a strong leaning to the idea that there are meeting-points between visible nature and spirit-land, nodes at which their orbits meet, beneficent coherences in which spirit-ministrations become possible and effectual. What, then, did this portend? What had been the source of the pleasure which she, a girl, had taken in treasuring such a thing in her bed-chamber? What was the idea with which she had clothed it till it had grown into a familiar friendship, a visible encouragement? What, indeed, but the honour of her name?

Not in vain had the old Roman spirit wrought itself into Virtue's imagination under the classical teaching of Mr. Hepburn. In the beaten way of life, "the reason firm, the temperate will," were pre-eminently hers. But in the lurid light of the rugged valley in which she now found herself, who could blame her if her dazed sight mistook the gleam of a demon's wing for

the beckoning light of heaven? I fear to enter into her thoughts, and to follow the rapid plan that darted through her mind. Well might Eppie wonder when, softly entering the room hours afterwards, she saw her kneeling mistress with her father's sword pressed close upon her bosom, that was half-hid by her streaming hair, looking upward steadily with a rapturous joy in her eyes, and an angel light upon her face that was like the brightness of transfiguration. She was thinking—God help her, poor mistaken sufferer—how soon she would be treading the plains of heaven, the spirit-bride of her heart's darling!

The truth is, Virtue was already in the delirium of fever, and it was only the strength of her convictions that kept her on her feet.

When Morgan called in the afternoon, he was astonished to find Virtue waiting for him in the library. Her appearance and manner, too, struck him as strange. She was flushed and feverish-looking: she answered his formal inquiries regarding her uncle and aunt with a sharp promptitude, that seemed to him at first to betoken something very different from the subdued mood of mind in which he had hoped to find her. In the midst of a prefatorial remark of his about the state of the market on Wednesday, he was equally surprised by her rising and moving quickly towards the door, which she opened abruptly. Exclaiming angrily, "Go to your kitchen, Eppie—I hate listeners!" she closed it again with the same impatient haste.

"I am ready, now, Mr. Morgan," said she, as soon as she had resumed her seat.

Morgan was thoroughly taken aback. He had come in dictatorial mood, ready to blase out on the slightest notice; but the independent bearing of his victim startled him not a little. If it meant opposition, it was too resolute for his liking; if acquiescence, there was something about it more assertive, and even initiative, than he could have wished to see; still he was too sure of his position to be at all disconcerted.

"You know exactly how the case stands, Miss Virtue. There is no change since I spoke to ye last about it. The whole thing lies in ye or no, and you know who's to say it."

"How am I to know that ye will save my uncle?"

"Do ye think that, if I married into your family I would like the public for to know that I was connecting myself with guilt and crime? I know that you are innocent, and, so long as the matter lies between heaven and me, no blame can exist. But, for the parish to know of it—why, Miss Virtue, my position would be lost! Is not that enough?"

"It is. I know how you value the praise of men: still I must impose my conditions. Burn that paper before me now, and I am—yours—if I live."

"No, no, Miss Virtue; no, no," cried Morgan, laughing scornfully. "In the first place I don't carry it about with me; and secondly

I haven't such faith in a girl's word as you seem to fancy. No, no; no conditions."

"Will you not promise to give it me after—"

Virtue could not bring herself to finish the sentence.

"Oh yes, broke in Morgan, "as soon as the knot's tied ye'll have it and welcome!"

Virtue tried to overcome her loathing of the man, and to collect her wild, delirious thoughts. "Well," resumed she at length, "do you promise to give it me immediately after the— the ceremony?"

"I do. If it is necessary to swear, I'll swear it!"

"It must take place in this house, of course?"

"Nowhere better."

"And before I retire to equip for travelling you give me the paper, otherwise the compact is void?"

"Exactly as you say. After I become connected with your family, as I said before, the sooner it's destroyed the better; and you're welcome to the satisfaction of doing it yourself."

"You are shut up to this by your own interests, and therefore alone I trust you. When must this be?"

"On Monday."

"The sooner the better."

Again Morgan felt strangely bewildered at Virtue's alarming promptitude. He could with difficulty believe she was in earnest. He could not but see that she disliked him—loathed him! He thought it was his turn to speak of proof.

"How am I to know that you mean to act up to your words? Give me some proof."

"What proof do you ask?"

"Let me see—yes: give me William Hepburn's letters."

He had hardly uttered the words when he repented having done so, and actually quailed before her wrathful scorn.

"Breathe a syllable about him," she said, when she at length found words, "and I've done with you! My uncle is dearer to me than my own life; but better he should eke out his days in shame and ignomy than that I should cast one slight upon the memory of one whose name I will not pollute by uttering it in your hearing!"

"Well, well," said Morgan, "don't put yourself about. Let that fly stick to the wall for the present: I'll manage it by-and-by: in the meantime have I your fair and positive word on the aforementioned conditions?"

"You have, on the said conditions and—if I live!"

"Then good-night—or, I suppose, being an accepted suitor, I should say 'adieu,' in the love-making style! But never mind, Miss Virtue, that'll all come afterwards: so plain good-night, and I'll come and see you to-morrow. What! will you not even give me your hand? Never mind; I've gained better even than that, before now, by biding my time."

Nevertheless he bit his lip wrathfully as he left the room, smarting under her proud contempt. So different this from what he had anticipated! "Oh, I see it all!" thought he to himself. "Under all her seeming perfection there's a woman's vanity. She doesn't care for me, but she can't resist the *parse*. Perhaps she thinks that my old brass will buy her a new pan—eh? But I know something about tying up, Mistress. As long as I am spared to serve God on earth...."

At this point he found himself at the Hall door, and Eppie standing by it. He was about to brush past her, when he felt her lay her hand upon his arm. Looking round suddenly, he was about to make some angry explanation at this insignificant interruption to his big purposes, when Eppie, putting her finger to her lips, beckoned him to follow her into the breakfast-room. Morgan, accustomed from of old to her vagaries, merely shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the Hall. In a minute Eppie was again by his side.

"Stop, Maister Morgan," said she, whispering mysteriously, "I've something tae say tae ye."

"If it's ony o' yer old nonsense, mind whom ye've to deal with, my woman," said Morgan, stopping.

"What div ye want wi' thae letters?"

"I want for to have everything in this world that I've a right to. But what's that to you?"

"I can git ye them, if ye want them."

"Well, I'm no extraordinary anxious. Eh! Let me see. Yes. Since I asked them and was refused them, I *would* like for to have them. Dear me, lassie, I didn't think ye would have been so willing to oblige yer old master!"

"I'll git ye them," said Eppie, still whispering. "Meet me the nicht. It maun be late. Say twelve o'clock—at the Eerie Burn—at Leddy Lilburn's tree."

"Oh, ye're goin' to be at yer old Leddy Lilburn tricks, eh?"

"Na, na. But it's a quate place. Nane o' the bed-rooms look out on't."

"What'll that matter? There'll be no moon to-night. Can't ye come down and give me them at the gate?"

"Na. Miss Virtue never sleeps a wink noo, an' I maun aye be within ca'. Leddy Lilburn's tree. Ony where else wud be ower near or ower far."

"Well I'll humour ye, lassie, for once. Leddy Lilburn's tree then, to-night, at the stroke of twelve."

"Ay—and coont every stroke, in case."

"In case o' what?"

"In case ye should never hear't again."

"What do ye mean?"

"In case yer auld mither should meet ye there, an' show ye o' a place whaur it never comes tae the stroke o' twelve."

"Toots, lassie ye're at yer old nonsense. But for all that I think ye mean fair about the letters, so I'll e'en meet ye. But mind if ye lead me ony o' yer vagaries, or keep me waitin'."

with any of yer Luddy Lilburn practices, I'll no leave a whole bone in yer body."

Eppie watched him till he disappeared over the bridge. For awhile she stood perfectly rigid as if in a dream. Then there came upon her that strange rhythmic inspiration that seemed to be a part of her madness, and stretching out her hands she muttered in a succession of gasps:

"Tho' the moon's the ither gate,
Vengeance—vengeance canna wait.
Twelve maun be the hour o' Fate!"

* * * * *

Morgan went straight down to the schoolmaster's, and was shown at once into the little parlour. Mr. Hepburn had long ago finished his "Latinized Version of the Larger Catechism for the use of Schools," and had been much disappointed at finding that it was not at once universally adopted. He was now busy, not in the old enthusiastic spirit however, on a "Latin Version of the Minutes of Session," which he, as Session Clerk, had made during many years. This he thought would be a good example to other Session Clerks, in fact the beginning of a new movement tending to give dignity and permanence to the transactions of the visible church. But though the erudition remained, the old spirit was gone, and in his heart of hearts the old schoolmaster well knew that this was only one of the ways he had adopted of causing his days to pass imperceptibly until the time appointed.

It was many years since Morgan had been in his house, so it was no wonder that Mr. Hepburn dropped his pen on hearing the name of the one man on earth whom he disliked and dreaded. He saw at once from the malignant triumph expressed on his visitor's face that his business was of a disagreeable kind. Nevertheless he rose and handed him a chair. Morgan had no sooner seated himself than he began: "I have come on business, Mr. Hepburn."

Mr. Hepburn condescended no reply.

"I have come on business," repeated Morgan. "I hope you are at leisure to transact it."

"I am. May I ask whom it concerns?"

"Well—no one probably so much as myself. I have come to give in my name for registration."

"Registration! For what?"

"For marriage."

"Mr. Morgan," said the schoolmaster, rising and taking his hand, "we have not been friends hitherto; nevertheless I respect you for this. You need not explain yourself. I think I understand all. In a moment of youthful weakness you married under a false name. Then you deserted the poor creature. It was foully done, Mr. Morgan—foully done. But now even at the eleventh hour you have repented, and by a fair and open marriage you are about to re-instate her in all her rights. If heaven has sent you the spirit of repentance I cease to blame you.

Forget the estrangement that has been between us. Many names have I registered together in my time, but none with such pleasure as this."

Mr. Hepburn drew a slip of paper from his desk, dipped his pen in the ink and wrote "Peter."

"Have you any middle name, Mr Morgan?"

"No. Plain Peter Morgan."

"There is a purpose of marriage," said the schoolmaster, reading over what he had written, "between Peter Morgan and . . . and?"

"Virtue Le Moyne."

CHILDHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

BY ADA TREYANION.

How long ago it seems since I was young,
A dreaming child,
And listened to the song my own heart sung
In measure wild!

It was a pleasant lay, for still it said
The world was mine,
With all its flowers which bloomed in sun and
shade,
And shapes divine.

I saw the morn dawn o'er the eastern hill
In rosy light;
I saw the setting sun the valley fill
With radiance bright.

I laid awake at night to hear the waves
Break on the shore;
It never murmured to me then of graves,
Old ocean hoar.

The years passed since have left me many a sign
To mark their flight;
I scarce can deem this dusky hair of mine
Once shone like light.

How rare are now the gleams of hope and mirth,
'Mid life's dull hours!
Have the days been when my sole task on earth
Was to cull flowers?

With lowly heart and chastened thoughts, I stand,
A dreamer vain;
But the bright visions of the morning land
Come not again.

Yet still, low voices whisper in the wind,
And, looking back,
Faint traces of the glory left behind
Illumine my track.

Still a rapt worshipper at Nature's shrine
I kneel and pray;
Still am I haunted by a dream divine
Where'er I stray—

A dream I fain would hope shall prove no dream
In worlds afar,
Where hearts may win 'mong many a shining
beam,

Some long sought star.

Ramsgate, 1862.

THE POETRY OF THE DEEP SEA WATERS.

There is no such poetry as that which is educed from the realms of nature; nothing that more effectually stirs the heart, and raises in it those sentiments of awe, and wonder, and admiration which conjoined form the very essence of poetic thought, and feeling, than some of those facts of nature which are alike wondrous in their minuteness as in their magnitude. Some of the most grand and majestic passages in the sacred writings are those which speak of the connection between Him "who sitteth upon the circle of the earth" and the creatures whom He has made to dwell therein; and the farther we search into and investigate the secrets of creation, the more are we overwhelmed with amusement and delight, and led to exclaim with the patriarch of old, "Lo! these are parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of him?" (Job xxvi. 14.)

The late professor Wilson says, "I would liken science and poetry, in their natural independence, to those binary stars, often different in colour, which Herschel's telescope discovered to revolve round each other. 'There is one light of the sun,' saith St. Paul, 'and another of the moon, and another of the stars'—star differeth from star in glory. It is so here. That star or sun, for it is both, with its cold, clear, white light is *science*; that other with its gorgeous and ever shifting hues, and magnificent blaze, is *poetry*. They revolve lovingly round each other in orbits of their own, pouring forth and drinking in the rays which they exchange; and they both also move round, and shine towards that centre from which they come, even the throne of Him who is the source of all truth, and the cause of all beauty."

It is to science that we must look as the revealer of those secrets of creation which without its light might have remained undiscovered for as many more centuries as they have already passed without notice.

The phenomenon of the ocean, its currents, the wonderful composition of its waters, the economy of its animal and vegetable inhabitants, and their action and reaction on each other, are all full of wonder, and it is impossible to read of the curious and important connection between the microscopically minute, and the immense, in creation, and the mutual relationship and dependence of each on the other, without feelings that are almost overwhelming.

Some of the facts that have been of late years discovered, if barely stated, and not in any way enlarged on, would seem to many of our readers wholly incredible. If I tell them that there is an immense river of warm salt water running straight through the cold waters of the Atlantic Ocean, its banks for several thousand miles of its course well defined, its waters never mingling during that portion of its course with those of

the ocean around it, and bearing along at an equal velocity with the Mississippi, or the Amazon rivers, a far larger body of water than a thousand of such rivers could pour down in a year, would they not suspect me of telling "travellers' wonders?" Again, if I affirm that at the North Pole, beyond the ice fields in which so many of our noble British ships, with their investigating captains and earnest steadfast crews have perished, there exists an open sea, free from ice and possessing a climate of so high a temperature as to keep its waters always fluid and to afford a refuge for migratory birds, shall I not seem as one who speaketh fables?

But these things are true, and if we take them and other facts of which I shall speak, not merely as curious isolated facts, but as forming a part of that great and wondrous system appointed by the Divine Creator for the maintenance and preservation of the earth and seas with their inhabitants in their pristine integrity, as they came forth from His hand, for the regulation of climate, and the convenience of man in facilitating communication between land and land, we shall surely be filled with admiration and praise Him

"Who planned, and reared, and still sustains a world
So clothed in beauty for rebellious man."

First, then, for a few particulars of this mighty marine river.

Maury, in his "Physical Geography of the Sea," a book to which I shall often have to refer, and which I would recommend all who desire further information on this and other allied subjects to refer, says—"There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. It is the Gulf Stream."

The office of the Gulf Stream is to carry off the heated waters from the Gulf of Mexico, which being intertropical, and exposed to great heats, would if left stationary cause an oppressive and pestilential climate, and convey them to other and colder lands, whose climates are by its genial influences thereby greatly modified and ameliorated.

What is the *cause* of this mighty assemblage of heated water, and of its setting out on its course, seems as yet scarcely ascertained. Much consideration has been given to the subject, but not enough trustworthy light as yet thrown on it to make it desirable here to discuss it. I must therefore content myself by stating that the branch currents of the Gulf of Mexico unite in the Florida Strait. From this head they flow along at the rate of about 120 miles a day, until they get to about the 35° N.L. Then one bank, the *right*, is overflowed, and the warm water from the channel begins to spread out; but the left bank remains unbroken until

it gets much farther north. From the Florida Strait the stream runs first along the shores of the United States to Cape Hatteras, then it turns eastward, and coursing along south of Newfoundland, passes by the Azores into the polar basin.

But it does not always flow exactly in the same course; Maury likens it to a pennon waving in the wind. At some seasons of the year it runs more to the left, and at others to the right, according as the heats of summer or the colds of winter influence the counter-currents with which it holds affinity and co-operates.

The waters of the Gulf stream are of an indigo blue, and so distinctly marked that their line of juncture with the common sea water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of a vessel may be seen floating on the Gulf stream, and the other half in the cold waters of the ocean. An extract from the log of the ship "Herculean," date May 1854, says, "At 10 o'clock 50 minutes entered into the southern (right) edge of the stream, and in eight minutes the water rose 6°. The edge of the stream was visible as far as the eye could see by the great rippling, and large quantities of Gulf weeds."

The average degree of heat of its waters is at the surface 80 to 86 degrees, whereas that of the sea beyond its banks varies from 20° to 30° lower.

The warmth of these waters is a great blessing to navigators.

No part of the world affords a more difficult and dangerous navigation than the seas off the northern coast of America in the winter season. "In making this part of the coast," says Maury, "vessels are frequently met by snow-storms and gales, which mock the seaman's strength, and set at nought his skill. In a little while his bark becomes a mass of ice; with her crew posted and helpless she remains obedient only to her helm, and is kept away for the Gulf stream. After a few hours' run she reaches its edge, and almost at the next bound passes from the midst of winter into a sea at summer heat. Now the ice disappears from her apparel; the sailor bathes his stiffened limbs in tepid water; feeling himself invigorated, and refreshed with the genial warmth about him, he realizes out there at sea the fable of Antæus and his mother Earth. He rises up, and attempts to make his port again, and is again as rudely met, and beat back from the north-west; but each time that he is beaten aft from the contest, he comes forth from this stream, like the ancient son of Neptune, stronger and stronger, until after many days his freshened strength prevails, and he at last triumphs and enters his haven in safety, though in this contest he often falls to rise no more, for it is often terrible." Before the Gulf stream was known, shipwrecks on this desolate coast, where the month's average of loss ever since its discovery has been as high as three a day, had no nearer refuge than the West Indies. The Gulf stream was first pointed out to notice by its being observed that whales never enter it, although they swim alongside of

it in those cold currents, of which more presently. In its streams are sometimes found tropical fish in latitudes far higher than they are ever found save in its warm waters; and some years ago numbers of bonito and albencones, *tropical* fish, entered the British Channel in the track of the Gulf stream, and greatly alarmed the fishermen of Cornwall and Devon by the havoc they made amongst the pilchards.

The wash of this warm stream, which, after it has overflowed its left bank, spreads itself abroad, and extends itself over the waters that lave the shores of the British Isles, is the cause of the much higher temperature which we enjoy, than other lands within the same degrees of latitude both towards the east and the west.

Along the course of this stream navigators often fall in with immense crowds of medusæ floating northward. One sea captain tells us that he fell in with such a "school" of young sea-nettles (medusæ) as never before was heard of. For many leagues the sea was covered with them, and he described their appearance as "like acorns floating on a stream." He was five or six days passing through them on his way to England, and on his return again fell in with the same "school" off the Western Islands, and was three or four days then in passing through them. The medusa is a favourite food of the whale, and the Western Isles is a great resort of that fish.

The whale, as has been said, does not enter the Gulf stream, but when the time arrives at which the waters of that stream become cooled down, as we shall presently find that they are, the medusæ, which it had brought to these northern latitudes, would fall a prey to the whale. At first there is something curious to us in the idea that the Gulf of Mexico is the harvest field, and the Gulf stream the gleaner which collects the fruitage planted there, and conveys it thousands of miles off to the hungry whales at sea. But how perfectly in unison is it with the kind and providential care of that great and good Being which feeds the young ravens when they cry, and caters for the sparrow!

The expansion which heat causes in water raises the level of the Gulf stream, the pressure of the cold water that forms its banks forcing it up until the middle or axis of the stream is about two feet higher than the ordinary sea level, and the stream thus becomes roof-shaped. In consequence of this all drift of weed or other matter runs down, as water from the roof of a house, and is cast off by the velocity of the stream on the watery bank. The diurnal motion of the earth being from west to east, all this drift, or nearly all, is found to be cast on the eastern or right bank. It is a curious but well established fact that drift wood, West Indian seeds, and other American solids, have been found cast up on the shores of Europe, but no relics of planks, wrecks, or other floating substance that had been set adrift on the *eastern* side of the stream has ever been found on American shores, and this for the sensible reason that they would have to cross the roof-shaped current and run

up *hill*, in opposition to the rotation of the earth from west to east.

In consequence of this disposition to cast off all solid matter to the east, there is a triangular space in the Atlantic between the Azores, the Canaries, and Cape De Verde Islands, in which immense quantities of drift are found. This is called the Sargasso Sea. "Covering an area equal in extent to the Mississippi valley, it is so thickly matted over with Gulf weed (*Sargassum*), that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded." It was this weed that alarmed the crews of the ships which bore Columbus to his discoveries and increased the hope of their more foresighted and reasoning leader. That sea which he found there so covered with weed is still there, and as thickly covered as then, thus bearing its silent but striking testimony to the continuous and unvarying flow of the great artery of the ocean.

But it is time that we should inquire a little into the causes that have kept this wonderful river continually flowing since the time when God first appointed it its work and its course. In its passage towards the north it travels more and more to the eastward, until off the banks of Newfoundland it encounters a frigid current of nearly equal bulk with itself, bearing icebergs from Baffin's Bay and Davis' Strait towards the south. This cold current it divides, but is itself by its force turned to the eastward in a horseshoe-like course. After this sudden turn its right bank becomes broken up, and its waters flow on round the British Isles to the polar basin. This current from the north seems to be the grand collector of icebergs from the northern seas. Captain Scoresby counted five hundred setting out from higher latitudes on its stream, and these icebergs being met at this corner by the warm waters of the Gulf stream, are here melted, and their loads of gravel, stones, &c., deposited. Many loaded with earth, &c., have been seen aground on the Newfoundland banks, and are supposed by some to be the cause of them.

But when there, what becomes of them? This question leads to some of the most marvellous branches of our subject. I will, as introductory to my statement of the facts which will serve as answer to this question, borrow Mr. Maury's ingenious and simple illustration of the subject, in which he shows the office which in the economy of nature is appointed to our warm river.

"Modern ingenuity has suggested a beautiful mode of warming houses in winter. It is done by means of hot water. The furnace and the caldron are sometimes placed at a distance from the apartments to be warmed. It is so at the Observatory. In this case pipes are used to conduct the heated water from the caldron under the superintendent's dwelling even into one of the basement rooms of the Observatory, a distance of 100 feet. These pipes are then planed out so as to present a large cooling surface; after which they are united into one again, through which the water, being now cooled,

returns of its own accord to the caldron, while hot water is continually flowing out at the top. The ventilation of the Observatory is so arranged that the circulation of the atmosphere through it is led from this basement room, where the pipes run to all other parts of the building, and in the process of this circulation the warmth conveyed by the water to the basement is taken thence by the air, and distributed over all the rooms."

Now here we have an apt illustration of the Gulf stream and its workings. "The furnace is the torrid zone; the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea are the caldrons; the Gulf stream is the conducting pipe; from the gravel banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the basement—the hot air chamber—in which this pipe is planed out so as to present a large cooling surface. Here the circulation of the atmosphere is arranged by nature; and it is such that the warmth thus conveyed into this warm-air chamber of mid-ocean is taken up by the genial west winds and dispersed in the most benign manner, throughout Great Britain and the west of Europe."

The maximum temperature of the water-heated air-chamber of the Observatory is about 90°, that of the Gulf stream 86°; about 2° of this heat is lost by the time it reaches 10° N.L. With this temperature it passes 40° N.L., dispensing warmth as it flows into the air around. "Moving now more slowly, but dispensing its genial influences more freely, it finally meets the British Isles. By these it is divided, part going into the polar basin of Spitzbergen, the other entering the Bay of Biscay. As the stream flows north it gradually cools, and exactly in the same manner as the cooled water at the Observatory returns of itself back to the caldron, so do the waters of the Gulf stream return to their caldron; that is, the surface cools and mixes with the surrounding waters, returning in the form of cold currents back to the tropical regions whence they came; there to be re-heated, and again sent back, either by means of the Gulf stream, or else by under currents to the Arctic Seas. Thus a system of circulation is and ever has been kept up between the icy regions and the waters of the tropics. Other currents, both surface and under currents of warm and cold water, exist in other seas.

Were it not for this system of circulation it must of necessity be that the sea water of different regions would vary in its quality and degrees of saltness in a manner which is far from that which experience proves really to be the case. For instance, the Red Sea, which is exposed to tropical suns, and in consequence to a far greater loss of its fresh water particles by evaporation, and into which no important fresh water rivers run, and which is besides situated beneath rainless skies, must by this time have been a mere salt pit had there not existed some means of equalizing the waters of the oceans; and on the other hand the Gulf of Mexico receives the mighty waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries—the Black, the Caspian, and Medi-

terranean Seas, all of which receive so many rivers—must by this time have become nearly, if not quite, fresh water lakes but for this system. Again, those shores which receive the waters from limestone districts would be more abundantly impregnated with lime, and those of which the rivers run over granite, or other districts where there is no lime, would be deficient in that important solid, unless there were some means provided for amalgamating the waters of different seas; for the tides and winds acting only superficially would not alone effect this purpose. That under-currents of great force and rapidity do exist in various parts of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, the China seas, the Mediterranean, and other portions of the world of waters, is proved by the following interesting facts. Lieut. Welsh and others in the U. S. service tried the following experiment:—“A block of wood was loaded to sinking, and by means of a fishing line or bit of twine let down to the depth of 100 or 500 fathoms (600, or 3000 feet). A small float just sufficient to prevent the block from sinking further was then tied to the line, and the whole let go from the boat. . . It was wonderful indeed to see this *boonaga* move off *against* wind, and sea, and surface current, at the rate of over one knot an hour, as was generally the case, and on one occasion as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The men in the boat could not repress exclamations of surprise, for it really appeared as if some monster of the deep had hold of the weight below, and was walking off with it. Both officers and men were amazed at the sight.”

An almost more interesting proof exists in the fact that immense icebergs have been seen drifting rapidly to the north, and *against* a strong surface current; icebergs that stood high above the water whilst their depth below the surface must have been seven times as great as their height above, for all ice presents but one-eighth of its entire thickness to sight when afloat. The commander of the American ship *Rescue*, in the searching expedition for Sir J. Franklin, says that once when the two vessels were striving to work up Baffin's Bay against a strong surface current flowing of course to the south, an iceberg with its top many feet above the water came drifting up *from* the south, and passed them “like a shot.” Captain Duncan, the captain of the English whale ship “*Dundee*,” says, “It was awful to behold the immense icebergs working their way to the N.E. from us, and not one drop of water to be seen; they were working themselves *right through the middle of the ice*.” What a current must this have been to force such icebergs along, ploughing up the ice as they travelled!

“Feb. 23, lat. $68^{\circ} 27'$, long. about 63° west. The dreadful apprehensions that assailed us

yesterday by the near approach of the iceberg were this day most awfully verified. About 3 P.M. the iceberg came in contact with our floe, and in less than one minute it broke the ice, and we were frozen in, quite close to the shore: the floe was shivered to pieces for several miles, causing an explosion like an earthquake, or 100 pieces of heavy ordnance fired at the same moment. The iceberg, with awful but majestic grandeur (in height and dimensions resembling a vast mountain), came almost up to our stern, and every one expected it would have run over the ship.” It did not run over the ship, but it pushed on the floe in which the ship lay (and which it had before shivered to pieces), ship and all at the rate of four knots an hour then drifted away to the N.E.

The currents appear to be the cause of the existence of that open sea at the North Pole of which I before spoke. They flow from the south, and are of higher temperature than the waters above them—probably about 32° . There must be some place in the Arctic seas where these waters cease to flow as an *under* current north, and begin to take the place of a *surface* current and flow south. This place varies in position, but wherever the waters begin to alter position, there it is that the polar open sea is formed. Relying on this theory, and on the fact that there are at certain seasons birds migrating northwards as if to milder climes, Lieut. De Haven's instructions were to look out for such a sea. He did not reach it, but he saw what sailors call “a water sky.” But at a later period Capt. Penny verified the truth of this theory, for he found it, and sailed on its waters. Another reason for believing in the existence of open waters beyond the icy regions was found in the following curious circumstantial evidence on the point. It is the custom for whalers to mark their harpoons with the name of the ship and date of the season. Whales have been taken on the Atlantic side of America with harpoons sticking in them bearing the stamp, and recent date of ships that had been whaling only on the Pacific side. The dates were so recent that the whales could not have had time to have gone round by Cape Horn, even had they been capable of performing the voyage, which they could not have been, for the whale of Arctic seas is of a different species from that found towards the south, and the tropical seas which lay between the harpooned whales and Cape Horn would have been death to them; so that unless there were an open passage via Behrings Straits, they could not have been found on the Atlantic side of America.

The causes which effect the rising and sinking of these waters, so as to change them from surface to under currents, and *vice versa*, will form the subject of another paper.

FROM THE TRENT GALLERY:

SIR ROBERT'S FIRST WIFE.

Every day, passing through the gallery I see her, in her white muslin dress and blue sash; and with a saucy look in her grey eyes, as though she would step out of the canvas and follow me. My lady—I mean the late Lady Trent—never liked that picture of Sir Robert's first wife. Openly, she would never look at it, but covertly I have seen her, when she thought no one could see, stand before it with an expression of great bitterness, almost hatred, in her face. It is certain that Sir Robert never loved her as he did the original of that portrait. She used to speak of it slightly as "the little girl in white muslin," and on one occasion catching sight of me as I was paying my usual homage of a glance at the little girl in white muslin she said, nodding at the picture, "Every man is a fool once in his life you know, Radford."

It seems a strange thing to me now to walk amongst all these silent people on the walls, and think of the little world of their living hopes and fears and fancies, gone for ever, and only the dead canvas pointing out that they *once were*.

My master's name was Frederic Robert; I have preferred calling him Sir Robert here, to avoid confusion. He was a young man at the time I write of; so was I. I walk up the gallery with a stick now, totteringly, and I am older than he was, but we were both young then. I was his valet, and had been abroad with him on his travels, from which he had not long returned. The old hall was but a dreary sort of home for a young man; many a one would have filled it full of gay companions, would have made the park alive with pink coats and dogs, and startled the old avenue of limes out of its stiff, silent propriety. But Sir Robert was what I suppose might be called a book-worm; he was perpetually musing over some old chart or musty volume in the library, or else he would sit there alone and silent, with his fingers ruffling up his hair, and his eyes on the fire. Always in the library, he would use no other room. It was oak-panelled and comfortable enough, but unutterably dismal I used to think for a young man of my master's age. It seemed unnatural for him to live there, as he did, day after day; a table beside him covered with his books, queer drawings, and sometimes little wooden things which I should have called toys, but which I suppose were models. These he used to make himself. I remember one evening he tried to explain to me that the little thing which looked to me like nothing so much as a toy windmill was in reality an invention falling short only by a hair's breadth, comparatively speaking, of perpetual motion.

I had gone to him with a note, and while he went on with his explanation he twisted this

about in his fingers to show the working of the model, till I was obliged to warn him that he would destroy it unread if he went on. And turning away I saw the local newspaper for the day lying with its cover unopened beside the model. I made a little movement to push it towards him, and he took it up saying that he had been too busy to look at it.

In about half an hour his bell rang sharply, and when I went in he was standing up with his back to the fire, and half smiling in an absent sort of way, with a far-off look in his eyes that was often there: the newspaper lay open on the table.

"Radford, do you remember the gentleman and lady we met at Rome?"

As Sir Robert had met many gentlemen and ladies at Rome I was rather at a loss how to answer, but he went on, the far-off look never changing.

"The gentleman and lady we met at Rome, and afterwards so strangely amongst the Swiss mountains; and the young lady, the daughter."

"For whom you gathered the bit of blue gentian, Sir Robert? Yes, I do remember."

"Ah. What was the name?"

"Forester."

"So I thought. But I wasn't sure. You are sure?"

"Quite sure."

Sir Robert glanced at the newspaper and said something about a grand ball, and then he looked round the dark panels, and tossed away the lock that always would hang over his forehead, like a man who throws off a weight.

"The old house is gloomy, Radford."

To this I made no answer, but he spoke again as if I had contradicted him.

"It is; especially to-night. There is something strange and eerie about it, and the wind moans through some undiscovered chink like a dying man."

Sir Robert stopped. He was strangely absent, always; his thoughts had wandered, and he forgot all about my presence till I rustled the newspaper gently to call his attention.

"Yes," he said, quickly. "I sent for you to say you must get ready. I shall go and stay a week at Ravenswood with the Westons. I see that the Colonel is come home. We start to-morrow."

There was some distant kinship between Colonel Weston and my master, and gossip, which was not likely to rest without settling the future of a young man in Sir Robert's position, had given him to Miss Weston.

When we arrived at Ravenswood, and I found that a certain Mr. and Mrs. Forester and their daughter were amongst the guests staying in the

house, I began to think, connecting the fact with Sir Robert's questions respecting them, and this sudden visit to Ravenswood, that gossip might possibly have made a mistake. The stipulated week passed but still we stayed on. The longer the better, I thought, for there was a merry party in the house, and after our unmitigated dullness at home, it was like coming into the world from a monastery. I got the Colonel's servants to let me do my part with the silver waiters in the drawing-rooms, and sometimes there would be dancing, sometimes only music, and little knots of ladies and gentlemen talking to the sound of it. But whatever was going on everybody seemed to like it. I always searched for Miss Forester, and if I could see her I was almost sure to see Sir Robert also, sometimes absent and dreamy looking, and sometimes eager and excited, but always bearing about him the signs, which I could read if others could not, of a certain contentment and pleasure. Once the two were looking at a book of brilliant flower paintings together; I saw the blue gentian as I passed, and knew they were talking of sunny days and the Swiss *chalet*. Also I used to see a sight not so pleasant, and that was the handsome face of Miss Weston, watching her friend and my master, evidently with no pleasure in their good understanding.

But one evening Sir Robert chanced to find some curious old book, and he fastened upon it at once. The spirit of the oak library had touched him and he was far away, his brows bent, his fingers running through his hair, and the big curl down over his forehead. Miss Forester spoke to him, but he did not hear; shyly she put a little white hand on that book to draw it away. Sir Robert started and looked up. How his face changed and softened as he kept prisoner for a moment the daring hand, and then suffered it to push away the book! Then I knew that they were engaged. Miss Weston had seen the little by-play, as I had, and her head stood higher than ever as she turned away to the piano. A few days afterwards we were at home again; the old house seeming to have grown duller in our absence, and the oak library more gloomily uncomfortable. Sir Robert wandered about in a restless half-satisfied manner for a day or two and then he took to sit dreaming over the fire, and his books and models were untouched. One morning he thought of something else to do, and I was summoned with his usual impetuosity.

"Radford, I want the key of that room in the south wing. Ask Mrs. Brace for it, will you?—quick."

That was just his way. Whatever he happened to think of must be done at once, while the fit was on him; there must be no delay. When I asked the housekeeper for the key she said significantly "I know what that means." Perhaps I knew too, but I made no answer, going on before Sir Robert to open the door.

He walked straight to the window and stood there a long time; then he turned round, half smiling.

"It would have the pleasantest view in all the house in summer time," he said. "But this dark panelling isn't fit; there should be some silk hangings I think; I want it brightened somehow. Mrs. Brace would know better than I do how to make it a pleasant sitting-room."

I asked if I should call Mrs. Brace, knowing perfectly well what he would say, for he never talked to her if he could help it, but made me his mouth-piece.

"No, no, you can tell her about it. Let no expense be spared. You know what it is I want; it is for a lady: I am going to give the old house a mistress, James Radford."

Sir Robert had got outside the door before he said that. I wondered, I have often wondered since, whether my master thought at that time that I looked upon his life with eyes that saw nothing. I did see and think, and speculate, not for the sake of idle gossip, but because I loved him; in later years he never doubted that. While I listened to his speech outside the south room door I knew as well as he did who was to be Lady Trent; and I knew too that he meant me to tell Mrs. Brace what he had said.

The housekeeper however did not take it so quietly, but insisted on talking to Sir Robert himself. It was just like gentlemen, she said; they knew nothing about such matters: as if there were not other things to be seen to, besides the south room. Of course she must know what time was going to be allowed her.

Sir Robert's face of resignation as he heard her message and said "Very well, James," was harrowing. He had taken up another new idea, and was already hard at work cutting and carving all sorts of trifles, for ornament or use, for the south room, after the fashion of his wooden models. Amongst these was a little tray to hold books, beautifully carved; in which he took especial pride, and which I found the other day under a heap of old lumber.

He seemed to me impelled to work at something without respite, in order to cheat his impatience. It was his peculiar temperament. He could be patient and plodding enough over his books and his discoveries, but for anything beyond the pale of that dim book-world he had no patience. Once only before his marriage he left home for a day and a night, taking me with him. It was a distance of about thirty miles to Mr. Forester's house, and we had to ride, for there were no railway conveniences in those days. On the journey home I had something to do to keep in sight of my master, and as he passed into the lime avenue, he took off his hat and waved it high above his head. He sobered down at once when he saw me close behind him. "I am not mad, James," he said, "but a quick ride like this is rousing, even to my sluggish nature."

In the fresh beauty of early spring, Sir Robert brought his wife home. The old house put on its brightest welcome for her, and glad looks greeted her on every side. It was worth anything to see her little light figure beside Mrs. Brace's ample black satinnet, and her long white fingers in the comely fat hand of the house-

keeper. Then there was the south room to be examined, and it was fragrant with the smell of violets. Mrs. Brace would have liked to see her little ladyship's first appreciation of the room she had taken so much pride in fitting up; but Sir Robert had a fancy to see that himself—at least he went with his wife. But the grace of those shy thanks, half-spoken half-implied, which the housekeeper afterwards received for her care, must have repaid her the loss of the sight.

It was in these days of rejoicing that the picture of the "little girl in white muslin" arrived, and was hung in its place in the gallery. A change seemed to have come over Sir Robert, if only it would be lasting. He was no longer the strange far-away dreamer, absorbed in some abstract speculation, or pondering over new inventions and theories. Occasionally his laugh might be heard, or even his voice humming a bar of one of his wife's songs. His very step was changed from its old, uncertain slowness: his boots were growing dusty on their neglected shelves; the far-off look was gone from his eyes, and the big, sinister lock did not come down over his forehead as it used to do.

The two were always together, and almost always busy. Sir Robert, under his wife's influence probably, began to know more of his tenantry, and to care for them; and many a good basin of soup or basket of provisions would find its way from her ladyship's own hand to the poorer cottagers and lodgekeepers. And the hand did more than that—it soothed many a sorrow which was kept hidden from the world; its touch lay tenderly on the pillow of the sick, and it would point reverently, in season, to a Hand infinitely more loving and gracious. Sir Robert might not have known all this, but he knew some, and his thoughts were waking up out of the cobwebs of a dead world to glance at his duties in a living one.

We thought at first—naturally enough, perhaps—that the wedding would bring gaiety into the house; that there would be festivities and guests staying at the Hall. But it was not so. I have seen Sir Robert put down an invitation to a gay party with an exclamation of annoyance, and his wife would ask if there were no available excuse that he could send. They did go out occasionally, of course; there were callers, and the calls had to be returned; but that was nearly all the visiting that went on.

The Hall was in the country, then, with a distant view of big chimneys and a dark cloud over the town. It is strange, now, to see how the east suburb has marched towards it; and the white, peaty-looking villas stand staring at the dark red building, as if they had just caught sight of some ancient monster, and had come to a dead stop in their march, frightened at it. There are railway gates to be seen, too, in all directions, and red signals; and the roar of the trains came in through the window of the south room as I stood there the other day, looking at the pleasantest view in all the house, and thinking how changed it was. But, though they were in the country, my master and mistress might

have had society enough if they had chosen; but they did not want it. They used to walk a great deal, and I liked to see that Sir Robert no longer preferred the lime avenue, which used to be his favourite walk in the meditative days gone by.

The summer came and passed into the mellowness of autumn. No one, who has not experienced it, knows the difference a mistress makes to a household. We were quiet still, but not with the gloom of former times; and even the oak library looked cheerful, with a constant supply of fresh flowers, and a bit of delicate woman's work lying about it now and then.

One day, going in as usual at breakfast-time, I saw Sir Robert standing with a look of strange excitement on his face, and an open newspaper in his hand. "I very nearly did it once," he said; "but that is a long time ago, before you—I am certain it can be done. I have a theory about it which has never been tested, but I believe—James, let the table be cleared, will you?"

I did not know what Sir Robert was talking about; but of course it was some of his old experiments; I could not tell exactly why, but it gave me an uneasy feeling to hear him. The next time I saw him, he was with my lady in the park, sometimes talking in a restless eager fashion, and sometimes lingering behind her, as though lost in some perplexing study; and he took the way to the lime avenue. And the next time I saw him after that he was alone in the library, with the far-off look in his eyes, and the big curl down over his forehead. And on the table there were two huge volumes—my old enemies—and a paper scribbled all over with calculations. Passing across the lawn by-and-by before the south room window, I saw my lady sitting by the open window stitching away at something with nimble fingers, and my heart sank as I speculated upon a possible dreary future for her. But, then, Sir Robert's whole heart was bound up in her: everyone of us knew that: he never could persevere in going back to the old habits.

We were wrong, however: his relapse was as sudden and utter as the change had been after his marriage. He would sit there hour after hour and day after day, speaking to no one, unless his wife asked him some question concerning his studies, and then he would rouse up and rush into eager explanation.

He had been roused in that way once when I happened to be in the room, and was trying to make her comprehend the distinction between mind and soul; developing the probability, or, as he said, the certainty, that mind and soul were not convertible terms but distinct essences, and going into a description of what—were it possible for such a creature to exist—man would be without a soul: far above the other animals still, as possessing mind.

And my lady had pushed back her hair, and was wrinkling up her white forehead in a vain effort to understand him, with such a wistful, earnest look in her face.

"Psha!" said Sir Robert, passing his hand over her hair suddenly. "Don't trouble your poor little head about it, my pet. It's too big a puzzle for you."

And then he was back at once in his books, and my lady sat there silent and sorrowful, as though she were wondering why she could not understand him, and perhaps wondering too a little what good it would do her if she could.

At first she had been used to go and sit alone in the south room, but as the winter drew on she got to know somehow that Sir Robert liked her to be in the library—a still, silent figure, sitting in a corner by the fire, or on a low stool not far from him. He would occasionally look round from his absorption, as though he had lost something, or felt uncertain about it, and seeing her there would turn to his book again satisfied.

He used to do and say the strangest things in his pre-occupation; sometimes a laugh from her would rouse him to the consciousness that he was helping himself to salt in his tea, or committing some other absurdity; then he would proceed to demonstrate a theory with the salt spoon, taking the sugar-tongs, and perhaps all the teaspoons to help. But those laughs of my lady's grew rarer, and were apt to be followed by an air of weariness very sad to see in her bright face. Mrs. Brace used to announce her decision that some one ought to speak to Sir Robert, and say that, if no one else could be found to undertake the mission, she would do it herself; but somehow her courage always failed, and nothing came of it. Sir Robert would occasionally tell his wife that she was getting pale, and should go out; but when she asked him to go with her, he would either not answer at all, or say not then, he was busy; and my lady would go off alone into the park, walking in a dull, spiritless way, that did not seem likely to remedy the paleness. The only thing that seemed to do her much good was going to see the lodge-keeper's wife and children; but after a while she told Mrs. Brace that the walk was too much for her, and she must give it up.

The January days were cold and dark, and the wind used to moan through that undiscovered chink—I never forgot Sir Robert's simile—like a dying man: a sound of unutterable dreariness in the otherwise silent room. I don't know whether my lady heard it or not: she never spoke of it. But sitting there silent as usual, one chill evening, she drew suddenly closer to Sir Robert with a shiver, and laid her head down on the hand that rested on his knee, crying quietly. Sir Robert was roused at once. "What was it? Had anything happened? Was she well?"

"Not quite," she confessed, "but it was nothing; it would pass pass off; she had been foolish to give way."

Sir Robert scarcely heard the answer out; and his lips were tremulous with agitation as he gave his order that the doctor should be sent for. It was useless for his wife to repeat that there was little or nothing the matter; a slight cold perhaps,

which would go off in a day or two. No; he would have the doctor sent for at once. And the doctor came. He smiled at Sir Robert's face of anxiety, wrote a prescription, and warned my lady against over fatigue and excitement. There was not much the matter, he said. And Sir Robert heaved a great sigh of relief, and went back to his books. Not quite so systematically, however, just at first. He did wake up now and then, to ask if she felt all right; to see that she was comfortable; and sometimes to insist on pouring out the medicine for her. She used to smile, and say it was only coloured-water, sent to save her from the charge of having made a fuss about quite nothing. But my master soon left off even these little attentions, and went back to his old ways. Would nothing bring him into the living world again? Something did at last, terribly.

It was many days after the doctor's first visit, and my lady, who had been suffering from face-ache, had fallen asleep on the sofa, which was drawn up to the fire opposite to Sir Robert's chair, when the library bell rang sharply, fiercely, making me start up at once to answer. Sir Robert met me at the open library-door. His face was a ghastly white, and his wide open eyes were glassy with terror; and he said to me in a strange, stony voice, "Radford, I have poisoned my wife."

I looked at him without answering, for I began to think his studies must have turned his brain.

"What are you staring at?" he cried, sharply. "Go for the doctor—no, send someone who will ride at a breakneck pace: this moment! And come back; I want you."

I heard my lady call her husband, and when I had obeyed the order I went back. She was talking feebly, but imploringly; her two arms clinging about his neck and her face close to his. When she saw me she broke off abruptly, and Sir Robert turned.

"Come here, Radford. You told me of a case—in Italy—you must do something."

On the table there stood a glass half-full of some liquid, and two bottles. One contained the medicine, and the other laudanum, which my lady had been using for her face; and I guessed easily that Sir Robert, starting up from his study, half-confused, to give my lady her medicine, had taken the wrong bottle. The thing was, how much had she swallowed? She answered my unasked question, not speaking to me, but to Sir Robert, and keeping her eyes fixed on his face. The peculiar faintness of her voice struck me painfully.

"I do not feel well," she said; "but it isn't the laudanum. Why won't you believe me? See for yourself: what I have swallowed would not hurt anyone. I was half-asleep; but I knew the taste at once."

Sir Robert turned to me. His teeth were pressing into his lips, and his eyes had a strange, wild glitter in them. They must have fallen upon those unlucky books, for, with one angry movement of his hand, he pushed away the table which contained them, motioning me to speak.

I told him all I knew of the means used in the case he spoke of. I could not ascertain from either of them how much my lady had taken, but I was inclined to trust her own conviction that it was not enough to hurt her; and she seemed so faint and languid that I thought the best thing would be to suffer her to rest. But Sir Robert said it was contrary to all precedent; he would not hear of it, she must be kept awake. All that time I could not help noticing the dreary moans of the wind through that crevice, and when I was dismissed with orders to send up Mrs. Brace, I could not rest, but went to walk up and down the hall, listening for wheels, and wishing the doctor would come. It was past midnight before he came. Mrs. Brace had been with my lady, and she shook her head as she passed me, but I asked no questions.

By-and-by the doctor came out with Sir Robert into the lobby; and I heard him say, "She is very ill, I don't disguise it from you; and to-night's fright and excitement have been mischievous; but as to the laudanum, those few drops could do no harm. I may even have to give her more, so quiet your mind about that." The doctor went back, and Sir Robert suddenly put his two hands on his face, and leaned it down on the stair railing. I thought I heard a sob—a great sound of repressed suffering, such as a man's sobs are; but I stole away quietly, for though he knew I was there, I felt like a spy

upon his sorrow. And I knew that whatever might happen, though the laudanum itself had been harmless, yet those words "the fright and excitement have been mischievous" would always be a self-reproaching sting in my master's heart.

The days dragged on slowly with us, and the mild breath of early spring came into the library. But the books were untouched, and a needle was sticking in some piece of delicate work on the table. If Sir Robert left his wife for a few minutes, it was only to wander about restlessly in his noiseless slippers, speaking to no one, and seeming to heed nothing that went on out of that one room. Once I saw him move the position of the sofa and alter the cushions, as though he were waiting hopefully for the time when his wife would come back to it.

She never came back. On the anniversary of the day on which my lady came to us, Sir Robert sat stunned and motionless in his old seat in the library, looking into the fire, but not seeing it; with the empty sofa opposite to him, and the bit of work still on the table, and the needle sticking in it. Some one had tried to take it away, but a look from him stopped them. Up-stairs Mrs. Brace was sobbing over the tiny daughter whom she could not persuade Sir Robert to notice, and on my lady's pillow there lay a beautiful dead face, like wax.

LOUIS SAND.

METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CHAP. VII.

I come now to an obscure part of my subject, very difficult to present in a popular form, and yet so important in the scientific investigations of our day that I cannot omit it entirely. I allude to what are called by naturalists Collateral Series or Parallel Types. These are by no means difficult to trace, because they are connected by seeming resemblances, which, though very likely to mislead and perplex the observer, yet naturally suggest the association of such groups. Let me introduce the subject with the statement of some facts.

There are in Australia numerous Mammalia, occupying the same relation and answering the same purposes as the Mammalia of other countries. Some of them are domesticated by the natives, and serve them with meat, milk, wool, as our domesticated animals serve us. Representatives of almost all types, Wolves, Foxes, Sloths, Bears, Weasels, Martens, Squirrels, Rats, &c., are found there; and yet, though all these animals resemble ours so closely that the English settlers have called many of them by the same names, there are no genuine Wolves, Foxes, Sloths, Bears, Weasels, Martens, Squirrels, or

Rats in Australia. The Australian Mammalia are peculiar to the region where they are found, and are all linked together by two remarkable structural features which distinguish them from all other Mammalia and unite them under one head as the so-called Marsupials. They bring forth their young in an imperfect condition, and transfer them to a pouch, where they remain attached to the teats of the mother till their development is as far advanced as that of other Mammalia at the time of their birth; and they are further characterized by an absence of that combination of transverse fibres forming the large bridge which unites the two hemispheres of the brain in all the other members of their class. Here, then, is a series of animals parallel with ours, separated from them by anatomical features, but so united with them by form and external features that many among them have been at first associated together.

This is what Cuvier has called subordination of characters, distinguishing between characters that control the organization and those that are not essentially connected with it. The skill of the naturalist consists in detecting the difference between the two, so that he may not take the more superficial features as the basis of his

classification, instead of those important ones which, though often less easily recognized, are more deeply rooted in the organization. It is a difference of the same nature as that between affinity and analogy, to which I have alluded before, when speaking of the ingrafting of certain features of one type upon animals of another type, thus producing a superficial resemblance, not truly characteristic. In the Reptiles, for instance, there are two groups—those devoid of scales, with naked skin, laying numerous eggs, but hatching their young in an imperfect state, and the Scaly Reptiles, which lay comparatively few eggs, but whose young, when hatched, are completely developed, and undergo no subsequent metamorphosis. Yet, notwithstanding this difference in essential features of structure, and in the mode of reproduction and development, there is such an external resemblance between certain animals belonging to the two groups that they were associated together even by so eminent a naturalist as Linnæus. Compare, for instance, the Serpents among the Scaly Reptiles with the Cæcilians among the Naked Reptiles. They have the same elongated form, and are both destitute of limbs; the head in both is on a level with the body, without any contraction behind it, such as marks the neck in the higher Reptiles, and moves only by the action of the back-bone; they are singularly alike in their external features, but the young of the Serpent are hatched in a mature condition, while the young of the type to which the Cæcilians belong undergo a succession of metamorphoses before attaining to a resemblance to the parent. Or compare the Lizard and the Salamander, in which the likeness is perhaps even more striking; for any inexperienced observer would mistake one for the other. Both are superior to the Serpents and Cæcilians, for in them the head moves freely on the neck and they creep on short, imperfect legs. But the Lizard is clothed with scales, while the body of the Salamander is naked; and the young of the former is complete when hatched, while the Tadpole born from the Salamander has a life of its own to live, with certain changes to pass through before it assumes its mature condition; during the early part of its life it is even destitute of legs, and has gills like the Fishes. Above the Lizards and Salamanders, highest in the class of Reptiles, stand two other collateral types—the Turtles at the head of the Scaly Reptiles, the Toads and Frogs at the head of the Naked Reptiles. The external likeness between these two groups is perhaps less striking than between those mentioned above, on account of the large shield of the Turtle. But there are Turtles with a soft covering, and there are some Toads with a hard shield over the head and neck at least, and both groups are alike distinguished by the shortness, and breadth of the body and by the greater development of the limbs as compared with the lower Reptiles. But here again there is the same essential difference in the mode of development of their young as distinguishes all the rest. The two series may thus be contrasted:—

Naked Reptiles.
Toads and Frogs,
Salamanders,
Cæcilians.

Scaly Reptiles.
Turtles,
Lizards,
Serpents.

Such corresponding groups or parallel types, united only by external resemblance, and distinguished from each other by essential elements of structure, exist among all animals, though they are less striking among birds on account of the uniformity of that class. Yet even there we may trace such analogies—as between the Palmate or Aquatic Birds, for instance, and the Birds of Prey, or between the Frigate Bird and the Kites. Among Fishes such analogies are very common, often suggesting a comparison even with land animals, though on account of the scales and spines of the former the likeness may not be easily traced. But the common names used by the fishermen often indicate these resemblances—as, for instance, Sea-Vulture, Sea-Eagle, Cat-Fish, Flying-Fish, Sea-Porcupine, Sea-Cow, Sea-Horse, and the like. In the branch of Mollusks, also, the same superficial analogies are found. In the lowest class of this division of the Animal Kingdom there is a group so similar to the Polype, that, until recently, they have been associated with them—the Bryozoa. They are very small animals, allied to the Clams by the plan of their structure, but they have a resemblance to the Polype on account of a radiating wreath of feelers around the upper part of their body; yet, when examined closely, this wreath is found to be incomplete; it does not form a circle, but leaves an open space between the two ends, where they approach each other, so that it has a horseshoe outline, and partakes of the bilateral symmetry characteristic of its type and on which its own structure is based. These series have not yet been very carefully traced, and young naturalists should turn their attention to them, and be prepared to draw the nicest distinction between analogies and true affinities among animals.

CHAP. VIII.

After this digression, let us proceed to a careful examination of the natural groups of animals called Families by naturalists—a subject already briefly alluded to in a previous chapter. Families are natural assemblages of animals of less extent than Orders, but, like Orders, Classes, and Branches, founded upon certain categories of structure, which are as distinct for this kind of group as for all the other divisions in the classification of the Animal Kingdom.

That we may understand the true meaning of these divisions, we must not be misled by the name given by naturalists to this kind of group. Here, as in so many other instances, a word already familiar, and that had become, as it were, identified with the special sense in which it had been used, has been adopted by science

and has received a new signification. When naturalists speak of Families among animals, they do not allude to the progeny of a known stock, as we designate, in common parlance, the children or the descendants of known parents by the word family; they understand by Families natural groups of different kinds of animals, having no genetic relations so far as we know, but agreeing with one another closely enough to leave the impression of a more or less remote common parentage. The difficulty here consists in determining the natural limits of such groups, and in tracing the characteristic features by which they may be defined; for individual investigators differ greatly as to the degree of resemblance existing between the members of many Families, and there is no kind of group which presents greater diversity of circumscription in the classifications of animals proposed by different naturalists than these so-called Families.

It should be remembered, however, that, unless a sound criterion be applied to the limitation of Families, they, like all other groups introduced into zoological systems, must forever remain arbitrary divisions, as they have been hitherto. A retrospective glance at the progress of our science during the past century, in this connection, may perhaps help us to solve the difficulty. Linnæus, in his "System of Nature," does not admit Families; he has only four kinds of groups—Classes, Orders, Genera, and Species. It was among plants that naturalists first perceived those general traits of resemblance which exist everywhere among the members of natural families, and added this kind of group to the framework of their system. In France, particularly, this method was pursued with success; and the improvements thus introduced by the French botanists were so great, and rendered their classification so superior to that of Linnæus, that the botanical systems in which Families were introduced were called natural systems, in contradistinction especially to the botanical classification of Linnæus, which was founded upon the organs of reproduction, and which received thenceforth the name of the sexual system of plants. The same method so successfully used by botanists was soon introduced into Zoology by the French naturalists of the beginning of this century—Lamarck, Latreille, and Cuvier. But, to this day, the limitation of Families among animals has not yet reached the precision which it has among plants, and I see no other reason for the difference than the absence of a leading principle to guide us in Zoology.

Families, as they exist in Nature, are based upon peculiarities of form as related to structure; but though a very large number of them have been named and recorded, very few are characterized with anything like scientific accuracy. It has been a very simple matter to establish such groups according to the superficial method that has been pursued, for the fact that they are determined by external outline renders the recognition of them easy and in

many instances almost instinctive; but it is very difficult to characterize them, or, in other words, to trace the connection between form and structure. Indeed, many naturalists do not admit that Families are based upon form; and it was in trying to account for the facility with which they detect these groups, while they find it so difficult to characterize them, that I perceived that they are always associated with peculiarities of form. Naturalists have established Families simply by bringing together a number of animals resembling each other more or less closely, and, taking usually the name of the Genus to which the best known among them belongs, they have given it a patronymic termination to designate the Family, and allowed the matter to rest there, sometimes without even attempting any description corresponding to those by which Genus and Species are commonly defined.

For instance, from *Canis*, the Dog *Canidae* has been formed, to designate the whole Family of Dogs, Wolves, Foxes, &c. Nothing can be more superficial than such a mode of classification; and if these groups actually exist in Nature, they must be based, like all the other divisions, upon some combinations of structural characters peculiar to them. We have seen that Branches are founded upon the general plan of structure, Classes on the mode of executing the plan, Orders upon the greater or less complication of a given mode of execution, and we shall find that form, as determined by structure, characterizes Families. I would call attention to this qualification of my definition; since, of course, when speaking of form in this connection, I do not mean those superficial resemblances in external features already alluded to in my remarks upon Parallel or Collateral Types. I speak now of form as controlled by structural elements; and unless we analyze Families in this way, the mere distinguishing and naming them does not advance our science at all. Compare, for instance, the Dogs, the Seals, and the Bears. These are all members of one Order,—that of the Carnivorous Mammalia. Their dentition is peculiar and alike in all (cutting teeth, canine teeth, and grinders), adapted for tearing and chewing their food; and their internal structure bears a definite relation to their dentition. But look at these animals with reference to form. The Dog is comparatively slender, with legs adapted for running and hunting his prey; the Bear is heavier, with shorter limbs; while the Seal has a continuous uniform outline adapted for swimming. They form separate Families, and are easily recognized as such by the difference in their external outline; but what is the anatomical difference which produces the peculiarity of form in each, by which they have been thus distinguished? It lies in the structure of the limbs, and especially in that of the wrist and fingers. In the Seal the limbs are short, and the wrists are on one continuous line with them, so that it has no power of bending the wrist or the fingers, and the limbs, therefore, act like flappers or oars. The Bear has a well-

developed paw with a flexible wrist, but it steps on the whole sole of the foot, from the wrist to the tip of the toe, giving it the heavy tread so characteristic of all the Bears. The Dogs, on the contrary, walk on tiptoe, and their step, though firm, is light, while the greater slenderness and flexibility of their legs add to their nimbleness and swiftness. By a more extensive investigation of the anatomical structure of the limbs in their connection with the whole body, it could easily be shown that the peculiarity of form in these animals is essentially determined by, or at least stands in the closest relation to, the peculiar structure of the wrist and fingers.

Take the Family of Owls as distinguished from the Falcons, Kites, &c. Here the difference of form is in the position of the eyes. In the Owl, the sides of the head are prominent and the eye-socket is brought forward. In the Falcons and Kites, on the contrary, the sides of the head are flattened and the eyes are set back. The difference in the appearance of the birds is evident to the most superficial observer; but to call the one Strigidæ and the other Falconidæ tells us nothing of the anatomical peculiarities on which this difference is founded.

These few examples, selected purposely among closely allied and universally known animals, may be sufficient to show that, beyond the general complication of the structure which characterizes the Orders, there is a more limited element in the organization of animals, bearing chiefly upon their form, which, if it have any general application as a principle of classification, may well be considered as essentially characteristic of the Families. There are certainly closely allied natural groups of animals, belonging to the same Order, but including many Genera, which differ from each other chiefly in their form, while that form is determined by peculiarities of structure which do not influence the general structural complication upon which Orders are based, or relate to the minor details of structure on which Genera are founded. I am therefore convinced that form is the criterion by which Families may be determined. The great facility with which animals may be combined together in natural groups of this kind without any special investigation of their structure, a superficial method of classification in which zoologists have lately indulged to a most unjustifiable degree, convinces me that it is the similarity of form which has unconsciously led such shallow investigators to correct results, since upon close examination it is found that a large number of the Families so determined, and to which no characters at all are assigned, nevertheless bear the severest criticism founded upon anatomical investigation.

The questions proposed to themselves by all students who would characterize Families should be these: What are, throughout the Animal Kingdom, the peculiar patterns of form by which Families are distinguished? and on what structural features are these patterns based? Only the most patient investigations can give us the answer, and it will be very long before we can write out the formulæ of these patterns with

mathematical precision, as I believe we shall be able to do in a more advanced stage of our science. But while the work is in progress, it ought to be remembered that a mere general similarity of outline is not yet in itself evidence of identity of form or pattern, and that, while seemingly very different forms may be derived from the same formula, the most similar forms may belong to entirely different systems, when their derivation is properly traced. Our great mathematician, in a lecture delivered at the Lowell Institute last winter, showed that in his science also similarity of outline does not always indicate identity of character. Compare the different circles—the perfect circle, in which every point of the periphery is at the same distance from the centre, with an ellipse in which the variation from the true circle is so slight as to be almost imperceptible to the eye; yet the latter, like all ellipses, has its two *foci* by which it differs from a circle, and to refer it to the family of circles instead of the family of ellipses would be overlooking its true character on account of its external appearance; and yet ellipses may be so elongated that, far from resembling a circle, they make the impression of parallel lines linked at their extremities. Or we may have an elastic curve in which the appearance of a circle is produced by the meeting of the two ends; nevertheless it belongs to the family of elastic curves, in which may even be included a line actually straight, and is formed by a process entirely different from that which produces the circle or the ellipse.

But it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to find the relation between structure and form in Families, and I remember a case which I had taken as a test of the accuracy of the views I entertained upon this subject, and which perplexed and baffled me for years. It was that of our freshwater Mussels, the Family of Unios. There is a great variety of outline among them—some being oblong and very slender, others broad with seemingly square outlines, others having a nearly triangular form, while others again are almost circular; and I could not detect among them all any feature of form that was connected with any essential element of their structure. At last, however, I found this test-character, and since that time I have had no doubt left in my mind that form, determined by structure, is the true criterion of Families. In the Unios it consists of the rounded outline of the anterior end of the body reflected in a more or less open curve of the shell, bending more abruptly along the lower side with an inflection followed by a bulging, corresponding to the most prominent part of the gills, to which alone, in a large number of American Species of this Family, the eggs are transferred, giving to this part of the shell a prominence which it has not in any of the European Species. At the posterior end of the body this curve then bends upwards and backwards again, the outline meeting the side occupied by the hinge and ligament, which, when very short, may determine a triangular form of the whole shell, or, when equal to the lower side

and connected with a great height of the body, gives it a quadrangular form, or, if the height is reduced, produces an elongated form, or, finally, a rounded form, if the passage from one side to the other is gradual. A comparison of the position of the internal organs of different Species of Unio with the outlines of their shells will leave no doubt that their form is determined by the structure of the animal.

A few other and more familiar examples may complete this discussion. Among Climbing Birds, for instance, which are held together as a more comprehensive group by the structure of their feet and by other anatomical features, there are two Families so widely different in their form that they may well serve as examples of this principle. The Woodpeckers (*Picidae*) and the Parrots (*Psittacidae*), once considered as two Genera only, have both been subdivided, in consequence of a more intimate knowledge of their generic characters, into a large number of Genera; but all the Genera of Woodpeckers and all the Genera of the Parrots are still held together by their form as Families, corresponding as such to the two old Genera of *Picus* and *Psittacus*. They are now known as the Families of Woodpeckers and Parrots; and though each group includes a number of Genera combined upon a variety of details in the finish of special parts of the structure, such as the number of toes, the peculiarities of the bill, &c., it is impossible to overlook the peculiar form which is characteristic of each. No one who is familiar with the outline of the Parrot will fail to recognize any member of that Family by a general form which is equally common to the diminutive Noddie, the gorgeous Ara, and the high-crested Cockatoo. Neither will any one, who has ever observed the small head, the straight bill, the flat back, and stiff tail of the Woodpecker, hesitate to identify the family form in any of the numerous Genera into which this group is now divided. The family characters are even more invariable than the generic ones; for there are Woodpeckers which, instead of the four toes, two turning forward and two backward, which form an essential generic character, have three toes only, while the family form is always maintained, whatever variations there may be in the characters of the more limited groups it includes.

The Turtles and Terrapins form another good illustration of family characters. They constitute together a natural Order, but are distinguished from each other as two Families very distinct in general form and outline. Among Fishes I may mention the Family of Pickerels, with their flat, long snout, and slender, almost cylindrical body, as contrasted with the plump, compressed body and tapering tail of the Trout Family. Or compare, among Insects, the Hawk-Moths with the Diurnal Butterfly, or with the so-called Miller—or, among Crustacea, the common Crab with the Sea-Spider, or the Lobsters with the Shrimps—or, among Worms, the Leeches with the Earth-Worms—or, among Mollusks, the Squids with the Cattle-Fishes, or the Snails with the

Slugs, or the Periwinkles with the Limpets and Conchs, or the Clam with the so-called Venus, or the Oyster with the Mother-of-Pearl shell—everywhere, throughout the Animal Kingdom, difference of form points at difference of Families.

There is a chapter in the Natural History of Animals that has hardly been touched upon as yet, and that will be especially interesting with reference to Families. The voices of animals have a family character not to be mistaken. All the Canidæ bark and howl: the Fox, the Wolf, the Dog have the same kind of utterance, though on a somewhat different pitch. All the Bears growl, from the White Bear of the Arctic snows to the small Black Bear of the Andes. All the Cats *miau*, from our quiet fireside companion to the Lions and Tigers and Panthers of the forest and jungle. This last may seem a strange assertion; but to any one who has listened critically to their sounds and analyzed their voices, the roar of the Lion is but a gigantic *miau*, bearing about the same proportion to that of a Cat as its stately and majestic form does to the smaller, softer, more peaceful aspect of the Cat. Yet, notwithstanding the difference in their size, who can look at the Lion, whether in his more sleepy mood as he lies curled up in the corner of his cage, or in his fiercer moments of hunger or of rage, without being reminded of a Cat? And this is not merely the resemblance of one carnivorous animal to another; for no one was ever reminded of a Dog or Wolf by a Lion. Again, all the Horses and Donkeys neigh, for the bray of the Donkey is only a harsher neigh, pitched on a different key, it is true, but a sound of the same character—as the Donkey himself is but a clumsy and dwarfish Horse. All the Cows low, from the Buffalo roaming the prairie, the Musk-Ox of the Arctic ice-fields, or the Jack of Asia, to the Cattle feeding in our pastures. Among the Birds, this similarity of voice in Families is still more marked. We need only recall the harsh and noisy Parrots, so similar in their peculiar utterance. Or take as an example the web-footed Family—do not all the Geese and the innumerable host of Ducks quack? Does not every member of the Crow Family *caw*, whether it be the Jackdaw, the Jay, the Magpie, the Rook in some green rookery of the Old World, or the Crow of the American woods, with its long, melancholy *caw* that seems to make the silence and solitude deeper? Compare all the sweet warblers of the Songster Family—the Nightingales, the Thrushes, the Mocking-Birds, the Robins; they differ in the greater or less perfection of their note, but the same kind of voice runs through the whole group. These affinities of the vocal system among animals form a subject well worthy of the deepest study, not only as another character by which to classify the Animal Kingdom correctly, but as bearing indirectly also on the question of the origin of animals. Can we suppose that characteristics like these have been communicated from one animal to another? When we find that all the members of one zoological Family, however

widely scattered over the surface of the earth, inhabiting different continents and even different hemispheres, speak with one voice, must we not believe that they have originated in the places where they now occur with all their distinctive peculiarities? Who taught the American Thrush to sing like his European relative? He surely did not learn it from his cousin over the waters. Those who would have us believe that all animals have originated from common centres and single pairs, and have been distributed from such common centres over the world, will find it difficult to explain the tenacity of such characters and their recurrence and repetition under circumstances that seem to preclude the possibility of any communication, on any other supposition than that of their creation in the different regions where they are now found. We have much yet to learn in this kind of investigation, with reference not only to Families among animals, but to nationalities among men also. I trust that the nature of languages will teach us as much about the origin of the races as the vocal systems of the animals may one day teach us about the origin of the different groups of animals. At all events, similarity of vocal utterance among animals is not indicative of identity of species; I doubt, therefore, whether similarity of speech proves community of origin among men.

The similarity of motion in Families is another subject well worth the consideration of the naturalist; the soaring of the birds of prey—the heavy flapping of the wings in the gallinaceous birds—the floating of the swallows, with their short cuts and angular turns—the hopping of the sparrows—the deliberate walk of the hen, and the strut of the cock—the waddle of the ducks and geese—the slow, heavy creeping of the land-turtle—the graceful flight of the sea-turtle under the water—the leaping and swimming of the frog—the swift run of the lizard, like a flash of green or red light in the sunshine—the lateral undulation of the serpent—the dart of the pickerel—the leap of the trout—the rush of the hawk-moth through the air—the fluttering flight of the butterfly—the quivering poise of the humming-bird—the arrow-like shooting of the squid through the water—the slow crawling of the snail on the land—the sideway movement of the sand-crab—the backward walk of the crawfish—the almost imperceptible gliding of the sea-anemone over the rock—the graceful rapid motion of the pleurobrachia, with its endless change of curve and spiral. In short, every family of animals has its characteristic action and its peculiar voice; and yet so little is this endless variety of rhythm and cadence, both of motion and sound in the organic world understood, that we lack words to express one-half its richness and beauty.

CHAP. IX.

The well-known meaning of the words *generic* and *specific* may serve, in the absence of a more precise definition, to express the relative import-

ance of those groups of animals called *genera* and *species* in our scientific systems. The *genus* is the more comprehensive of the two kinds of groups, while the *species* is the most precisely defined, or at least the most easily recognized, of all the divisions of the animal kingdom. But neither the term *genus* nor *species* has always been taken in the same sense. *Genus* especially has varied in its acceptation, from the time when Aristotle applied it indiscriminately to any kind of comprehensive group, from the classes down to what we commonly call *genera*, till the present day. But we have already seen, that, instead of calling all the various kinds of more comprehensive divisions by the name of *genera*, modern science has applied special names to each of them, and we have now families, orders, classes, and branches above *genera* proper. If the foregoing discussion upon the nature of these groups is based upon trustworthy principles, we must admit that they are all founded upon distinct categories of characters—the primary divisions, or the branches, on plan of structure, the classes upon the manner of its execution, the orders upon the greater or less complication of a given mode of execution, the families upon form; and it now remains to be ascertained whether *genera* also exist in nature, and by what kind of characteristics they may be distinguished. Taking the practice of the ablest naturalists in discriminating *genera* as a guide in our estimation of their true nature, we must, nevertheless, remember that even now, while their classifications of the more comprehensive groups usually agree, they differ greatly in their limitation of *genera*, so that the *genera* of some authors correspond to the families of others, and *vice versa*. This undoubtedly arises from the absence of a definite standard for the estimation of these divisions. But the different categories of structure which form the distinctive criteria of the more comprehensive divisions once established, the question is narrowed down to an inquiry into the special category upon which *genera* may be determined; and if this can be accurately defined, no difference of opinion need interfere hereafter with their uniform limitation. Considering all these divisions of the animal kingdom from this point of view, it is evident that the more comprehensive ones must be those which are based on the broadest characters—branches, as united upon plan of structure, standing of course at the head; next to these the classes, since the general mode of executing the plan presents a wider category of characters than the complication of structure on which orders rest; after orders come families, or the patterns of form in which these greater or less complications of structure are clothed; and proceeding in the same way from more general to more special considerations, we can have no other category of structure as characteristic of *genera* than the details of structure by which members of the same family may differ from each other, and this I consider as the only true basis on which to limit *genera*, while it is at the same time in

perfect accordance with the practice of the most eminent modern zoologists. It is in this way that Cuvier has distinguished the large number of genera he has characterized in his great *Natural History of the Fishes*, in connection with Valenciennes. Latreille has done the same for the crustacea and insects, and Milne Edwards, with the co-operation of Haime, has recently proceeded upon the same principle in characterizing a great number of genera among the combs. Many others have followed his example, but few have kept in view the necessity of a uniform mode of proceeding, or, if they have done so, their researches have covered too limited a ground to be taken into consideration in a discussion of principles. It is, in fact, only when extending over a whole class that the study of genera acquires a truly scientific importance, as it then shows in a connected manner, in what way, by what features, and to what extent a large number of animals are closely linked together in Nature. Considering the animal kingdom as a single complete work of one creative intellect, consistent throughout, such keen analysis and close criticism of all its parts have the same kind of interest, in a higher degree, as that which attaches to other studies undertaken in the spirit of careful comparative research. These different categories of characters are, as it were, different peculiarities of style in the author, different modes of treating the same material, new combinations of evidence bearing on the same general principles. The study of genera is a department of Natural History, which thus far has received too little attention even at the hands of our best zoologists, and has been treated in the most arbitrary manner; it should henceforth be made a philosophical investigation into the closer affinities which naturally bind in minor groups all the representatives of a natural family.

Genera, then, are groups of a more restricted character than any of those we have examined thus far. Some of them include only one species, while others comprise hundreds; since certain definite combinations of characters may be limited to a single species, while other combinations may be repeated in many. We have striking examples of this among birds: the ostrich stands alone in its genus, while the number of species among the warblers is very great. Among mammalia the giraffe also stands alone, while mice, and squirrels include many species. Genera are founded, not, as we have seen, on general structural characters, but on the finish of special parts, as, for instance, on the dentition. (The cat has only four grinders in the upper jaw and three in the lower, while the hyenas have one more above and below, and the dogs and wolves have two more above and two more below. In the last, some of the teeth have also flat surfaces for trashing the food, adapted especially to their habits, since they live on vegetable as well as animal substances. The formation of the claws is another generic feature. There is a curious example with reference to this in

the cheetah, which is again a genus containing only one species. It belongs to the cat family, but differs from ordinary lions and tigers, in having its claws so constructed that it cannot draw them back under the paws, though in every other respect they are like the claws of all the cats. But while it has the cat-like claw, its paws are like those of the dog, and this singular combination of features is in direct relation to its habits, for it does not lie in wait and spring upon its prey like the cat, but hunts it like the dog.

While genera themselves are, like families, easily distinguished, the characters on which they are founded, like those of families, are difficult to trace. There are often features belonging to these groups which attract the attention and suggest their association, though they are not those which may be truly considered generic characters. It is easy to distinguish the genus fox, for instance, by its bushy tail, and yet that is no true generic character; the collar of feathers round the neck of the vultures leads us at once to separate them from the eagles, but it is not the collar that truly marks the genus, but rather the peculiar structure of the feathers which form it. No bird has a more striking plumage than the Peacock, but it is not the appearance merely of its crest and spreading fan that constitutes a genus, but the peculiar structure of the feathers. Thousands of examples might be quoted to show how easily genera may be singled out, named, and entered in our systems without being duly characterized; and it is much to be lamented that there is no possibility of checking the loose work of this kind with which the annals of our science are daily flooded.

It would, of course, be quite inappropriate to present here any general revision of these groups; but I may present a few instances to illustrate the principle of their classification, and to show on what characters they are properly based. Among reptiles we find, for instance, that the genera of our fresh-water Turtles differ from each other in the cut of their bill, in the arrangement of their scales, in the form of their claws, &c. Among Fishes, the different genera included under the family of Perches are distinguished by the arrangement of their teeth, by the serratures of their gill-covers, and of the arch to which the pectoral fins are attached, by the nature and combination of the rays of their fins, by the structure of their scales, &c. Among insects, the various genera of the Butterflies differ in the combination of the little rods which sustain their wings, in the form and structure of their antennæ, of their feet, of the minute scales which cover their wings, &c. Among crustacea, the genera of Shrimps vary in the form of the claws, in the structure of the parts of the mouth, in the articulation of their feelers, &c. Among Worms, the different genera of the Leech family are combined upon the form of the diaks by which they attach themselves, upon the number and arrangement of their eyes, upon the structure of the hard parts with which the

mouth is armed, &c. Among Cephalopods, the family of Squids contains several genera distinguished by the structure of the solid shield within the skin of the back, by the form and connection of their fins, by the structure of the suckers with which their arms are provided, by the form of their beak, &c. In every class, we find throughout the animal kingdom that there is no sound basis for the discrimination of genera except the details of their structure; but in order to define them accurately an extensive comparison of them is indispensable, and, in characterizing them, only such features should be enumerated as are truly generic; whereas in the present superficial method of describing them, features are frequently introduced which belong not only to the whole family, but even to the whole class which includes them.

CHAP. X.

There remains but one more division of the animal kingdom for our consideration, the most limited of all in its circumscription—that of species. It is with the study of this kind of group that naturalists generally begin their investigations. I believe, however, that the study of species as the basis of a scientific education is a great mistake. It leads us to overrate the value of species, and to believe that they exist in nature in some different sense from other groups; as if there were something more real and tangible in species than in genera, families, orders, classes, or branches. The truth is, that to study a vast number of species without tracing the principles that combine them under more comprehensive groups is only to burden the mind with disconnected facts, and more may be learned by a faithful and careful comparison of a few species than by a more cursory examination of a greater number. When one considers the immense number of species already known, naturalists might well despair of becoming acquainted with them all, were they not constructed on a few fundamental patterns, so that the study of one species teaches us a great deal for all the rest. De Candolle, who was at the same time a great botanist and a great teacher, told me once that he could undertake to illustrate the fundamental principles of his science with the aid of a dozen plants judiciously selected, and that it was his unvarying practice to induce students to make a thorough study of a few minor groups of plants, in all their relations to one another, rather than to attempt to gain a superficial acquaintance with a large number of species. The powerful influence he has had upon the progress of botany vouches for the correctness of his views. Indeed, every profound scholar knows that sound learning can be attained only by this method, and the study of nature makes no exception to the rule. I would therefore advise every student to select a few representatives from

all the classes, and to study these, not only with reference to their specific characters, but as members also of a genus, of a family, of an order, of a class, and of a branch. He will soon convince himself that species have no more definite and real existence in nature than all the other divisions of the animal kingdom, and that every animal is the representative of its branch, class, order, family, and genus as much as of its species. Specific characters are only those determining size, proportion, colour, habits, and relations to surrounding circumstances and external objects. How superficial, then, must be any one's knowledge of an animal who studies it only with relation to its specific characters! He will know nothing of the finish of special parts of the body, nothing of the relations between its form and its structure, nothing of the relative complication of its organization as compared with other allied animals, nothing of the plan expressed in that mode of execution. Yet, with the exception of the ordinal characters—which, since they imply relative superiority and inferiority, require, of course, a number of specimens for comparison—his one animal would tell him all this as well as the specific characters.

All the more comprehensive groups, equally with species, have a positive, permanent, specific principle, maintained generation after generation with all its essential characteristics. Individuals are the transient representatives of all these organic principles, which certainly have an independent, immaterial existence, since they outlive the individuals that embody them, and are no less real after the generation that has represented them for a time has passed away than they were before.

From a comparison of a number of well-known species belonging to a natural genus, it is not difficult to ascertain what are essentially specific characters. There is hardly among mammalia a more natural genus than that which includes the Rabbits and Hares, or that to which the Rats and Mice are referred. Let us see how the different species differ from one another. Though we give two names in the vernacular to the genus Hare, both Hares and Rabbits agree in all the structural peculiarities which constitute a genus; but the different species are distinguished by their absolute size when full-grown, by the nature and colour of their fur, by the size and form of the ear, by the relative length of their legs and tail, by the more or less slender build of their whole body, by their habits, some living in open grounds, others among the bushes, others in swamps, others burrowing under the earth, by the number of young they bring forth, by their different seasons of breeding, and by still minor differences, such as the permanent colour of the hair throughout the year in some, while in others it turns white in winter. The rats and mice differ in a similar way: there being large and small species, some gray, some brown, others rust-coloured, some with soft, others with coarse hair; they differ also in the length of the tail, and in having it more or less covered with hair, in the cut

of the ears, and their size, in the length of their limbs, which are slender and long in some, short and thick in others, in their various ways of living, in the different substances on which they feed, and also in their distribution over the surface of the earth, whether circumscribed within certain limited areas or scattered over a wider range. What is now the nature of these differences by which we distinguish species? They are totally distinct from any of the categories on which genera, families, orders, classes, or branches are founded, and may readily be reduced to a few heads. They are differences in the proportion of the parts and in the absolute size of the whole animal, in the colour and general ornamentation of the surface of the body, and in the relations of the individuals to one another and to the world around. A farther analysis of other genera would show us that among birds, reptiles, fishes, and in fact, throughout the animal kingdom, species of well-defined natural genera differ in the same way. We are therefore justified in saying that the category of characters on which species are based implies no structural differences, but presents the same structure combined under certain minor differences of size, proportion, and habits. All the specific characters stand in direct reference to the generic structure, the family form, the ordinal complication of structure, the mode of execution of the class, and the plan of structure of the branch, all of which are embodied in the frame of each individual in each species, even though all these individuals are constantly dying away and reproducing others; so that the specific characters have no more permanency in the individuals than those which characterize the genus, the family, the order, the class, and the branch. I believe, therefore, that naturalists have been entirely wrong in considering the more comprehensive groups to be theoretical and in a measure arbitrary, an attempt, that is, of certain men to classify the animal kingdom according to their individual views, while they have ascribed to species, as contrasted with the other divisions, a more positive existence in Nature. No further argument is needed to show that it is not only the species that lives in the individual, but that every individual, though belonging to a distinct species, is built upon a precise and definite plan which characterizes its branch, that that plan is executed in each individual in a particular way which characterizes its class, that every individual with its kindred occupies a definite position in a series of structural complications which characterizes its order, that in every individual all these structural features are combined under a definite pattern of form which characterizes its family, that every individual exhibits structural details in the finish of its parts which characterize its genus, and finally that every individual presents certain peculiarities in the proportion of its parts, in its colour, in its size, in its relations to its fellow-beings and surrounding things, which constitute its specific characters; and all this is repeated in the same kind of combination, generation

after generation, while the individuals die: If we accept these propositions, which seem to me self-evident, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that species do not exist in Nature in any other sense than the more comprehensive groups of the zoölogical systems.

There is one question respecting species that gives rise to very earnest discussions in our day, not only among naturalists, but among all thinking people. How far are they permanent, and how far mutable? With reference to the permanence of species, there is much to be learned from the geological phenomena that belong to our own period, and that bear witness to the invariability of types during hundreds of thousands of years at least. I hope to present a part of this evidence in a future article upon Coral Reefs, but in the meantime I cannot leave this subject without touching upon a point of which great use has been made in recent discussions. I refer to the variability of species as shown in domestication.

The domesticated animals with their numerous breeds are constantly adduced as evidence of the changes which animals may undergo, and as furnishing hints respecting the way in which the diversity now observed among animals has already been produced. It is my conviction that such inferences are in no way sustained by the facts of the case, and that, however striking the differences may be between the breeds of our domesticated animals, as compared with the wild species of the same genus, they are of a peculiar character entirely distinct from those that prevail among the latter, and are altogether incident to the circumstances under which they occur. By this I do not mean the natural action of physical conditions, but the more or less intelligent direction of the circumstances under which they live. The inference drawn from the varieties introduced among animals in a state of domestication, with reference to the origin of species, is usually this: that what the farmer does on a small scale Nature may do on a large one. It is true that man has been able to produce certain changes in the animals under his care, and that these changes have resulted in a variety of breeds. But in doing this, he has, in my estimation, in no way altered the character of species, but has only developed its pliability to the will of man, that is, to a power similar in its nature and mode of action to that power to which animals owe their very existence. The influence of man upon animals is, in other words, the action of mind upon them; and yet the ordinary mode of arguing upon this subject is, that, because the intelligence of man has been able to produce certain varieties in domesticated animals, therefore physical causes have produced all the diversities among wild ones. Surely, the sounder logic would be to infer, that, because our finite intelligence can cause the original pattern to vary by some slight shades of difference, therefore an infinite intelligence must have established all the boundless diversity of which our boasted varieties are but the faintest echo. It is the most intelligent farmer

that has the greatest success in improving his breeds; and if the animals he has so fostered are left to themselves without that intelligent care, they return to their normal condition. So with plants: the shrewd, observing, thoughtful gardener will obtain many varieties from his flowers; but those varieties will fade out, if left to themselves. There is, as it were, a certain degree of pliability and docility in the organization both of animals and plants, which may be developed by the fostering care of man, and within which he can exercise a certain influence; but the variations which he thus produces are of a peculiar kind, and do not correspond to the differences of the wild species. Let us take some examples to illustrate this assertion.

Every species of wild bull differs from the others in its size: but all the individuals correspond to the average standard of size characteristic of their respective species, and show none of those extreme differences of size so remarkable among our domesticated cattle. Every species of wild bull has its peculiar colour, and all the individuals of one species share in it: not so with our domesticated cattle, among which every individual may differ in colour from every other. All the individuals of the same species of wild bull agree in the proportion of their parts, in the mode of growth of the hair, in its quality, whether fine or soft: not so with our domesticated cattle, among which we find in the same species overgrown and dwarfish individuals, those with long and short legs, with slender and stout build of the body, with horns or without, as well as the greatest variety in the mode of twisting the horns, in short, the widest extremes of development which the degrees of pliability in that species will allow.

A curious instance of the power of man, not only in developing the pliability of an animal's organization, but in adapting it to suit his own caprices, is that of the Golden Carp, so frequently seen in bowls and tanks, as the ornament of drawing-rooms and gardens. Not only an infinite variety of spotted, striped, variegated colours has been produced in these fishes; but, especially among the Chinese, so famous for their morbid love of whatever is distorted and warped from its natural shape and appearance, all sorts of changes have been brought about in this single species. A book of Chinese paintings, showing the Golden Carp in its varieties, represents some as short and stout, others long and slender; some with the ventral side swollen, others hunchbacked; some with the mouth greatly enlarged, while in others the caudal fin, which in the normal condition of the species is placed vertically at the end of the tail, and is forked like those of other fishes, has become crested and arched, or is double or crooked, or has swerved in some other way from its original pattern. But in all these variations there is nothing which recalls the characteristic specific differences among the representatives of the carp family, which in their wild state are very monotonous in their appearance, all the world over.

Were it appropriate to accumulate evidence here upon this subject, I could bring forward many more examples quite as striking as those above mentioned. The various breeds of our domesticated horses present the same kind of irregularities, and do not differ from each other in the same way as the wild species differ from one another. Or take the genus Dog: the differences between its wild species do not correspond in the least with the differences observed among the domesticated ones. Compare the differences between the various kinds of jackals and wolves, with those that exist between the bulldog and greyhound, for instance, or between the St. Charles and the terrier, or between the Bequimaux and the Newfoundland dog. I need hardly add that what is true of the horses, the cattle, the dogs, is true also of the donkey, the goat, the sheep, the pig, the cat, the rabbit, the different kinds of barnyard fowl—in short, of all those animals that are in domesticity the chosen companions of man.

In fact, all the variability among domesticated species is due to the fostering care, or, in its more extravagant freaks, to the fancies of man; and it has never been observed in the wild species, where, on the contrary, everything shows the closest adherence to the distinct, well-defined, and invariable limits of the species. It surely does not follow that, because the Chinese can, under abnormal conditions, produce a variety of fantastic shapes in the Golden Carp, therefore water, or the physical conditions established in the water, can create a fish, any more than it follows that, because they can dwarf a tree, or alter its aspect, by stunting its growth in one direction and forcing it in another, therefore the earth, or the physical conditions connected with their growth, can create a pine, an oak, a birch, or a maple. I confess that, in all the arguments derived from the phenomena of domestication, to prove that all animals owe their origin and diversity to the natural action of the conditions under which they live, the conclusion does not seem to me to follow logically from the premises. And the fact that the domesticated animals of all races of men, equally with the white race, vary among themselves in the same way, and differ in the same way from the wild species, makes it still more evident that domesticated varieties do not explain the origin of species, except, as I have said, by showing that the intelligent will of man can produce effects which physical causes have never been known to produce, and that we must, therefore, look to some cause outside of Nature, corresponding in kind, though so different in degree, to the intelligence of man; for all the phenomena connected with the existence of animals in their wild state. So far from attributing these original differences among animals to natural influences, it would seem that, while a certain freedom of development is left, within the limits of which man can exercise his intelligence and his ingenuity, not even this superficial influence is allowed to physical conditions unaided by some guiding power, since

in their normal state the wild species remain, so far as we have been able to discover, entirely unchanged—maintained, it is true, in their integrity, by the circumstances that were established for their support by the power that created both, but never altered by them. Nature holds inviolable the stamp that God has set upon his creatures; and if man is able to influence their organization in some slight degree, it is because the Creator has given to his relations with the animals he has intended for his companions the same plasticity which he has

allowed to every other side of his life, in virtue of which he may in some sort mould and shape it to his own ends, and be held responsible also for its results.

The common-sense of a civilized community has already pointed out the true distinction, in applying another word to the discrimination of the different kinds of domesticated animals. They are called "breeds;" and breeds among animals are the work of man. Species were created by God.

LETTERS FROM LE PUY, HAUTE LOIRE.

(A Ramble amid the Mountains.)

We set out to visit the Mezene on one of those cool, renovating mornings in July, which, however sultry the day may be in the Haute Loire, ever accompanies the rising sun, for though the direct blowing through the valleys may parch and burn the ground all day, morn and eve, are always ushered in with refreshing breath; sometimes, indeed, much too refreshing for summer apparel, which renders the climate very trying to many constitutions. We had thirty miles to go amid the mountains before reaching the "Three-headed Giant" although from every point of view we could descry his hoary heads towering far above the surrounding peaks, they alone retaining their wintry crowns dazzling in the summer sun, and picturesquely contrasting with the gloomy or verdant tops of the rest. The Mezene is reputed to be the loftiest mountain in France, and is visited by all strangers who reside any length of time at Le Puy, the appearance of sunrise and sunset from its summits being beyond all description when the weather is propitious. The "ponots" affirm that on a certain night in June the sun is but two hours absent from its highest point, that the horizon is bounded on one side by the Alps; on the other by the Pyrenees; and that the silvery waves of the Mediterranean roll sparkling to and fro in the front, the veracity of which assertions I will not vouch. The parties who set out on this expedition, have usually an itinerary already traced out for them; they proceed to Le Monastier, a small town about two leagues from the mountain on its accessible side, where they sup and sleep, until an hour before sunrise; a guide then conveys them to the foot of the Mezene, and accompanies them up its rugged acclivity. They remain there an hour, and frequently return without having been able to see anything, on account of the almost perpetual nebulousness of the atmosphere in that region. This was neither novel nor adventurous enough for us, so we had resisted all parties, determined

to go alone, and to take quite a different route, particularly as our excursion was not totally in one point of view; we were desirous of exploring the country and of visiting a troop of Protestants escaped from the persecutions in the Cevennes, and that we had been told now inhabited a village somewhere in the neighbouring mountains. So, without intimating our project to any one, and bidding Madelaine not to be alarmed if we were four or five days absent, we mounted at four o'clock in the morning into a sort of "char-a-bancs," in which the postman daily goes from Le Puy to Fai-le-Froid, a small town seated on the brow of a mountain, at two leagues from the Mezene, and at about the same distance from Le Monastier; the postman, net a little proud in having a "monsieur" and a "Dame en chapeau" for companions. Our journey was delightful in the extreme—now through pleasant valleys radiant with Nature's bloom; now with headlong speed at the brink of fearful precipices, with huge impending rocks menacing us overhead: on, on we dashed through the poor-looking villages on our road, our driver cracking his whip, or halting at a distance an old acquaintance, or now and then tossing off "la goutte"—a glass of brandy—as if he were used to it, when we stopped to change horses, or to transact other business at the different "auberges" that we passed; we ourselves, also in high spirits, like school children let loose from thralldom. We chatted, laughed, and admired with all our hearts, bent as we were on enjoying ourselves and on being pleased with everything and everybody. Besides ourselves and the postman, we had a "monsieur" who seemed to be acquainted with the country, and to be on very good terms with the postman, as well as meet particularly so with himself. His volubility of speech, and thorough knowledge of everything, made me conjecture at once that he was a "Cemmis voyageur," as he proved to be. He infinitely amused

us. Did we admire a vista down the valley: it was nothing to what he had seen in the Pyrenees; if a sudden turn in the road displayed a wild, romantic scene, intermingled with rushing cataracts and dark ravines, that made us start on our feet for fear of losing a glimpse, the Alps, where he had rescued, I cannot tell how many "demoiselles" from fearful avalanches, alone were worthy his admiration. Now amid the smiling foliage of sycamores and ash, becoming rarer and rarer as we advanced, a tapering steeple of a rustic church, peeped forth, telling us that a little world, with all its joys and woes moved there where the deepest solitude seemed to reign; but our traveller had seen St. Peter's at Rome, and could not, in all conscience, admire *that*. When he found out that I was English, he was in ecstasies, for he and three others had crossed the Channel two years ago, and he knew all England by heart. Had they not astonished the "natives, and no mistake!" Oh! the fun and quizzing of the "malheureux" that had come within their sight! So contagious had been their French gaiety, that several Englishmen had for a moment forgotten their national spleen, and had asked permission to join their party; in a word, half London had been in an uproar of amazement and admiration before these four Gallic heroes just escaped from behind the counter. His visit to the Tower, however, had been on the point of proving fatal to the guide there, who, I dare say, little imagined that he had been so near paying for Waterloo! His French blood had boiled in his veins, when the impudent fellow pointedly, "because he knew they were Gauls," showed them the cannons taken at Waterloo!—which defeat he assured me, must yet be revenged—he himself had felt very much inclined to knock the fellow down.

"But more so not to do anything of the kind," interposed Victor. This aggravating supposition disconcerted our pugnacious companion, and he remained silent for a short time, but the importance his acquirements had given him in the eyes of the postman had too much exulted his heart, he could not contain it. He had been to Newmarket, was acquainted with lord this and lord that; he could speak English perfectly well; and he ended his phrase with an "Oh! ye-is," to prove it, to the great admiration of his fellow-townsmen—the postman, for both were sons of Fai-le-froid.

"And to think that, four years ago, he knew but little more than I," whispered the postman to me, "to know all that and to be able to speak English also! There is what it is to travel and to go to Paris, besides all the money he has gained!" and he heaved a deep sigh, and cracked his whip by way of accompaniment.

"I suppose you never saw such a poor country as this is?" asked he, after a short pause; "English people are so rich!"

"Not all," answered I. "There are rich and poor in every country."

"And plenty of poor in England," chimed in

our traveller. "Dozens die daily in the streets of London for want of bread."

"Then I infer," said I, "that you witnessed many deaths of that kind when you were there."

"No: but that is what they say: I never saw any."

"Oh!" was my answer.

"Are you going to remain any time at Fai-le-Froid," asked the postman.

"No; we are going to the Mezene, to-night."

"To the Mezene! Then you will want a guide. I have a brother who will go with you at any hour of the night."

"Thank you, but we desire to go alone."

"Alone! don't think of such a thing: it is very dreary all about there; scarce a house to be seen; just the place to be knocked down in, and never to be heard of again; besides, the evil spirits, they say, that lurk about there."

"Evil spirits," repeated Victor, smiling incredulously, "that would indeed be a novelty worth coming so far for."

"Oh! you don't believe in ghosts and witches, I dare say; but you should hear the tales of the women in our country when assembled round the turf fire of a neighbour, on a winter's eve; when I was a boy they used to make my hair stand up-right while I laid in bed in a corner of our house, listening to them round our fire."

"Bah!" interrupted the traveller; "those are old women's tales; if you had been to Paris you would no longer believe in such absurdities, would he, Monsier?" addressing Victor.

"I don't know whether going to Paris cures one of superstition," answered Victor, "but it is very presumable that the constant aspect of the mysterious wildness of the mountains serves to nourish it, particularly in those who have never seen anything else. But tell us what phantoms haunt the Mezene? Are there any fairy grotts near?"

"Yes, there is a hole in one of the dark ravines from whence, as soon as midnight strikes, there issues a fantastical troop of hobgoblins to which nothing earthly can be compared: arrived at a certain place not far from the grot they commence their abominable vigils, to which all the wizards and witches repair, and which no mortal ever yet beheld with impunity if he forgets to make the sign of the cross. A guide avoids that spot as well as the haunts of the witch old Robin's wife, for they say that when old Robin died he repented and tried to cheat the Evil One of his soul, but the devil forbade the priest to give him absolution without he found some one who would take his *skin* for him, which is the law with the *loups-garous*. So his wife at last consented, in the hopes that in her turn she will find some one charitable enough to undertake the same for her, or his satanic majesty will come for her on her death-bed, and serve her right too, the old wretch. When I was a boy she and Robin kept a kind of *auberge* in a lone house in the mountains, and many a crime, I'll vouch for, was committed there; many a poor pedlar disappeared, no one knew how, though all suspected old Robin, and

shunned him and his wife with terror; but no one dared accuse him openly, as he possessed the evil eye, and would have revenged himself, for woe be to the peasant on whose cow he glanced: no butter could be again made from her milk, if milk she gave after it. Report also affirmed at that time, that a young man, who had frequently noticed a white dog lurking about in a place reputed to be haunted by the *sorcier*, resolved to see whether it was a *loup-garou* or not; so, taking his gun one dark night, he sallied forth in quest of the monster. Scarce had he reached the spot—it was at the hour when ghosts and fiends stray abroad—when all at once he beheld a white phantom, in the form of a dog, emerge from the dark ravine that gapes yonder in the vale “*Des Fées*!” Larger and larger it grew, until it attained a colossal stature, and, like a howling blast, came rushing on the intrepid peasant. As quick as thought the latter levelled his gun, and shot the dog between the eyes—the only but infallible means of forcing a *loup-garou* to reassume his human form. A horrid yell made the air quiver again, and the audacious peasant also, in spite of his courage; and Robin, his eyes glaring with rage, and the blood streaming down his face, stood before him, but the young man crossed himself, and the *sorcier*, foaming with rage, rolled down the precipice. The next day Robin was seen with a bandage round his forehead. A little while after the peasant was missed, and was never heard of again. Some said that he had been murdered by Robin and his wife; others—which opinion was the most current—that Robin had bewitched him, and had prevailed on him to join him in his diabolical commerce, and that Robin, as soon as he had transformed him into a wolf or dog, had taken possession of his clothes, which he had immediately destroyed, thus rendering it for ever impossible for the deluded man to re-enter the society of men, but forcing him to remain an inhabitant of the woods all the rest of his life.

When Robin’s old hut was demolished, not long since, the workmen found several skeletons under the floor, and in the piece of ground attached to it—travellers, no doubt, that had been assassinated by the old villain. There certainly was something very strange in that house. I never could pass it without shuddering—whether the man was a wizard or not.

“That may be,” answered we; “for old Robin’s reputation rendered it very easy for him to perpetrate with impunity the foulest deeds within the precincts of his own dwelling; and it is probable that in that reposed his most lucrative witchcraft.”

The postman declared that he most assuredly did not believe half that was said about Robin; but as for his evil eye it was a known fact: then, from whence otherwise could he have got all the cheeses he had to sell at every fair? and whither did all the milk go?

“Poh! interposed his fellow-townsmen, my

grandfather once accused Robin, I have heard him say, of bewitching his cow, who yielded no milk, although, when she entered the shed, her dugs seemed swelled out with the luscious liquid. Determined to penetrate the secret, he concealed himself in the shed just before she returned to be milked. Scarce had the animal entered than my grandfather perceived a snake’s head peer forth from a hole in the wall. In an instant the reptile let itself down, and, hissing with delight, darted towards the cow. My grandfather issued from his concealment, and killed the snake, convinced who the *sorcier* was—for snakes are known to be very fond of milk, as well as cows of being milked by them.”

“And as for your *loup-garou*,” rejoined I, “I have heard many similar stories in Normandy, and in other parts of France.”

The increasing wildness of the scenery, as our wheels rattled on, seemed to render them less grotesque; and gradually, I think, we ourselves received a certain tincture of superstition, so contagious is that breath when inhaled before a wide extent of mysterious grandeur, which makes the heart palpitate with awe and wonder, where not a sound or spot speaks of man, but where the lone atom bows with a sense of its nothingness before the mighty inscrutable Creator!

Suddenly my attention was attracted by an opening in the mountains not far from us, and close to which our road, after a circuitous bend, passed behind a projecting rock. I could distinctly perceive two men armed with guns pointed towards the road, they evidently seeking concealment.

“Look there!” exclaimed I. “Do you see those men?”

“Ah!” ejaculated our party. “What can that mean?”

“A man was stopped, and robbed last week, not far from here,” whispered our postman, alarmed; “and I have a large sum in my bag. They have only to shoot the horse as we pass, and we have no arms to defend ourselves. *Mon dieu! mon dieu!* What can it mean?” We all looked aghast, uncertain whether to proceed or return. A moment showed us that the men’s hands were on the trigger ready to fire. “What shall we do?”

“Drive, drive for your life!” said Victor, with emotion: “it is our only chance of escape.” And our horse darted forward as if the demon had spurred her. A burst of laughter, instead of the explosion of a gun, met our ears; hilarity re-echoed by the postman, as he checked his horse’s speed, and pointed in front of us, and we descried a large company of men and women on horseback, advancing with noisy mirth towards us. “It is a wedding, and the fearful robbers we have just passed are sporting friends laying in wait to make the horses dance and the ladies scream. The men saw that we were afraid of them, and enjoyed our consternation.”

The party was composed of about twenty

horsemen, each having a lady behind him, attired in their national costume, brilliant with colours, fresh and new, for the occasion. They formed a very picturesque "tableau" amid the craggy overhanging rocks and heathy declivities that formed the back-ground or gaped at their feet.

"Vive la Mariée!" shouted we, as they approached us, and a responding shout made the air vibrate again, while the echo distinctly repeated and repeated the sound, until it died in the distance.

"As we have had the fear, let us stop and see the fun," said I; and we turned and watched the cavalcade until they arrived near the projection that on this side completely hid our "robbers." The moment the foremost horse had passed, a volley of explosions saluted them. Then the horses pranced about, the ladies screamed and clung closer and closer to their cavaliers, the latter could scarcely curb in their alarmed steeds, and a regular pell-mell ensued; several men with guns leaped from their hiding-places, mingling their laughter with the rest, and another "vivat!" made the mountains reply again, again, and again. Meanwhile, we continued our route as brave as most re-assured cowards are, and half-annoyed, at least I was, that our adventure should have ended so tamely, and was no adventure at all. A real robber would have been a godsend for the moment, and a shot quite a delight—provided it missed us. But alas! cruel Fate decreed it otherwise! not the least sign of molestation appeared in any direction. However, if we had no tragical encounter to note down, we were in a state of excitement during the rest of our journey, for the day, from being very bright and fair, had become cloudy and threatening.

"Haste! Margot, haste!" said our coachman, as he urged on our meagre but fleet steed, "or we shall have the storm break over our heads before we reach Fai-le-Froid, and that might prove more fatal than our robbers have done, for the lightning frequently falls in this part, and many a poor peasant is found dead after a tempest. It was only last week that a poor fellow, sitting outside his door plating strings of onions together for market, which occupation he had interrupted to eat his soup, his evening meal. His little boy was playing beside him, and every now and then tasting his father's porridge, when a sudden clap of thunder rent the air and started the wife in-doors, who was milking her goat.

"Bring the child in," said she, "for the rain will soon come down in torrents." Receiving no answer from her husband, she went out and found both dead.

"Poor thing," sighed we, the traveller adding, that "it was much worse than that in the Pyrenees!" The clouds became blacker and blacker over our heads, and a low murmuring of thunder warned us to prepare for the coming storm, which gradually approached. For at least two leagues before reaching Fai-le-Froid the road mounts and mounts, and we now formed the most elevated point for miles around us, not

a tree or rock near to serve as lightning conductor. All at once a vivid flash, and then a clap, as if diametrically over us, caused us to start with fright, and then was displayed before us such a spectacle as I shall never forget. The electric fluid in two zig-zag streams poured down into the valley beneath us, attracted by the waters of Loire here a slender fluent a few miles from its source. While the Heavens, amid the dark clouds above and all around us, appeared to be in one continual blaze, so rapid were the successive explosions, and from every part of the horizon at an immense distance, flash after flash, although fainter and fainter, burst from behind the floating vapour, and gleamed along the sky. Then the roaring, as it vibrated from cloud to cloud, and swept along the valleys, echoing in every direction, above and below, seemed as if vomited by a thousand monster-mouths at once; add to this, the howling of the wind that blew furiously from every quarter, menacing to hurl us in down the precipice, horse and vehicle together. The rain, however, soon fell down in torrents, as if the "water-spouts of Heaven were opened," and abated the latter element, so that before we reached Fai-le-Froid the tempest was quelled, Nature was again in repose, and the gladsome orb of day again shone forth in all his radiant splendour. As we attained the barren height on which Fai-le-Froid stands, we were struck with the complete nakedness of the land: not a tree or bush of any kind decks the scene, neither flower or fruit seems ever to bloom in these regions, and a saddening gloom seizes one while entering the poor, forlorn, white-looking, little town, where the only sound that reached our ear was the rolling of our carriage, and the only human face that welcomed us the "aubergiste" and the indispensable gendarme, as we alighted at the "hotel" of the place, situated on the market-square. After drying ourselves at the kitchen-fire, while mine host was preparing the eggs for our dinner, we ascended a very primitive stair-case into a large room, where the furniture was still more primitive. Three countrymen, with broad-brimmed hats, were seated at a clumsy, coarse long table, drinking a bottle of wine, and apparently in close conference on some important question. Two of them were middle-aged men, whose furrowed brows and hard features betrayed lives of continual toil and privation, with that miserly shade of expression that so often characterizes the French peasant. Here in particular, where every "sou" is scraped together with such laborious difficulty and so preciously hoarded up to buy a bit of land with. The other was a young man with peculiarly handsome features: singularly contrasted with his coarse, uncouth clothing and "patois." He scarcely joined in the conversation, and a deep shade of melancholy pervaded his pale oval visage as he sat and listened to his companions, or with a forced smile touched his glass to theirs to "*trinquer*," according to rural custom, every time before drinking. Every now and then he raised his large dark eyes on one

of his companions—his father—who appeared to hesitate in the affair "*sur le tapis*," and then there was something like hope beaming in them, but they soon sank again with despondency. We were intrigued as well as interested in what was going on before us, although we dissembled as well as we could the attention we were paying to them, and I own that my indiscretion led me to catch every word that might enlighten me on the subject. This was not easy, for all was said in an under-tone, and half in "*patois*." However, in the heat of the discussions we could distinguish sufficient for our imaginations to work upon.

"But, Monsieur le Maire, I can only give him what I have said; I must keep something for my wife and myself—and Maurice will make such a good husband: he has not a fault."

"I know it, I know it; and that is just the reason I have picked him out for Elise, who, as you may be sure, has plenty of suitors." —

We could not catch the end of the sentence; but the other rejoined—

"Of course, we know it is a great honour you pay us; but *Mdlle. Elise* will never repeat it, I am sure."

"Well, add to your son's portion the piece of ground that joins mine, and the thing is settled."

This was whispered so low, that I could scarcely hear it. A deep sigh from the young man, however, proved to me that I had heard right. A few seconds after, there was another touching of the glasses to "*trinquer*." I could see Maurice's hand shake violently, and his lip quiver as he approached his to his future father-in-law.

"Come to-morrow with the two oxen you have just sold me, and make your demand; and then you can arrange all with my wife and Elise, who I warn you is very fond of finery." And he gave a nod which said, "So don't be sparing with your presents," elated with the success he had obtained; for although it was true that Elise, in spite of (as we subsequently learned) an unseductive appearance, had many suitors, yet none were so eligible in person or fortune as Maurice, he bade them adieu and left.

"Well, Maurice, my boy," said his father, when the other was gone, and rubbing his hands with delight, "you are a lucky fellow!—the only child of the richest man in the land, 'Maire' of his parish, and highly respected in the whole country."

"Without counting Elise's hump," replied the young man, bitterly.

"You cannot expect every advantage, and the girl is none the worse for a little deformity," continued the old man, sternly; "and she would not have to go a-begging for a husband, dainty sir, if you refused her. Upon my word, fifty thousand francs seem nothing in your estimation! 'Tis well that you are in such affluent circumstances! But come," added he, hastily, "let us go out; for I see we shall not agree, and we will not dispute the case here."

And, much to our regret, they left the room.

We could hear them, however, in high altercation for some time out of doors; and my heart quite yearned towards the poor fellow who was going to be sacrificed to Mammon, and I longed to teach him disobedience; for no parent has a right to request such a sacrifice. The landlord told us that Maurice had long been in love with a young girl who was devotedly attached to him, but the dower was too meagre for Maurice's parents, and they would not listen to his supplications, although he was their only child, and they were rich for that country. That Elise, who had seen Maurice at a wedding, where she had become enamoured with his handsome face, was repulsive in the extreme, but being a spoilt child, her parents had humour'd her fancy, and had offered her to the cupidity of Maurice's parents, who were in search of a wife for their son, according to the French custom, for men as well as women in this country are not considered competent to choose for themselves in that all-important question; indeed, the whole affair is sometimes arranged before the principal persons know anything of the intended alliance. In fact, the boisterous Gaul, with all his revolutions and cries for liberty, seems to me to be born to remain under a state of tutelage in every transaction of his life, and to imagine himself incapable of managing his own affairs, though perfect in the management of the affairs of others, and he accepts with surprising facility any position where he may enjoy his ease, and that requires no exertion to attain; and in spite of Maurice's repugnance I felt sure that he would submit.

We had a long walk before us, as we desired to see the sunset from the *Mezène*; so, after inquiring our way, we set out with joyous hearts and elastic steps, unmindful of fatigue and heat, and never shall I forget the serene loveliness of the firmament above and the indescribable beauty of the tints below, despite the increasing nudity of the rocks, or the felicitous sensation of harmony with the prospect, that seemed to pervade our whole being, as we rambled along heedless of aught besides. As we proceeded, ever and anon unexpected valleys, intersected with streamlets, opened green and smiling before us, and invited us to repose from the intensity of the heat. These valleys afford pasturage for the *Mezène* oxen, the only riches of the country; and we were very much astonished in seeing such superb animals grazing so near. They are sent to Lyon or to Clermont-Ferrand as soon as ready for slaughter, while the "*ponots*" are obliged to content themselves with the flesh of cows and calves six weeks old. It is true that in compensation they kill sheep old enough to be great-grandfathers to all the rest eaten in France, and the only eatable meat is pork, which is held in high esteem, and is dearer than all other viands. We appeared to excite great curiosity while passing through the only village we encountered on our road. The cattle themselves, left ruminating to stare at us, in wonder to know what we could be doing there. Nor were we able to satisfy the women's curiosity,

for in vain Victor endeavoured to understand them, and they him—their gestures were more comprehensible than their language—it was like being in a foreign land. After passing through this hamlet we strayed on for some time, without seeing a cottage or sign of life anywhere, until we descried a habitation not far from the foot of the Mezene. We hastened to reach it with the hope of finding a draught of milk, for we were dying with thirst. Suddenly a sort of idiotical-looking visage popped out of a gateway and stared at us as if we had been Gulliver himself and he a Lilliputian.

"Bonjour!" said Victor, but the visage, aided by a pair of long legs, ran off as if old Robin and all the wizards in the country had been pursuing him. He entered the farmhouse we were approaching, and an instant after a young woman came to the door. There was a prepossessing expression mingled with her wonder as she surveyed us from the threshold, and we wished her "bonjour," which she returned in French.

"Are we right for the Mezene?" inquired Victor.

"Oui, oui, Monsieur, you have only to go straight on, and you will reach it in half an hour."

"Can we have a draught of milk?" asked I, "for the weather is very warm and we have come all the way from *Fai-le-froid* on foot."

She invited us in, evidently delighted to be able to have a chat with us. We entered a large room with mud floor—but all the floors are of mud in the country here. Down the middle of the apartment was a long rustic table with forms on either side, on which were seated eight or nine peasants, their heads thrust in down to their very eyes in their broad-brimmed hats. All were slowly and in that "nonchalant" way peculiar to the peasant here, dining off a heap of tiny boiled potatoes that laid without dish or cloth in the middle of the table, and realizing the saying that "fingers were made before forks." To render the vegetable more palatable, there was a coarse brown pan of a white matter called "*petit beurre*"—small butter—a substance that is made from buttermilk, from which each peasant took a portion with the same wooden spoon; however, to be just, I must add that each one conscientiously sucked the spoon quite clean before returning it to the pan. Our entrance had caused them all to interrupt, for a moment, their meal. The woman said a few words in "*patois*" to one of the men, who was the farmer himself, although his costume differed in nothing with the others. He gave us a nod, begged us to be seated, and pointing to the potatoes he bluntly, half in "*patois*," half in French, invited us to do as he was doing. We thanked him for his hospitality, but declined, stating that we had dined before leaving *Fai-le-froid*. The woman soon brought us two large basins full of milk, which we compared to the sweetest nectar, so delicious did it appear to us. While drinking it we underwent a thorough examination by our hostess, who was sadly puzzled at our design of spending the night on the

Mezene. She would not, she said, for all Christendom; besides, she was certain that we should find it too cold in spite of our cloaks and shawls. We could see that we had become the object of the conversation with the men. Although we could not comprehend a word they said, yet we fancied that we could distinguish the words "*Anglais*" (English), and "*riche*," for the woman had translated to them all our answers to her questions, and I began to feel rather uncomfortable, and wished we had been more circumspect about our projects for the night, there being two or three very ill-looking faces amongst the men, particularly the one we had first seen.

"You have fine cattle in England," said the farmer during our conversation, "and I am a breeder. That shed you see there"—and he pointed to a long building adjacent to the kitchen—"is filled in winter with the Mezene oxen, and fodder to feed them. They are now grazing amongst the mountains, but we shall have them all in again two months' time, before the snow falls."

"Are you ever buried in the snow?" asked I.

"Yes, for many months during winter, and then our only occupation is to tend our cattle and to make cheeses for the market at *Le Puy* in the spring."

"And you?" asked I of the farmer's wife, "how do you manage to pass your long winter days and nights?"

"I spin and knit, or make lace, and look after my house. We plait baskets for the farm when we have nothing else to do, and you know we do not work as briskly as people in the town, so that we find enough employment, although the time hangs very heavily on one sometimes, particularly so when I first came, for I had never been used to be thus imprisoned before. Oh! I was indeed miserable then, but I do not mind it now;" and there was a tinge of dejection, I thought, in the poor woman's resignation.

"But what stores," continued I, "you must have to lay in! and whence do you get your fuel from, for I see no trees in the neighbourhood?"

"We do not burn wood, but turf; it is that which makes our walls so black. Our men are now engaged in cutting it, and our shed will soon be full; the potatoes and rye are already lodged. Our crops have not been very good this year—however, we shall have sufficient."

"And meat?" said I; "I suppose you kill a bullock now and then?"

"A bullock!" exclaimed the farmer, evidently amazed at my supposition; "we kill a bullock! And what profits should we get, if we consumed our only productions? No, no, every beast of mine is turned into a good piece of land."

My suggestion was translated to the rest, who smiled at my simplicity, and seemed to say, "Trust master for that."

"We have good potatoes and rye, and now and then a piece of pork, and that is more than many have in this country, for most live on potatoes."

In the meantime we had finished our milk as

well as the men their meal, and we rose to depart. "How much for your milk?" asked Victor. "Two sous." We had nothing less than a five-franc piece, and the farmer or wife not a farthing in change. We searched both our purses uselessly, and as I took my eyes off mine, saying, "What are we to do?" I saw the man whose ill-omened face had struck me, his eyes perfectly glaring, methought, on the pieces of gold I had imprudently displayed. His look made me shudder, for he was a strong powerful-looking fellow, and we should soon be alone amidst rocks and hollows.

Neither the farmer or his wife answered to our "what shall we do?" and we did not feel inclined to pay five francs for two basins of milk, though, I imagine, that our host and hostess would have had no objection. "We have a letter for M. Le Curé des Etables," at length said Victor, "to whose dwelling we intend going after descending the mountain. We will then either leave the two sous with him, or return here to-morrow; will you trust us?"

The man and woman exchanged a few words in "patois," as if a large sum was in jeopardy; then questioned us as to our acquaintance with the "curé," and then agreed to trust us. We left the farm quite refreshed with our brief halt, and the declining sun warned us to step quickly on if we would gain the Mezène in time to behold him sink behind the hills. The atmosphere became cooler and cooler as we advanced; not a vestige of humanity greeted us in any direction, but the scenery grew wilder and wilder on every side. Soon we had no beaten track to walk in, but were obliged to push through thick growing plants up to our knees, which rendered it very fatiguing for us. At length we commenced the ascent, which was almost perpendicular; we had taken the most abrupt and difficult side, of which we were not aware until we were up. "Do go in advance," said I to Victor; "when I see you at the summit it will encourage me to continue"—for I was near sinking with fatigue though determined to reach the top. The tufts of plants and weeds amidst which I had to climb formed great impediments to my progress; however, after repeated halts, numberless tumblers, and rollings down, attracted by the magnet above, I gained the Mezène height, and that with feelings akin, methinks, to those of the soldier who, after repeated repulses, triumphantly plants his standard on the enemy's fortress.

"Well done, old girl!" exclaimed Victor, giving me his hand to pull me up the last step; "I have only been watching you half an hour, but gaze now around you, and you will soon forget your misadventures." Well, indeed, was I compensated, for never had such a panorama of tumulose extent waved before me. I was dazzled and almost bewildered as my eye scanned its stupendous immensity, and alighted on the chain of mountains that, resembling so many giants with stretched-out arms, encircled our horizon almost on every side. There were the Alpine heights, with their eternal snow. They

were not to be mistaken. Whether those were the Pyrenees on the other side I know not, but the majesty of their statures rendered them worthy to be taken for those gigantic masses; and the silvery waves of the Mediterranean sparkled, at least in our imagination, in front of us—there, where heaven and earth blended together in a misty haze which might be construed into either liquid or vapour. Then the pell mell of mountain tops in every direction, and of every hue and shade, the portraying of which would defy any artist's pencil. Twenty times while we gazed did they vary their chameleon aspect—now glowing under the gorgeous golden rays—now with mellowing softness seemingly melting before us. Suddenly all is changed, a sombre purple hue overspreads them, and a village we had not yet perceived on the crest of the mountain is lighted up as if by magic, with the pale tint of morn or with the deepest shade of eve. Here and there the accumulated vapour hovered over the loftiest peaks and concealed them; at other places the peaks had pierced the clouds, and we could see them far above the vapour that hid the middle of the mountain from us. Then the labyrinth of valleys which defied the eye, but through which Fancy penetrated with delightful ease and paused at every cottage door in search of that rustic happiness that poets laud in mountain homes. Perchance there, far away in those valleys, we could just descry where the sun has only to shine for fecund earth to yield her luxurious treasures; there, where the luscious grape or the orange grove repays the labourer's easy toil, true bliss may be found. But here, where the hardest labour is so ungratefully returned by a barren soil, where every thought is concentrated into that one of hoarding up each sou as it is gained, one by one, or of procuring just sufficient bread or potatoes to sustain life, the people appear to vegetate rather than to live. The heart has little or nothing to do in their existence, and if their woes are less intense, so are their joys. There was the towering height of the Gerbier des Joncs, from whose basis oozes the Loire, the impetuous Loire, that at times carries away bridges in its rush to the ocean, but which at its source is a harmless little streamlet, so narrow that visitors amuse themselves in crossing over a golden bridge by laying a "louis-d'or" over it. Not far from thence, in slumbering quietude, reposed the lazy waters of the lake St. Frond, in which a learned "pisciculteur" sent by government had commenced an essay of his science by "*sowing seed for young fishes*"—the spawn—which is to become a source of riches for the country, if the people will give themselves the trouble to fish, of which I doubt, for the Loire is filled with the finny tribe at about two miles from Le Puy, and yet fish is very rare in that town. Meanwhile the sun had gradually sunk behind the mountains, after tipping every peak and cloud with gold, and still for some time after darted his fiery rays along the horizon behind the opaque masses. Scarce had he disappeared than the evening star arose to announce the coming of the Queen of Night

and all her glittering train, for the firmament was without a cloud in that part of the heavens, and soon an almost imperceptible blood-red spark penetrated from the forest of dark fir trees that decked the ridges of the distant hills, and which we first mistook for a fire. Up, up it gradually mounted, and a ball of fire emerged from above the trees, becoming paler and paler as it rose, until the beautiful moon at length rode majestically on through the ethereal space, shedding her pale light on the scene, rendering the ravines blacker and blacker, and the shadows more and more mysterious. We had scarcely uttered a word while contemplating this marvelous grandeur; a feeling of awe thrilled through us, and made us comprehend why the primitive race chose such positions for the worship of their gods. The intense cold, however, made us draw our winter apparel, with which we were provided, closer around us, and it occurred to me that the rising dawn would not meet us there, in spite of our first intention of remaining to witness the sunrise. We seated ourselves, hoping thus to avoid the shivering blast, for if truth must out, in spite of our courage, we hesitated to descend the height on which we were in comparative security, where nothing unperceived could assail us, to engage without knowing our road in all the intricacies of a pathless rocky waste, with yawning precipices ready to swallow us if we made a false step too near them. "In petto" another fear haunted me, for the shadows cast by the moonlight in every nook and corner all assumed the ill-omened features I had seen glaring on my gold. We had been warned that we should be famished if we did not provide ourselves with refreshments, so had prepared accordingly, and very happy were we in having done so, for we had become ravenous, and supped with infinite satisfaction, hoping to get warmer after our good cheer, and a "wee drop" from Victor's flask; but alas!—the fridity of the atmosphere increased, and no longer capable of supporting the cold, I declared that down I must go. Victor still hesitated, participating as he did in my apprehensions, for he also had seen the "look" that had startled me. However, it was of no use, we were compelled to evacuate a position that had become untenable, and with chattering teeth we hastened down the steep, Victor first turning to take a reconnoitring glance to see whither we might direct our steps when down.

"Avoid the farm," said I.

"I do not distinguish a light anywhere," answered he, "and I am not sure in what direction 'des Etables' lay."

A light in the distance at that moment glimmered forth.

"There is our only hope," continued Victor; "I fear it is a long way off, will you venture?"

"We must," replied I, and with the same pleasure that the venturesome boy launches his boat on the unknown perilous deep, I took Victor's arm, and we cautiously succeeded in regaining the foot of the Mezene, where the temperature was delightful.

"Now don't speak a word, but keep fast hold of my arm, and let us step along as quickly as we can, and as much in the shade as possible."

Excited by the danger, we stole as swiftly through the dark as our pathless road would permit, our ear catching the least sound, and our eye keenly on the watch. Now and then the wailing of an owl, or the fluttering of some other bird of night startled us.

"You are not afraid," whispered Victor, drawing me closer to him.

"No, no, only avoid the farm."

The moon, obstructed by a cloud, had left us in complete obscurity. Suddenly we both stopped short and listened—we could distinctly hear in approaching footsteps close behind us.

"Come this way," whispered Victor, and feeling our way we glided behind a huge block of rocks that providentially we found near us. The footsteps became more and more audible, and without ever having *snuffed a candle with my fingers*, which the great Turenne declared the man who knew not what fear was had never done, I was afraid and quivered like an aspen leaf. Two or three seconds after, the footsteps passed our place of concealment, and with palpitating hearts we heard two voices in a low tone conversing in patois, and the words Mezene and "des Etables" struck our ear. Scarce had they passed us when the moon issued again from the cloud and illumined the obscurity, leaving us in the shade: we perceived two men walking towards the back of a house that we recognized as the farm we had endeavoured to avoid, each armed with a thick stick. We also beheld at a few yards' distance from us a dark hollow that made me shudder. The men before entering the yard turned and threw a scrutinizing glance about them, and I distinctly saw the redoubted visage more diabolical than ever. I could scarcely repress a cry of horror.

"They have certainly been in quest of us," whispered I.

"Perhaps not," answered Victor, to appease my fear, "but we will not linger here—the moon is again behind a cloud, let us profit by the darkness, and evade them as quick as possible. We must pass the house, but keep close to me—the ruffians are no doubt within now."

The complete obscurity, while it favoured our concealment, obstructed our flight, for we could not see which way to go, and the barking of a dog soon apprized us that we had entered the farm yard. A grumbling voice not far from us bade the dog be quiet, and we heard footsteps, and then a door shut. A faint gleam of the moon enabled us at length to get clear of the habitation we were so entangled in, and with the light glimmering before us, which we watched with the same anxiety that the mariner watches the beacon he is steering for, we at last gained a village that we supposed to be "des Etables." Our excitement here ended, for we were now in safety, and turning to take a last glimpse of the beneficent moon that had so befriended us, and that now shone forth in all her radiant softness,

we entered the village, which seemed wrapped in silent sleep.

"If we cannot gain admittance in one of these huts," said Victor, anxiously on my account, "what shall we do?"

"As for that," answered I, "now we have nothing to fear; and I dying with fatigue—I would as soon sleep under the naked vault of heaven as in the best bed in the universe; so fear not for me. If this is "*des Etables*," we are sure of shelter at the "*presbytère*" (parsonage), but how are we to know where we are?" A turn in the road had caused us to lose sight of our beacon. Slow heavy footsteps at that moment approached. "All at least are not in bed." A man issued from a narrow street, starting as he perceived us, and would no doubt, had he not been the personage he was, the *garde champêtre* (rural guard or officer), have crossed himself, deeming us evil spirits wandering in the moonlight. As it was he came to us.

"Are we at '*des Etables*'?" inquired Victor after the accustomed salutations.

"No, Monsieur, you are at Rougerole," replied he, with the politeness of an old soldier, "and a league from *des Etables*."

"Shall we be able to find hospitality for the night? We have just descended the Mezene, and Madame is very much fatigued."

"From the Mezene?" echoed the "*garde*," amazed. It is not possible, all alone, and so late at night! Well, the lady is a brave one, at any rate. Not one of the women here would do such a thing. But come and see if Vérao is still up; if not, we will soon make him rise, for his is the only *auberge* in the village: Do you know it is eleven o'clock, and if it had not been our patron's *fête* to-day you would have found the village fast asleep long ago? All the way from the Mezene, at eleven at night! It is incredible!"

We followed our guide, and a minute or two after we heard the sound of voices repeating their evening prayers; and we stood before one of the most modest-looking houses, where "*On loge à pied et à cheval*," I ever saw. From the window, within which the dim light of a small oil-lamp cast a kind of crepuscule on the black walls around, we perceived Vérao and his wife, half-kneeling on their wicker-chairs, at their evening devotions. There was something very melodious in those lone voices, rendering homage to the mighty Creator, in the midst of the dead silence of night; and the scene, despite its lowliness, was not exempt of a certain poesy. "Hush!" said I, softly, pausing before the window, "do not interrupt them," for the "*garde*," without ceremony, was going to announce the arrival of travellers. A moment after, they both arose, for they had seen us, and they came, as wonderstruck as the "*garde*" had been, to welcome us in. The nauseous exhalations that assailed my nose on entering, would inevitably have made me walk out again under any other circumstances: but it is astonishing what one can support when compelled—and so we learnt by experience that night.

Before we could speak, our new friend had explained all, and, dirty or clean, I had sunk on the first form near me.

"Bring us some refreshments immediately!" exclaimed Victor: "we are perfectly exhausted. And can we have a bed?"

In an instant the whole community (that is, master and mistress) were in a commotion, as if we had been the Emperor and Empress in person. There certainly was a bed, if we would excuse divers disagreeables.

"Oh, no excuses are necessary," replied I, "for I'll excuse all; only give me a bed with clean sheets."

The hostess smiled with pleasure. A bottle of wine was placed before us, and a loaf of white bread, which was all the host had to offer us. Neither meat, eggs, nor cheese ever entered their doors. We had with us a veal and ham pie, but we supped that night on bread and wine, and found both delicious. While partaking our frugal meal, several neighbours whom the *fête* had kept from bed, and our fame had reached, came to see us, our "*garde*" having gone and fetched his only treasure—his daughter, a nice-looking girl of eighteen, of whom the old soldier was very proud.

It was a picture worthy Teniers to see the group around us—curiosity blended with pleasure in every feature; for we chatted and laughed with them, as well as our fatigue and their imperfect knowledge of French would permit; and as I gazed on them, I could not help thinking of those ancient Gauls whom Cæsar describes as surrounding the stranger, questioning him as to who he was, whence he came, whither he was going; and I believe, amid all the vicissitudes of centuries, and the mingling of races, the parent-stem still remains, and sends the self-same sap into its branches.

Our repast ended, we bade our company good-night, and, preceded by our host, who carried the light, we mounted a dilapidated staircase, which led into our chamber, but in which I could see no couch for repose.

"Where's the bed?" inquired I.

"Here it is, madame," pointing to a square hole, half-way up a kind of wooden partition, which, with the wall, formed a sort of bag, into which we had to crawl, in almost the same fashion as a dog into his kennel. I felt an immoderate desire to roar with laughter. The idea was too original! However, I checked myself; as I would not, for the world, have wounded the feelings of our simple-hearted landlord; so I merely smiled and answered:

"Well! I dare say we shall sleep well."

"It is not like your beds in the town," added he, deprecatingly, "but you will find the leaves soft and comfortable, for they are quite fresh; no one has yet slept on them."

"Leaves!" cried I, with astonishment; "what are the beds made of leaves here?"

"Yes, we have nothing else in these parts."

"Oh, well: good night! I see the sheets are clean, and we are perfectly satisfied."

He left us, apologising for the tools and the rest of the lumber in the room. He was a carpenter by trade, and was now reboarding the floor when he had nothing else to do, which we perceived, as well as that each board was several inches apart from its neighbour. Whether they were intended to remain so, to serve as ventilators for the kitchen, or whether it was only during the contabulating process, I know not; but the people in the kitchen beneath had only to raise their eyes to distinguish perfectly well all that was going on aloft, while we had the facility of pulling their hair, if we had been so disposed; so, spreading the counterpane out for a carpet and screen, and as the moon gave sufficient light in at the rag-mended panes, we extinguished our luminary (which was none of the brightest), and, after solving a problem which made us roar with laughter, we at length crept into our hole, and soon fell fast asleep—to dream, perchance, that we slept “in marble halls,” although ours were very wooden ones.

(To be continued.)

The talking below lasted until long after midnight; and at intervals, when sundry uninvited guests awoke us, we heard the words “Normandy” and “England.” Our arrival had furnished a pretext to recommence the *fête*; and the *garde champêtre* (who was an authority in the village) had embraced that opportunity of recapitulating his past exploits when he was in the army, &c., &c. Very early in the morning we were suddenly aroused from our slumbers by heavy footsteps in our apartment.

“Who is there?” cried Victor, in a grumbling voice, and starting to peep through the hole.

“O, it is only I,” answered our host, in a softening tone; “I am only come to fetch my tools. Don’t disturb yourselves; I shall not be a minute.”

“Evidently, I must dress,” said Victor to me, “and stand sentinel at the door, or you will certainly have assistants at your toilet.”

“Do go and find me something to wash in,” said I; “for I see no hand-basin.”

ENGLISH MELANCHOLY.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

We are a sad and serious nation. Disguise the fact as we may, colour it as pleasantly as we can, gild it and garnish it with fancy, factitiousness, and philosophy, there is no denying it, no possible annihilation of it. It meets us everywhere we go, tinges all we say and do, and travels upon our back when we journey abroad, like “Sindbad’s” old man of the sea. Homes, clubs, public meetings, and railway-carriages exhibit it in every variety of development and originality. Other people grow lean in their misery; we fatten in our staidness, and ripen in our sobriety. Meat and wine, Emerson says, have no effect upon us. We are neither cold-hearted, narrow-minded, selfish, nor cruel, and yet we are wrapped in a ruminating seriousness, fortified by an impenetrable gravity, and afflicted by a melancholy that is not so much wearisomeness as a kind of judicial habit, and does not degenerate into despair if it rarely leaps out into poetic jubilee. Our poets have sung to us of the pleasures of hope, memory, and imagination; but the pleasures of laughter and the pleasures of melancholy have hitherto found no bard, though they have not lacked continuous and increasing inspirations. The “merry men” of our old ballads have slipped out of existence along with the rude men who sang of them; and our lyrics rarely reach the genuine fervour of the dithyrambic ode. From Merlin downwards we have not wanted prophets; but their burden has mostly been a wail. When Lord

Bacon was a boy, it was sung, with especial reference to Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth, whose initial letters spelt the word:

“When H. E. M. P. E. is span
England’s done.”

Later prophecies have not much improved. Russia was going to overrun us some few years since, and now France is, with our timid folks, the genuine raw head and bloody bone. And very soon, if some of our economists are to be believed, we may have to eat our own children, like the African chief did his second wife when he was converted to Christianity, or go forth in tribes to take possession of other lands, and, after having ditched and drugged, “lie down prematurely to make a spot of green grass on the prairie.”

Observation detected this national feature centuries ago. Our French neighbours have always been hard upon us in this matter, and expressed their wit in proverbs without number, though not without truth, point, and pungency. Not only was our land “la terre classique du suicide,” but we were at once classed with the Dutchmen, who hung out in their streets (whether in irony or admiration perhaps did not matter) the sign of the Gaper, dressed in cap and bells, with grimace to suit; for if we were not, like themselves, overrun with frogs, at least we did plenty of croaking. One

of their earlier celebrated novelists begins his story in this manner:

"In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields."

Statistics, however, have disproved our pre-eminence in suicides, notwithstanding that, in his fifth night, Young exclaims:

"O Britain, infamous for suicide!"

Yet the sobriety of our general character cannot be written over or defaced by tales, analogies, and psychological disquisitions. Froissart complained of us that we were affable to no other nation than our own, and improved the statement when he said: "*Ils s'amusaient tristement, selon la coutume de leur pays.*"

Goethe charged our poetical literature with communicating the external impetus to that insipidity and melancholy weariness of life so prevalent in youth of our own country and elsewhere, about the latter part of the last century. Messieurs Brierre du Boismont, and Pierre Leroux, also endeavoured to prove that Hamlet was the direct progenitor of Werter, and Childe Harold, and that Shakespeare is the true source of the æsthetical literature of suicide of more modern times. Our own Addison has also told us that melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island. When Chatterton wrote the "*Memoirs of a Sad Dog*," he may be said to have taken the nation for an ideal and himself for an illustration; and when Swedenborg, either by reason of our reserve or solidarity, or both, shut us up in a heaven by ourselves, he capped all that has been and can be said about our national peculiarity.

I fear, in the main, it is all too true. We are too moping by half. A false egoism has well nigh eaten us up, and a false habit of mind and body has begun to peep out in the sadness of our eyes, the wrinkles of our forehead, the play of our faces, and the quickness of our gaits. Much may be owing to climate, diet, and commercial position. We have no time to be cheerful and hilarious. As a nation we are rarely jubilant together, and few even of our provincial towns, at their flower-shows and festivals, can give themselves wholly unto so serene and refining an enjoyment as to be "emptied of their folk some pious morn." Much, too, may spring from a curious analytical habit we assume in the pre-occupied state of our minds. Not a little is owing to false views, cant, and, it is to be frequently feared, habitual hypocrisy. We deem it a sin to laugh immoderately, have named such exertions horse-laugh, and esteem an æstetico-philosophical staidness to be better for us, mentally, morally, and physically. Much also may be attributable to our strong reliance, in conversation at least, upon facts, and our inability to understand, or be deceived by, sentiment, in spite of so much about us that is gullable. A foreigner can scarcely visit the theatre, and witness the representation of a comedy or drama, without his companion diverting his at-

tention every five minutes to tell him that those are supernumeraries, paid so much a night; that is done by a machine like a mangle; the masks are made of so and so; the dagger, so awfully real, has been dipped in red sealing-wax; and the blood-stained hands are covered with tissue-paper, that may be bought for so much a ream. Even at pantomimes, the most humorous *Paterfamilias* is observed, and is contented, to laugh mostly through his children.

Unfortunately, there seems little sign of amendment. Every pitiful whipster, Carlyle tells us, desires to be happy; and yet, he declares elsewhere, that oceans of Hockheimer, a throat like that of Ophiuchus, and the whole finance ministers, upholsterers, and confectioners of Europe could not make even one shoeblack happy for more than an hour or so. We are surrounded, besieged, and beclouded with people who, if they are not, imagine themselves miserable. One really wonders at times how they got here, and why they do not emigrate to some savage island, where, perchance, they might pass for geniuses, or men gifted with prophecy and second-sight. Yea, if asked to define life, under the weird light this subject casts over it, we might put it as half a world yawning, and the other half laughing at it only to yawn in its turn. Our young men and maidens undergo a course of these melancholy eerinesses; they take them as naturally as mumps and measles. This touch of soberness and tinge of sadness is seen in the countenances of those who best represent the fluctuating moods of our highest as well as middlemost classes—artists, literary men, scientists, and statesmen. The physiognomies of the present day, had we a gallery of them, are not half so cheerful and rubicund as those of a century back. It was noticed by good judges of character and painting in the Manchester Exhibition, that the countenances of the Augustan celebrities would not compare at all with the Elizabethans, for the broad humour and calm cheerfulness of a robust habit of body and mind. One can fancy, if we extend the range, that Dan Chaucer had a jollier physiognomy than rare Ben Jonson, and that possibly Falstaff might have vanquished Mark Tapley in broad cheerfulness. It may be that as we increase in wisdom we increase in sorrow, and civilization only refines to evaporate our joyousness—only enlightens to sadden. The noble tale, Reach picked up in the Landea,* about the baron of the Chatel Morant, wherein for every look in the magic glass of his *Æmulus* Klossa a year was taken from his life, and a wrinkle written on his brow, may have a deep and universal meaning.

The sources of this melancholy are various. At some of them we have already hinted, and others are too obvious to need naming. It would seem that our small island is too restricted a place for our adventuresome spirits, and ever since we ceased to be Vikings we began to be melancholy. Our home attachments are strong,

* Vide his "*Claret and Olives.*"

and yet we love the vicissitudes of travel and the dangers of exploration, breaking out into vigorous bursts of cheerfulness when we are beset with difficulties that are as rich and racy as rare and evanescent.

The melancholy of Englishmen is not simple, but compound. Like Jacques, we can suck melancholy out of a song as a weazel sucks eggs, and seem to love it better than laughing. But unlike his, ours is composed of the scholar's melancholy, "which is emulation," the musician's, "which is fantastical," the courtier's, "which is proud," the soldier's, "which is ambitious," the lawyer's, "which is politic," the lady's, "which is nice," and the lover's, "which is all these." Ambitiousness and reserve, however, are its main elements. An Englishman is a globule that loses its distinctness and reality the moment it is closely impinged upon by another. His voice is deep, stomachic, and decided. He cannot prattle well, though he can talk wisely. His seriousness is not so blasé and shallow as a Frenchman's, so romantic as a Spaniard's, so fierce as an Italian's, so languishing as a Turk's, so weirdly meditative as a German's, or so desperate and doubting as an American's. His sadness is not always sobriety, nor his seriousness wisdom. That Solomon preached a farewell sermon from his own life from the text, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," is no evidence that such is pre-eminently a genuine Christian mood, or reveals a strong and central faith. Human life, especially amongst ourselves, is made up of many contrasts, factiousnesses, and general upholstering; but possibly Thackeray is not always right in lingering about the old text as if to catch the odd ends of its glory. And yet he rhymes it truly—

O vanity of vanities !
How wayward the decrees of fate are ;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are !

There are hints of greatness in this mode of mind. Aristotle said that great men were always of a nature originally melancholy. Doubtless he had in his mind's eye his master Plato, of whom the aphorism ran, "as sad as Plato." This infinite sadness is the primal mood of lofty souls. The highest ideal ever generates a tender and fascinating unrest. There is ever such a chasm between giant Do and dwarf Done, that minds of the noblest stamp cannot escape the penetrating influence of this universal metaphysical melancholy. We cannot help catching it for ourselves in fitful gushes and low winsome undertones. It breathes upon us from Spenser, Shakespeare, and Tennyson ; it is ever the darkened cage that hides them from the light, even when it makes them sing more sweetly. It exists side by side with exuberant gaiety and exaltant caprice—joy evolving itself into sadness, and sadness tricking itself out in the garb of rejoicing. "I begin a ball with gaiety," writes Jean Paul, "and conclude it with melancholy. Prolonged sounds of music, long-continued dancing, the midnight starry

heavens, soften, as it were, the heart, as melon seeds are made to swell in sweet wine, and the first shoot from this seed is a weeping willow." Our highest religion has been philosophically styled the worship of Sorrow, and that silence in which duty becomes clearer and life more sublime, is surely neither a disease of the spirit nor an activity of passion.

This feature, however, is not always capable of so favourable a construction. It frequently degenerates into a tetchy peevishness and teething-spirit, if one may so call it, that cannot be too strongly protested against or too quickly removed. People want to be cosseted, and have blue ribbons round their necks ; work they will not, and to beg they are ashamed. What with imaginary troubles, half-dead yesterday ones and unborn to-morrow ones, local, national, and genuinely combative troubles, some of our countrymen and women seem buried and overwhelmed, and scarcely show so much as the tip of a flag of defiance. They run to meet them, bow to them, and take them home as bosom friends. Real ones perturb them much, but the goblin fantasies are their greatest plagues. As the old French poet has it—

Some of their griefs they have cured,
And the sharpest they still have survived ;
But what torments of pain they endured
From evils that never arrived !

I cannot enumerate a tenth part of the melancholies our countrymen have, fancy they have, or make when they have not. Nor need I photograph any choice specimens of the genus, species, or variety. They abound, and their vain bible-babble is most distracting. Their children are not like other people's—industry never is rewarded, crime always goes unpunished, the heart of the rogue ever peeps from beneath the garments of the favoured, and, sad enough indeed when it is so, there is no rest for them in their age, no green mantling ivy to shield their decay and brighten their decline. If you reason with them, they end in being rabidly political ; and if you let them gallop on their hobbies, they will not rein in until it appears that they were most cruelly ill-used in coming into the world at all without their own special permission, or deserved to have the laws and facts of the universe twisted to their specialities, because they have foolishly made of themselves the most miserable company. They cannot obtain what their neighbour has, cannot be what some one else is, and never will be what they themselves most want to be, and so they go off with insanity and a piquant dyspepsia because, forsooth, they can institute unpleasant comparisons any hour out of any twenty-four ! Either the weather is not right, or something else is wrong, or it ought to be this and should not be that ; and even when it is fine weather, as Rogers observed, if you remark to them how pleasant it is, they will reply, "Yes, but we shall have to pay for it." If it is nice weather for corn it is bad for turnips, and when snow and frost are getting the glebe ready for spring, it makes sad havoc

with the haystacks. Farmers or not, thus grumble, melancholy sixes and sevens, and universal topey-turvy, is common as sunshine.

Some, to their honour be it said, strive hard against this pitiful weakness and childish moroseness. They mean to be out of it by-and-by, and erect landmarks and make out maps for their neighbours. Others have a speciality and a patent. They are warranted-to-be-miserable-under-any-circumstances; they literally defy happiness to come near them, come howsoever it may. Oftentimes, yea, mostly, they seem to have all that is calculated to make them sunny, smiling, roseate, and yet are not so; whereas others having everything to make them despondent and moping, will rouse you by their humour like a burst of marriage bells, permeate every dull chink and cranny like a sunbeam, and by the very brightness of their faces do so much mental, moral, and physical good, as to deserve sustenance at the hands of the nation, and to be caravanned for the benefit of our melancholy English nature. Of the last, Dickens has well etched us a type, putting little into himself, but taking a great deal out, and "George Eliot" has carefully elaborated the best and raciest specimen of the worrit, in Mrs. Poyser, but the warranted-to-be-miserable man, though somewhat playfully and feebly drawn, is to be found in Bulwer's drama of "Not so bad as we seem; or, Many sides to a character," in the person of Sir Geoffrey Thorneide. Here is his *credo*—"I'm a very unhappy man, very. Never did harm to any one—done good to many; and ever since I was a babe in the cradle, all the world have been conspiring and plotting against me. It certainly is an exceedingly wicked world; and what its attraction can be to the other worlds, that they should have kept it spinning through space for six thousand years, I cannot possibly conceive—unless they are as bad as itself; I should not wonder. That new theory of attraction is a very suspicious circumstance against the planets—there's a gang of 'em."

It may be pathetic to play fantasies on Byron's early line, "the law that moulds a tear," but to maunder and moan about as some do, is neither manly nor womanly. Life may be, as in Walpole's epigram, a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel, but we need not necessarily make it a third-rate farce or a melodramatic extravaganza. It is the duty of every man to be cheerful, sunny, hale; but he can be the reverse if he chooses—that is, conditionally. The old Druids were wise men. Every man has a right to be miserable and melancholy if he pleases, only *by himself*—a condition rarely observed in these days. Yet if our wearied, wayworn, cambric-handkerchief people would but retire to the rocks and the forests, we should thrive much better without them; or if they would only devote one day a week to being completely and sublimely miserable, and be

contented, serene, and peace-making the remainder of the seven, we should pardon their eccentricity, as certainly we should have fewer doctors' bills, less peevish impatience and fretful turmoil, and more aged and bonny men and women.

Socrates said that contentment was natural wealth, and every man can have capital in that if he will only weed out his pitiful weaknesses and harvest his sunny store. Long faces are an abomination in a beggar; I would much rather relieve a man who had a sunny, not fawning, face, than a scowling, lugubrious one. Amongst the Greeks the supplicant was not expected to twist his mouth, squint, or snivel—a palm-branch wreathed with wool expressed his wishes and pleaded his cause much more eloquently. Cannot our Poor-Law Board make something out of so good a suggestion? The skipper-ropes Abernethy recommended for a lackadaisical lady, is still the best tonic many can have, and one of the wittiest of modern transatlantic divines has declared, that "there are troubles which cannot be cured either by the Bible or the hymn-book—all they want is a good perspiration and a mouthful of fresh air." If our young men and women would but endeavour to be less melancholy and insipid, they would enjoy where they now only suffer, exult where they moan, and ripen where they wither, and poet and novelist, biographer and traveller, might write of them, as Jean Paul did of his old friend Weirse, that "in his seventy-second year his face was a thanksgiving for all his former life, and a love-letter to all mankind."

SONG.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Beloved one, my darling!
Parted from thee, I seem
Moving through this weary world
As in a weary dream.

The din of voices round me
From morn till eve is heard,
But sadly yearns my heart, love,
For thy fond gentle word.

Familiar forms surround me,
And kindly looks are mine;
Yet does my spirit crave, love,
To meet those eyes of thine;

Unto which for sympathy,
Mine own ne'er turns in vain;
Beloved one, my darling,
When shall we meet again?

BENVENUTO CELLINI, THE GOLDSMITH.

The art of metal-chasing—of the goldsmith, in fact—is but one remove from that of sculpture. In the middle ages no distinction was made—the same man often uniting in himself these two branches of art, and hence the magnificent old plate with which the ancient palaces of Italy are adorned. Clever skilful goldsmiths were held in great esteem. Of these the subject of our sketch was perhaps the most celebrated. Than Benvenuto Cellini there never lived a more remarkable man: his life was one series of adventures—a life of excitement, frolic, and study. To great natural talents he added a headstrong and fiery disposition, so that, while by his genius he was raising a world-wide reputation, by his turbulent conduct he brought upon himself the anger and indignation of the great and powerful. Though the intimate companion of Angelo, Titian, and other celebrities—the associate of kings and popes—of dukes and cardinals—he did not hesitate to mingle in hale-fellow well-met conviviality with company of the most discreditable character. Generous, rash, passionate, brave, he fought his way by his great genius through every opposition and difficulty. Never was a man more amply endowed by nature. He could do anything, from flute-playing to bronze casting; and everything he did he did well. He was one of those brilliant stars which flit across the expanse of history, illuminating all around them for a time, but on their disappearance leaving the darkness more obscure than before. We purpose in this sketch to give a few leading facts of an extraordinary life, endeavouring to make dry detail as pleasant reading as possible.

The parents of B. Cellini were the scions of two families which resided near each other in Florence. Their courtships somewhat resembled that of Romeo and Juliet, with this difference, that the only disagreement was a paltry misunderstanding about the lady's fortune; whom, however, after much negotiation, Giovanni Cellini took portionless—urging it was the girl, not her money, he wanted. For the first eighteen years after their marriage they continued childless; at the end of which time the lady in a miscarriage gave birth to twins—afterwards to a girl who was called Rosa; and on the night of All Saints' day in the year 1500 was again safely delivered of a son. This child received the euphonious name of Benvenuto—*welcome*—from the fact that, as no son, but a daughter was expected, the father in his excess of joy uttered that exclamation. The sire was a man of many and varied abilities. By profession he was an architect, but to this he added the accomplishments of music and drawing. He could build organs, construct lutes and harps; as an engineer, erect bridges, fulling mills, &c.; and work admirably in ivory. His chief delight,

however, was in music, and from Benvenuto's earliest years he impressed upon him his desire that he should become a great flute-player. In order to accomplish this object, he took infinite pains in instructing his child, and left no course untried by which he might be improved. The boy displayed great musical talents, and, when very young, astonished the senate by his extraordinary performances. But from the incessant attention he was obliged to give to the flute, he early took a dislike to that instrument, which indeed was a complete bugbear to him during the whole of his father's lifetime.

Considering it a base thing to spend his life in merely learning to play a few airs, he applied himself to learn the trade of a goldsmith. To appease and conciliate his father, he promised to devote a few hours daily to flute-playing. The progress he made in his new occupation was very rapid, and he was beginning to draw the attention of the master goldsmiths to his skill, when an untoward event occurred which drove him from Florence. His younger brother having engaged in a fray, Benvenuto took his part, beat off his assailants, and carried him senseless home. Cellini's reckless behaviour on this occasion caused the Council of Eight to banish him and his brother. Indignant at their treatment he left Florence in a pet; and, with his clothes in a bundle on his back, travelled to Pisa. Here he engaged himself to a master, and made great improvement, both in his own art and in playing on that "abominable flute." After remaining a year at Pisa he was seized with a severe illness, and obliged to return home. On his recovery he worked diligently at his trade, determined to surpass all competitors. The designs of Michael Angelo and Leonardi da Vinci were his studies, and such progress did he make that the jealousy of his brother-artists was aroused. One of these, Gherardo Guasconti, pushed a beast laden with bricks against him as he was standing at his shop door. This so enraged Cellini, that he turned round, and striking the offender a violent blow on the temple, knocked him down senseless; then drawing a small knife he dared any of his companions to touch him. For this offence he was cited before the Council of Eight, and, after a deal of discussion as to whether it was a "*sleep*" or a "*blow*" on the face, he was fined four bushels of meal. Inflamed with anger, the culprit ran home, seized his dagger, proceeded in search of Gherardo, whom he found sitting at table, and stabbed him in the breast. Then rushing out he fought his way through the crowd collected round, concealed himself in a convent, narrated his adventure to a friar, borrowed a monk's dress, and escaped in this disguise to Rome. Here he was patronised by Signora Porsia Chigi, who, after complimenting him

upon his personal appearance and his talents, gave him a commission to set some diamonds. This task he executed with such neatness and finish, that the lady paid him double the value of his time and workmanship.

He did not, however, always fall into such gentle and generous hands, but was oftentimes obliged to resort to extreme measures for the obtaining of payment—in fact, to put into motion the whole machinery of that elaborate system, commonly known at the present day as “dunning.” In those “good old times” the painter, sculptor, &c., had to obtain his recompense by stratagem, by flattery, by main force, or by any method most likely to extort the money from the too often almost empty pockets of his employers.

Benvenuto's proceeding was characteristic of himself. The Spanish bishop of Salamanca ordered him to make a magnificent vase. On this Cellini worked hard, but still too slowly for the impatient prelate, who, when at last he did receive the goblet, uttered this sentence, “By Jove, I will be as slow in paying him as he was in finishing the work.” These words reached Cellini's ears, who was highly mortified and incensed. However, it so happened that as this piece of workmanship was of most excellent design and exquisite beauty, the bishop took a delight in exhibiting his prize to strangers. One day as he was showing it to some of his countrymen, a Spanish gentleman, meddling indiscreetly with the handle, broke a delicate spring. In great consternation and distress he sent the vase back to its maker, ordering him to repair the damage as expeditiously as possible. On again obtaining possession of his production, Cellini determined not to lose this opportunity of recovering his rights. He mended the fracture, but on the servant's coming to carry the vase back to the palace, quietly said to him, “I will not let you have it; tell your master I must be paid before it leaves my shop.” The serving man flew into a passion, clapped his hand to his sword, bullied and swore, but all to no avail. He then changed his tone, praying for the cup in the most supplicating manner. His entreaties, like his threats, were useless—Benvenuto's resolution could not be shaken. The retainer then departed, swearing he would bring a troop of Spaniards and carry off the plate by force. Benvenuto immediately shut up and barricaded his shop. And well it was he did so, for no sooner had he loaded his fowling-piece, than an armed band appeared, with the domestic at their head, who ordered them to burst open the door. The shining barrel of the musket, and the warnings of Cellini, deterred them; and on his pointing his weapon at their leader and threatening to shoot him, that worthy, wheeled round his jennet, struck his spurs into its sides, and galloped off. Some Roman citizens now came up, and with their assistance Benvenuto soon routed the other Spaniards. The prelate was terribly incensed at this resistance, and menaced the goldsmith with direct vengeance, unless he instantly took him the piece of plate. To these ebullitions of

rage Cellini paid no attention, but threatened to lay the whole matter before the Pope. This somewhat sobered the bishop. When his anger had subsided, the artist armed himself with his dagger and coat of mail, and repaired to the prelate's palace, closely followed by his servant Paulino, carrying the vessel of contention. He was received in great state by his reverend patron, and had to pass through a long line of domestics ere he could reach his presence. When there, the two stared haughtily at each other. At length the bishop broke silence, and pointing to pens and ink, ordered Benvenuto to write a receipt. Benvenuto replied he should be most happy to do so when he had received his money. At this very reasonable answer the bishop was more exasperated than ever. Cellini grew more sturdy, and at length, after much hectoring and bullying, the money was paid, and a receipt signed. Such was the manner in which money was recovered in the sixteenth century. Cellini certainly got paid, but had he not possessed indomitable firmness and pluck, in all probability he would never have received a farthing.

After this our artist was kept in constant employment, and doubtless through the recommendation of Signora Porsia Chigi, obtained many valuable commissions. He now spent some time in Rome in the peaceful pursuit of his trade, the only interruption being a duel with a swaggering soldier, named Ceri, out of which he came with great credit. Being anxious to know as much as possible, he endeavoured to learn seal-engraving. Just as he attained his twenty-third year, the plague broke out at Rome. For some time he escaped the contagion, but was at last laid prostrate. Thanks, however, to the skill of his physician and his naturally good constitution, he did not fall a victim to the ruthless epidemic. As soon as its fury was spent, a society of painters, statuary, and goldsmiths, was formed, to which Cellini belonged. As the passionate and revengeful part of his nature was counteracted by a great love of fun and joking, he committed with different members of this society many wild frolics, many foolish pranks, and had many exciting escapades, which, however, space does not permit us to record. We can only tell that he was fond of amusement, but not to such an extent as to neglect his profession.

He now applied himself to damaskeening daggers, inlaying the steel beautifully with foliage in gold or silver. He also obtained a great reputation for his skill in medals and rings.

At this time, 1527, the Duke of Bourbon, who was carrying terror and desolation into the very heart of Italy, arrived before the walls of Rome, and laid siege to the city. This blockade gave Benvenuto many opportunities of displaying his courage and abilities. On one occasion, having mounted the walls, he observed a body of troops advancing with some person elevated above the rest, whom he considered their leader. At this individual he levelled his arquebuss,

and taking deliberate aim fired. His shot caused a great commotion among the assailants, and he afterwards discovered that he had shot the Duke of Bourbon. The warlike part of his nature being aroused by the military proceedings, he gave his attention to the artillery in the castle of St. Angelo, and, under Santa Croce, distinguished himself greatly as a bombardier. His employment on this occasion was seized hold upon long afterwards as a pretext for accusing him of having stolen treasure and for imprisoning him.

The next fourteen years of Cellini's life are full of adventure. His extraordinary skill in working metals introduced him to Pope Clement, who made him engraver of the mint, and employed him as his jeweller on several pieces of valuable work. We must pass very cursorily over these fourteen years, although replete with interest. Suffice it to say, that during this period he fell in love, lost his brother in a riot, revenged his death, had his shop broken into, was appointed mace-bearer, was attacked with a disorder in his eyes, defended his house against a large body of constables, fell ill of a dangerous fever, travelled through Boulogne, Switzerland, Geneva, and Paris, came back, and was in his thirty-seventh year accused by his Perugian servant of being possessed of a great treasure, of which he had robbed the Castle of St. Angelo when Rome was besieged. On this charge he was arrested and carried to the castle, which was used as a prison. The governor, feeling that Cellini was held in durance without just cause, and that he had completely contradicted and disproved all charges against him in his defence, allowed him as much liberty as possible, permitting him to range the courts on his *parole d'honneur*. For some time the artist submitted to this arrangement with cheerfulness, but being untruly charged with making false keys, and growing weary of his confinement, he gave notice that he would attempt his escape. On this he was thrown into a small strongly-barred cell, and often visited by the governor, who defied him to escape.

This governor seems to have been a most extraordinary personage. Once every year, at a certain season, he was attacked with a malady, in which he imagined himself to be most curious things. This year he thought fit to conceive he was a BAT, and told Cellini, if he escaped he would fly after him, and bring him back. The prisoner, however, determined to be free. He stole a pair of strong pincers, and managed to draw one by one the thick nails in his door, which fastened the iron plates to the wood. In order that their disappearance might not be detected, he supplied their place with fictitious heads of wax, coloured with rusty filings. His sheets he cut into long strips, for lowering himself down, and reached the ground in safety. From the facts, that it was a bright moonlight night, and that Cellini was attired in white garments, we may conclude the prison was not very closely watched. However, Benvenuto found he had two outer walls to cross. This he accom-

plished by means of a pole and the strength of his arms. Unfortunately, in descending the last he lost his hold, and fell headlong to the ground. He remained senseless for some hours, and when consciousness returned, discovered he had broken his leg. In this sorry plight he crawled into the town, where he was set upon and bitten by mastiffs. At last he represented to a water-carrier, that he had been engaged in some love affair, and prevailed upon him to carry him to St. Peter's church. Hence he reached the house of the Duchess of Ottavio, where he was lodged and hospitably cared for, his leg was set, and he became convalescent. The news of his escape created a great sensation throughout the city, and caused Pier Liug, the Pope's son-in-law, to urge his Holiness to proceed with greater severity against Cellini, whom, from his talents and accomplishments (particularly that of being able to hit a pigeon's head at fifty paces), he considered a dangerous individual. Prevailed upon by this reasoning, and paying no attention to the intercession of Madame Pier Luigi and the Duchess of Ottavio, the Pontiff committed him again to prison. Here he remained until Cardinal Ferrara obtained his release. His incarceration developed his poetical powers, though they certainly do not equal his artistic genius. As some readers may like to have a specimen of his versical composition, we favour them with a few lines from the poem "Capitolo," as it is called. In a serio-comic description of his sufferings are these lines,

————— "To break a leg,
In moist, damp, noisome cell to be confined,
Without a cloak to shelter me from cold !
Think what I suffered in these cells immured,
Lonely, from human converse quite debarred,
My daily pittance brought me by a slave—
A surly monster, silent and severe."

The last line is inimitable. When in the very depth of his misery and wretchedness he exclaims :—

"Staring aghast I stalk about the room,
My hair with horror bristling on my head,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;
Next ; from a panel of the door I tear
A splinter with my teeth, expedient strange."

And so on, through a long lament of absurdity and deep feeling.

As soon as our goldsmith was free, he lodged in the palace of Cardinal Ferrara and received the congratulations and respects of all his friends, on his having escaped from so great distress. He employed himself in making a fine cup for the Cardinal, and afterwards accompanied him to Paris, to enter the service of the French King, Francis the First. On his way thither he became engaged in a dispute with the postmaster of Camollia, whom he shot dead. This, however, was a very insignificant affair for Cellini, and did not in the least hinder his journey. He was most graciously received by the Parisian Monarch, who settled a salary

upon him, and assigned him a house for a workshop in the city. The first work on which he engaged himself was three statues in silver of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars. The admirable execution of these figures elicited great praise from the whole Court. The King, accompanied by Madame D'Estampes, visited his workshop. The lady, who was known as "the most beautiful amongst learned ladies, and the most learned among the beautiful," expressed herself highly pleased. This favourite afterwards conceived a great enmity to Cellini, from his not noticing her in any of his designs, and endeavoured to alienate the king from him. Cellini now devoted himself to the service of the French Sovereign, who as a reward, gave him a grant of naturalisation, and made him Lord of Petit Neale. Among his productions for this monarch, was a great salt-cellar of beautiful design and most exquisite workmanship. But the man who would not flatter the King's mistress, had but a poor chance of succeeding at Court, and accordingly we find Cellini returning to Florence in 1545. He was well received there by Cosmo de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and it was at his request he executed that masterpiece of his genius, the bronze statue of Perseus. The artist had many difficulties and troubles to encounter in the pursuance of this work, but his perseverance overcame all. He was particularly annoyed by the ignorance of his assistants in the running of the metal into the mould. We give the artist's own account of the uncovering of the iron, which, however, despite all his care, proved deficient in a foot.

"I went on uncovering it with great success, and found every part turn out to admiration, till I reached the foot of the right leg. * * * Continuing, however, to uncover it, I found not only that the toes were wanting, but part of the foot itself."

After this he worked hard at the figures to complete and give them the finishing touches. At last the work was ready for exhibition. As soon as it was open to the public gaze, shouts of applause rose from the populace, and numberless complimentary sonnets repaid the artist for his labour. He says

"Just before the break of day, so great a crowd gathered about it, that it is almost impossible for me to give any idea of their number, and they all seemed to vie with each other who should praise it most."

This was the last really great work of Cellini, and it established his reputation on a sure footing. After the execution of his grand achievement, he seems to have been solely engaged in writing his life, from which amusing and diffuse autobiography the foregoing facts have been compiled. In his declining years, at the venerable age of three-score, Benvenuto led to the hymeneal altar a blushing bride. This woman had nursed him through a severe illness, and in return he made her his wife. Though he had led a life which, in the present age, would be considered that of a rake, we find he was honoured and distinguished among his country-

men. In a grant which he obtained from Duke Cosmo in 1561 are these words, proofs positive of his worth:

"In casting, in sculpture, and other branches of art, we look upon his productions as evident proof of his surpassing genius and incomparable skill."

For ten years he continued to enjoy domestic happiness. In his seventy-first year his constitution began to decay, and his strength to fail, and on the 15th day of February, 1570, this extraordinary man and ingenious artist breathed his last. He was universally regretted. His funeral was conducted with great pomp, and attended by all the Members of the Academy, anxious to testify their sincere admiration of the master-spirit departed from them. In the Chapter-house of the Nunsiate lie buried the remains of Benvenuto Cellini, the sculptor.

AUSTRALIAN WEDDING BELLS.

BY WALTER HARRHAM.

A pleasant sound to me is brought,
A sound of bells in chime;
It wakes the echoes of my thought
To ring themselves in rhyme.

A sound of bells, that, years ago,
Pealed far beyond the sea:
But Memory's ear has kept the tone,
And Fancy brings it me.

They rang to say you two were one
(Harmonious, tell-tale bells!)
And what but concord e'er can come,
Of new "concordia" tells?

Twin drops of dew upon a stem,
No longer two, but one,
Meet, but to form one glittering gem,
Warmed by Love's rising sun.

The double stars that nightly burn
(Those married orbs above!)
Around their mutual centre turn,
One perfect sphere of love.

But not the dew-drops kissed by morn,
Nor stars in sunset sky,
Can image forth the perfect form
Of Love's own unity.

In vain through Nature's storehouse fair,
We seek one symbol given;
Love, and the Seal—immortal pair—
Are mirrored but in Heaven;

And there you'll keep your bridal feast,
Midst virgin lamps divine;
And Christ, thrice-welcome wedding-guest,
Again shall make the wine!

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR OUR AGED AND DESTITUTE GOVERNESSES?

"God helps those who help themselves."—OLD ADAGE.

Early in the month of March, 1861, I was setting out on a short journey, and, for my amusement by the way, furnished myself with the then current No. of this Magazine. Perhaps my reader may remember a short article which appeared in it, entitled "The X. Y. Z. Fund." This attracted my attention as I sat over the fire, in a little railway station. I read it aloud to the sister who was my travelling companion, and together we discussed the aim, object, and likelihood of success of this new scheme.

The notice instructed us in the plan of the Fund. A lady, it said, was endeavouring to increase the numbers of the £25-annuities of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution by means of small donations or five shilling subscriptions; and it was ably represented how, if governesses could be brought to give the scheme their support and co-operation, permanent relief would be secured to them in old age. It was proposed that ten years of a five-shilling annual subscription should qualify the subscriber as a candidate, that none but governesses should be eligible; and these only after attaining the age of fifty-years, and when possessed of an income of under £30; the annuities to be granted without ballot, and according to the date of subscribing. The paper also stated how the plan, though approved by the committee of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, did not originate with them, but was the private suggestion of a lady who had been roused to a sense of the suffering amongst governesses as a class, by observing that 145 applications had been recently made for four vacant annuities at the Governesses' Benevolent Institution.

We were much struck by the feasibility of the plan, and its promise of general usefulness, but not till many months later were we able to prosecute further inquiries. Then we learned that the fund had been in existence about two years, that it was progressing slowly but steadily, and that there only needed a general effort amongst governesses themselves to make it the organ of blessing that it might be.

It is almost incredible, but nevertheless true, that governesses are less inclined to believe in the probable success of the Fund than anyone else, and are, moreover, decidedly averse to subscribe to it, obvious though its advantages are to the merest looker-on. The friends of governesses subscribe; but governesses, as a class, hang back. Why is this? Do not they see that unless they associate their efforts they cannot be helped, and assuredly cannot help themselves?

The ordinary excuse amongst *young* governesses is, that "they hope they shall not require the aid of an annuity." We sincerely hope that they may not; but, even in that case, supposing that they marry, or that no family claims, no sickness, no loss of situation, no mischances, come in the way of their making provision for old age, have their poorer and less fortunate sisters no claim upon their charity? If there is no need that they should subscribe for themselves, there is the duty of seeking to alleviate the sufferings of others less prosperous. And, as a general rule, how few will come to the age of fifty years without gladly availing themselves of any annuity of £25 which may come within their reach?

A governess's life is a harder and more precarious existence than the young suppose—toil, especially the toil of teaching, wears out the powers of mind and body; the strain invariably tells at the last, the temper suffers, the general health is affected, hope dies out, and then if the labour cannot be intermitted, if poverty shuts the door and bids the unhappy invalid go forth and work because the grate is fireless and the cupboard empty, who can wonder that reason becomes unseated, or the miserable sink down in despair? This may be the case with the very women who once deemed that they should have no need of charity; who were so proud, so hopeful, so gay, so thoughtless. They did not foresee then that saving would be impossible so long as their hearts were tender and their families needed help; that their own health would succumb to the continued strain of teaching; that sickness would ruthlessly absorb the little they had laid aside, and leave them at the worst crisis penniless and helpless.

Now, perhaps, as a last resource, they think of applying for an annuity from the Governesses' Benevolent Institution: a friend suggests the idea to them, and offers to help in obtaining votes. But it takes a great many such friends and votes to *successfully* assist a candidate—there are, alas! so many to apply, so many and such appalling cases to be relieved! The Governesses' Benevolent Institution does a great and good work, but it has not sufficient means yet to do all that needs to be done, and we have a duty in helping it—those who can by guinea-subscriptions, those whose power is more circumscribed by the yearly five shillings which the originator of the X. Y. Z. Fund proposes to turn to so good an account.

It has been estimated that in England alone there is an average of 15,000 governesses, and

that these, if generally subscribing their five shillings and persuading their employers to do the same, would provide an annual sum of £7000 to swell the funds of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. This would enable the Society to grant 8 new annuities yearly, in ten years to grant 80, in twenty years 160. Think of that!—in twenty years, if they would, Governesses might happily provide for 160 of their older associates, and it would not be at a heavy premium—only it may be at the price of denying themselves an extra bonnet ribbon in the year or a pair of gloves—by substituting a plain skirt for the flounces of an everyday gown!

No governess, however poorly paid, can say that five shillings is too much to devote to a charitable object, to say nothing of the more selfish way of putting it—securing the subscriber's own old age against want!

Governesses are generally spoken of as an improvident class. Many, with handsome salaries, dress expensively, gratify every whim, yet never dream of laying up provision for the future, not even when prudence loudly suggests the policy of looking forward and forestalling need. But a far, far greater number (and the fact argues eloquently in behalf of private virtues), a far greater number sacrifice their future for the sake of the present need of those near and dear to them. There is, maybe, an aged parent to be helped, orphan brothers and sisters to be educated, an old friend sick or in want. Oh, far more touching and beautiful romances are absorbed in the unwritten annals of governess life than ever gain belief or hearing in this calculating world! Thank God for the beautiful charities which shine out in many a lowly home; for the love which bears and forbears bravely, that another's suffering may be lessened; for the steady, untiring zeal with which many a tried heart pursues its path of duty; for deeds of faith, works of love; for "the patience of hope;" for the trusting heart which dares now, at God's call, give up its provision, and unhesitatingly commit its *hereafter* into His hands! There are such cases amongst us, around us, about us—everywhere!

On my table lies a very small paper-backed book—it is the Governesses' Benevolent Institution's list of candidates for the November election of 1859 (I have not one of more recent date at hand), and a more heart-stirring record of human toil, suffering, and infirmities can scarcely be found. The opening page tells how, on Nov. 4th of that year, three annuitants of £20 were to be elected by ballot—only three! Yet the list which follows contains 151 applications—one more eloquent of want and sorrow than the other. Some of these, moreover, have been candidates for several years—some have fruitlessly applied for twenty years successively, others for ten, nine, eight, and so down to the (probably) most sanguine candidate whose name appears for the first time in the list before me. How have they been living meanwhile?—on hope? Ah! hope soon withers, and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Very little space can be afforded for the particulars of each case: these life-stories have to be condensed, almost written in cipher. There can be no attempt to move the hearts of the readers by pathos or fine writing; the facts are simply stated, but perhaps they are none the less eloquent for that. Those who have themselves known want, sorrow, and trial can fill up the outlines only too readily. I cite one or two of the cases at random—this is worse than many others:—

"Miss M——, aged 59, 1852.—One of sixteen children; left home in consequence at fifteen years of age. With two sisters supported her father for many years, also an orphan niece. Impaired sight and infirm health have obliged her to subsist entirely upon a small legacy, now utterly exhausted. Mental derangement has increased under the pressure of perfect destitution, and she has lately had two paralytic seizures which have rendered her unable to move or even to feed herself."

An early and life-long acquaintance with toil and trial! Yet through all she has maintained a feeling heart and filial attachment, even a tender self-sacrifice for that orphan niece. Impaired sight and infirm health were but natural consequences of what she underwent; and what cause to wonder at mental derangement when we hear of her suffering the pressure of perfect destitution! Now she is a penniless and helpless invalid, who, unable even to move or feed herself, is wholly dependent on human charity. We may indeed trust that Divine charity attends her as well.

There is an applicant of ten years' standing—"Mrs. Anne-Joseph —, aged 80, 1849.—Father a clergyman. Husband held a situation in the Bank of Ireland, but became embarrassed, and she resumed her profession to support him as well as her children. Suffers much in her head and feet, and from all the infirmities of age. Has a room in an almshouse, with £4 a-year, and bread, soap, and candles, to the amount of about £3 more.

This is almost as melancholy a case as that before cited. We can so easily imagine the story—the clergyman father, and the happy, possibly affluent home; the early and comparatively easy labour, the marriage which promised to secure her against toil in the future; the husband's embarrassment, we know not from what cause; the tender devotion to her family which instigated the poor woman's efforts for her husband and little ones. Now, she too is beaten down and seemingly deserted. Where are the children for whom she gave the toil of her best years, that this comes to pass? We can scarcely realize that shelter in the almshouse so thankfully recorded—that £4 per annum, and the etceteras, making it up to £7—without emotion. An income of £7 for a woman of 80 who is overwhelmed by the sufferings and infirmities of age! There, she has waited ten years in vain, and thus made up her fourscore years; in all probability she will not have to wait so long for admittance to a better refuge.

We might multiply cases, but our space does not admit of our doing so: These 151 life-stories are all alike eloquent of wounded spirits, of hunger and thirst and wretchedness; and through all, with scarcely one exception, there is the same view of tender feelings and loving charities. Scarcely one of these women but has helped and tended several of her fellow-creatures. This supported her mother and a deaf and dumb sister—that assisted her mother and nearly supported her grandmother for many years, at the same time aiding a widowed sister. One lent all her savings to a brother-in-law who died bankrupt and so ruined her, yet we hear that this woman assisted his widow till her death last year. No wonder that she could make no provision for herself even after toiling for thirty years. And so, over and over again, the same harrowing story is repeated till one's heart turns sick in reading, and one prays earnestly that help and relief may come somehow—that God will soften men's hearts towards their fellows, that mercy may be shown to those who in their turn have been merciful.

Oh, dear reader, do you not feel with me that there is a crying need for something to meet emergencies like these?—for a well-organized scheme for relieving destitution amongst aged and friendless governesses? With all grateful praise let us acknowledge what the Governesses' Benevolent Institution has done and is doing; but more than this, let us help forward the work in every way we can; let even those who cannot

afford so much as the guinea subscription give us what they can, *what they ought*. We ask this more especially of governesses themselves who are so personally interested in a successful result. Governesses! this X. Y. Z. Fund which a good and thoughtful woman has set on foot is *your* fund. Those who so sedulously push it up hill are merely interested in it for your sakes; their first object is to help you—will you not help yourselves?

It is earnestly desired to make the X. Y. Z. Fund better known to the public, and for this object it has been suggested that ladies in different parts of the kingdom, interested in the cause, would do a serviceable work in circulating notices amongst their friends and acquaintance, especially amongst governesses. Any lady who may be willing to do this may have circulars supplied to her on application to Charles Klugh, Esq., 32, Sackville Street, by whom also (if desired) communications will be forwarded to the originator of the X. Y. Z. Fund; thus any further particulars may easily be obtained or inquiries answered. Post-office Orders should be made payable to the same address. I do not believe that any one who impartially weighs the merits of this scheme and its chances of success can fail to be struck with its wise and thoughtful organization, its feasibility, and above all, with its promise of general and permanent usefulness. All that it now needs is the co-operation of governesses themselves, and surely this will not be refused! D. RICHMOND.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

No. III.

ON THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.

I have read somewhere that the characteristics of the French, Scottish, and English nations are tersely summed up in the three words, glory—reason—business. And certainly this is the most business-loving age of a business-loving nation which is very prone to run in steady grooves, and very much afraid of novelties and solecisms. Of a verity to a certain extent our allies are right when they say he is prosaic, *ce cher Anglais*, but equally of a verity there is under all this prosaic covering a substructure of romance as great as, if not greater than, in other nations.

Here in this nineteenth century, this age of steam-power, telegraphs, photography, cotton mills, and mushroom railway companies, the real jostles the ideal very much out of sight, but the ideal is here nevertheless. In fact, the greatest reality now generally has an undercurrent of romance (not, I admit, to be seen by

all eyes) attending it. There is nothing, I think, more detestable than that thorough idolizing of the purely practical views of things in general. There is a class of people who declare themselves, as if it were some state of beatitude very praiseworthy, "plain matter-of-fact persons." This form of words they cling to and repeat, parrot-like, till they lead one to suppose they consider it a panacea for every ill. Your "plain matter-of-fact person" does not appreciate scenery—he prefers a lithographed print of a house to a landscape by Turner. He does not understand the adoration of all classical scholars for the "Lord of the unerring bow" or the Venus de Medicis; he sees in the "Victory" at Portsmouth an old man-of-war; he puts down your musing at the sight—your flushing cheek and kindling eyes at the sight of those three words, "Here Nelson died," either to ridiculous affectation or harmless lunacy. He cannot under-

stand the associations of poetry, archæology, and history, which throw a halo round such buildings as the Tower of London—and (as hath happened to the writer) he remarks as you stand before that touching and exquisite fresco which represents the parting of Lord and Lady Russell—as your whole mind is occupied in tracing back the past, and your whole gaze riveted on those glorious eyes just swimming in tears of “the sweet saint who stood by Russell’s side”—as you are thus entranced, your “plain matter-of-fact person” observes, “How capitably this hall would do as a dining-hall, eh?”

The rock on which these prosaic people split is this—they do not understand the difference between romance and sentimentality. The latter is a sickly affectation of the former, which should be scouted wherever met with. But without the romance that underlies all the great common doings and works of life, I think that life limited to a narrow realistic view of things would be very sad.

There are, I regret to say, a very great many people in that amiable frame of mind which Mr. Peter Bell rejoiced in, to whom the yellowest of primroses is nothing more than a stupid wild-flower. And superadded to this matter-of-fact vision is a mind very fond of practical science. Such men can debate upon a steam-engine, cylinders, boilers, wheels, &c., and show enthusiasm in pointing out how each portion works with beautiful unison and power, and is a triumph of mechanical genius; and then they ask contemptuously whether there is any romance or stuff about a bran new, shrieking, whining, shining, thundering steam-engine.

Romance, Messieurs? Why there is a web of romance round it, to those who do not look simply from your point of view at it. Whether we think of the poor enthusiast languishing in the Bastille, alternately pitted and derided, yet clinging to his dream of the mighty power which, drawn from water, should almost annihilate space, with a faith touching as sublime, saying, *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*—whether we think of the great mechanics holding their own not only against the jeers of the vulgar or the crassness of ignorance, but, hardest of all, against the polished sarcasm and trenchant arguments of the refined and educated—whether we think of the hopes, fears, loves, joys and sorrows, all affected by the mighty power which can whirl a huge train of carriages sixty miles within the hour, speeding on swifter than the swiftest Arabian, steady as the needle to the pole, relentless and pitiless as death—whichever thought comes into our minds, surely there is a veil of romance round each.

Broadcloth has ousted chain armour—umbrellas banished rapiers—and the most hideous hats on earth steel caps; but the old chivalry, the old fancy, the old pride and passion, exist unchanged, as they have done throughout all time—as they will do as long as human nature is, and as the German poet sings—

So lang 'em Aug' noch weinen
 Ein Herz noch brechen Kann;

as long as eyes weep and hearts break. Romance, demoiselles?—you seek it in trashy milk-and-water novels. Take my advice, and look for it in the healthy realities of life. Why even in that feminine topic dress you have it. I could multiply instances, but I will only take now one which suggests a sad and terrible romance. Is there no romance in the fact that those emerald wreaths and dresses in which the belles of the season whirl in the “deux-temps” scatter at every gyration poison dust?—that the pale worn hectic girls who have laboured night-long at the fabrication of the fatal wreaths sink one by one into pauper graves, struck down by the cruel agony that those green particles generate? Ponder this, and you may do it to some profit. * * * *

Time, paper, and discursiveness have united to bring me to an end. It will do none of us harm to leaven our daily lives with a little fancy—to throw a little romance over hard reality: it may give us a store of “those shadowy recollections which, be they what they may, are yet the fountain head of all our days.”

WM. READE.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

BY MRS. ABDY.

“The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the Maker of them all.”—PROVERBS xxii. 9.

The rich and the poor together meet,
 And vainly shall scornful pride
 Endeavour the system to defeat,
 Or the union to divide.
 Though often the rich by deed or word
 May the poor man hold in thrall,
 They are brethren still, and a mighty Lord
 Is the Maker of them all.

The rich and the poor together meet
 In the crowded, public way;
 And scarcely the poor man dares to greet
 The rich in his brave array.
 The poor goes home to his humble fare,
 The rich to his festal hall;
 But each is kept in the Lord’s good car
 Who is Maker of them all.

The rich and the poor together meet
 When they kneel the church within,
 And they each the self-same words repeat
 Of contrition for their sin.
 And the Preacher leads them to attend
 To the holy Gospel call,
 And tells them both of the Heavenly Friend
 Who is Maker of them all.

The rich and the poor together meet
 In the churchyard’s narrow bound,
 And each shall be wrapped in a winding-sheet,
 And laid in the lowly ground.

Little it matters what name they bore
In their time of earthly thrall;
They are gone together, the rich and poor,
To the Maker of them all.

Thus in varied scenes the rich and poor
Are to close communion brought;
And I deem they would love each other more,
If they clung to the blessed thought
That, though God, who gave them life and
breath,
May ere long his gift recall,
They may both escape from eternal death,
Since the Saviour died for all.

— EVENING.

Eve, from the circling arms
Of Day steals stealthily, soft-robed in light,
Gliding, with silent steps, to welcome Night,
Love heightening her charms.

Soft grows the valley's green,
And flowers and herbs from out the bending grass
Rise up to kiss her footprints. As they pass
Dew-drops show where they've been.

Gently the south-wind sighs,
And from the budding trees the gush of song
From bright birds cheers her as she floats along,
Where dark the forest lies.

Hush'd is the wooded dell,
Where violets hide, and primrose blossoms pale
Throw their faint perfume o'er the scented gale,
Hush'd, as by potent spell.

The stream, with tone suppress'd,
Hangs its white foam-wreaths on the black-thorn's
spray,
And to the lily sings a softened lay,
Lulling it on its breast.

The fern-leaves, bending low,
Lay their green fringes on the dark pool's breast,
Where idly floating in a half-unrest,
Green grasses stream below.

Sweetly the silver chime
Of the blue hyacinth's unnumber'd bells
Is ringing out from all the shady dells,
The sweet flowers' curfew-time.

And lo! they bow their heads,
And to the passing sunbeams sigh "good-night,"
As with a hasty kiss they take their flight,
Bre darkness round them spreads.

Nearer comes gentle Eve,
Hush'd in the glow of passion's deepest calm;
Eyes drooping low with love, lips breathing balm
Such as spring violets give.

Swiftly, though half afraid,
She hurries onward, down the last hill-side;
Where Night stands silent waiting her, his bride
Beneath, in the dim glade.

They meet; her upturn'd face,
Has in the shadow of his plumes grown dim.
Yet paling, fainting, still she hastes to him,
And springs to his embrace.

Thou canst not keep her, Night;
As from the mountain-side the snow-wreaths fade,
Or fairy circles from the moonlit glade,
So fades she in thy sight.

He soothes her wild alarms,
Though dim and filmy wanes that glorious eye,
And, with one burning kiss, one shudd'ring sigh,
She dies, within his arms!

LOTUS FLOWER.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

PREDICTIONS REALIZED IN MODERN TIMES. By Horace Welby. (London: Kent and Co. Paternoster-row).—The title of this book is by no means conclusive or inclusive of its contents, which range over a variety of curious subjects, all more or less related, however, to the ominous or prophetic. The whole constitutes a singular *repertoire* of remarkable anecdotes, superstitions, strange utterances, and weird facts. It exhibits a vast amount of industry and research, in a special direction, on the part of the compiler, and proves that the *chiffonnier* may do lasting service in his generation, for this queer book is also a useful one, preserving in a collected form much that is of service to the *bonâ fide* author, and which, when wanted, is generally very hard to find. In this way men like Mr. Welby, with leisure and literary taste, with a patient love of research, and equal

patience to arrange and classify the results of their reading, may render valuable help. The number of authorities quoted speaks well for the energy with which the contents of each section have been sought for amongst the most ancient as well as the most modern writers. Even newspaper paragraphs have not been overlooked, and the incidents and coincidences occasionally met with in their columns are not the least valuable in the collection. The following anecdote may interest our readers, anent the Giants at St. Dunstan's church:—

Two figures of savages, life-sized, carved in wood and standing beneath a pediment, each having in his right hand a club with which he struck the quarters upon a suspended bell moving his head at the same time.

* * * * *

These figures and the clock were put up in 1871. Among those who were struck by their oddity was the third Marquis of Hertford, born in 1777. When a child, and a good child, his nurse, to reward him, would take him to see the Giants at St. Dunstan's; and he used to say that, "when he grew to be a man he would buy those Giants." Many a child of rich parents may have used the same words; but in the present case the Marquis kept his word. When the old church of St. Dunstan's was taken down in 1830, the Marquis attended the second auction sale of the materials, and purchased the clock, bells, and figures for £300, and had them placed at the entrance to the grounds of his villa in the Regent's Park—thence called Dunstan's Villa—and here the figures do duty to the present day.

Our readers will perceive from this anecdote how slender a thread of prediction is required to bring it within the scope of Mr. Welby's purpose, and at the same time they will perceive that the reminiscence is to the archaeologist a valuable one and pleasant, at least to such of them who, like ourselves, can remember as a child, a stranger and visitor in the great Babylon, to have been taken to see the Giants, with apparently ponderous and deliberate stroke, cross their clubs alternately upon the sonorous bell, and on a return to London missed them immensely, and felt an absolute degree of curiosity in their after-fate, which has remained ungratified till now. Equally slight is the predictive quality in the following recital:—

In the "London Review" we find recorded the following incident. Lady Blessington's first essay in print was called "The Auctioneer," and described the sale of a family's household goods in a very touching manner. Three days before she left England the writer of this paragraph bade her farewell in Gore House, when the auctioneer and his clerks and porters were turning all her splendid furniture topsyturvy and cataloguing every article for public sale. Alas! for the vanity of human views and human wishes! In the journal of a Tour, Sept., 1822, by the same unhappy lady, she wrote: "I confess I have so much of the natural John Bull feeling about me, that I should prefer having my grave in the most secluded sombre spot that could be found, to leaving my bones in the fashionable sentimental Père La Chaise." It was her sad fate that they should be laid there. We recommend Mr. Welby's book as a curious work of reference.

THE ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL. (19, Langham-place, Regent-street. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row).—Miss Barlee continues her sad "Annals of Needlewomen," and the article "Lives for Leaves," its terrible disclosures touching the effects of emerald green in use in artificial flower-making. In our last number we drew the attention of lady-readers to these effects; it is only right to remind them that the continuance of the cruel sufferings referred to depends upon their own fiat. Miss Parks supplies an interesting article compiled from Dr. Trilat's important work, "La Folie Lucide étudiée et considérée au point de Vue de la Famille, et de la Société," and contains much noteworthy matter. Another paper on an important subject, "An Irish Newgate in the

Fields," deserves attention, and is suggestive of a better mode of reformation than the "silent system," the "crank," or "oakum picking." There are two pretty poems by Walter Thornbury in the number, and an amusing paper on Lady Hester Stanhope.

THE COLONY OF NEW SOUTH WALES. (London: J. Haddon, 3, Bowyer Street.) THE PRODUCTS AND RESOURCES OF TASMANIA. By George Whiting. With an Appendix, &c., by the Hon. W. Archer and Dr. E. Hall.—Looking at the importance of these colonies in connection with the mother-country, whether in relation to their productions, or as a field for the energy and industry of surplus labour at home, we cannot bestow too much attention on their natural resources or receptive capabilities. The map of New South Wales, which appears in the first of these pamphlets, shows us a coast line "extending over ten degrees, from Cape Howe on the south in lat. 38° to Point Danger on the north in lat. 28°, and an extent of territory reaching inland from the seat of government more than 500 miles." Yet more than one-half the great island remains unsettled. These unsettled districts are chiefly used for pastoral purposes, and afford herbage for nearly two million heads of cattle, and more than six million of sheep. These are crown lands, of which government possesses 1000 acres for every five acres possessed by the colonists. These are the sites of future freehold homesteads for hundreds of thousands of British men and women, who, weary of the cheerless prospect for large families and small means in the mother-land, have the courage and endurance to emigrate and push their fortunes in a new country still English in laws, religion, and local institutions, and with a climate, though varying in temperature in different parts of the extensive territory, generally temperate and healthy. The fertility of the land renders farming in all its branches eminently lucrative, and a source of more certain wealth to the country, than even its auriferous treasures. The conditions on which land may be obtained are stated in the pamphlet, and all other information may be had on application to the Government Emigration Agents, No. 10, West Strand, London. We may add on the testimony of Dr. Lang that, "whether for the small farmer who would purchase and cultivate with his own hands a farm of from 20 to 80 acres, or for families of superior standing in society, who could afford to purchase for their own settlement in the country one or two square miles (640 or 1280 acres) of land, and to employ hired labourers (all of which could be done with a very moderate amount of capital), or for capitalists intending to embark largely in the cultivation of cotton or other tropical productions suited to the soil and climate—there is no place in the world which at this moment presents a more eligible field or a more favourable prospect." Crossing Bass's Straits we find ourselves on Van Diemen's Land, or, as it is now called, Tasmania, an island nearly the size of Ireland,

averaging 165 miles in length and 155 in breadth; its rivers flow under old world appellations, and the Derwent and the Tamer recall to the emigrant the picturesque dales of Derby, and the lake-districts; or the flowery banks of the Devonian stream, whose waters have given names to those Australian rivers. The Basaltic construction of Tasmania, now rising in great mountains capped with snow, or broken into wild ravines, through which numberless streams, rivulets, and springs glide, leap, or flow, renders the country eminently picturesque and healthful. To quote from Mr. Whiting's most interesting pamphlet:—

Its undulating surface, mostly covered with forests of gigantic trees, extending from the hill tops down to the water's edge; its singular intersections of land and sea, particularly about the south-eastern coast, offer to the admirer of Nature's works scenery of the most wild and picturesque beauty, in lake-like bays and estuaries, fertile islands, rugged cliffs, romantic headlands, and curious peninsulas. Here and there the crops of a settler reach down to the water's edge, and the waves carry the tidal pulses of the vast Pacific Ocean to within fifty yards of the farmhouse door.

But it is not the physical beauty of a country that is usually desiderated by the settler; he looks chiefly to its capabilities, its power of production, and the natural resources of the land. He has made a great effort to leave the motherland, and asks of the new one a *quid pro quo*, which shall leave a balance in his hands for the children he brings her, and the old ties he leaves behind. If the reader in visiting the International Exhibition has, divesting himself for the time of all æsthetic feeling, and approaching it in the spirit with which he examines any other matter of business, regarded the "Tasmanian Timber and Whaling Trophy," he will gain a better idea of the commercial resources of the island than any we can give him; woods of the most valuable description under such trivial names as Blue-gum, Stringy-bark, Peppermint wood, Pink-wood, Musk-wood, Myrtle-tree, and Honey-suckle tree, with many others, abound. The Blue gum is said to sustain double the weight at which British oak breaks, and to be, when seasoned, unsurpassed for all out-of-door purposes. It is of first-rate importance to ship and coach builders, while peppermint-wood appears nearly impervious to atmospheric effects. Used for railway sleepers, it will last, under the most trying circumstances, from fifteen to twenty years; and Mr. Whiting observes thereon that, according to the estimate of the late Mr. Robert Stephenson, "the sleepers now in use require renewing every twelve or fourteen years, and demands for this purpose the wood of 7000 acres of English forest land annually, whilst better woods are growing in the wild land of Tasmania as common as weeds." Of ornamental woods there are a great variety, for which the cabinet maker might find ample use. Some very interesting specimens will be found amongst the minerals, and the island has abundant coal fields. Gold has not yet been found in any quantity, though according to geographical and

geological analogies it ought to be present. The sum of £20,000 offered by Government for the discovery of a payable gold field, is likely to set considerable numbers *prospecting* and *surfacing* with a view to such a result. To all who may be seeking a home in the colonies, Tasmania offers many advantages, in fertility of soil, healthfulness of climate, wood and coal in abundance, plenty of water for irrigation and machinery, with wool and furs for use and export, with English crops, English fruits, a constitutional government, and local self-government in municipal and parochial systems. Mr. Whiting's carefully written *brochure* will repay perusal.

JOURNAL OF THE WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY. (London: Longman, Green & Co.) Amongst much useful information upon the special objects of this journal, the nineteenth number contains a pleasingly written "Report of the Industrial Home for Young Women," not very long established in Great Ormond Street, and which promises to become a very useful auxiliary depôt in helping to train the younger female inmates of workhouses with a view to habits of self-reliance and honest industry. We are glad to find that since our last notice of this embryo institution, that the rule which limited the earliest age at which girls to fifteen could be admitted has been altered. We pointed out, that not only are the girls' habits formed at this age, but that many of them enter service previous to it. At present they are permitted to enter the Home at twelve, and are taught household work and cookery in the house. There is also a laundry attached, and also an infirm ward, in which they are instructed in waiting on the patients; while two of them in turn for a month at the time attend at the Infant Nursery attached to the Children's Hospital adjacent to the Home. The number admitted into the house is 66, and of this number the Society are enabled to give a good account of more than half. It is intended, if contributions in aid of the work are afforded, to obtain possession of the next house, which will enable the Society to extend its usefulness by training a class of nurses; and also it will admit of the reception of additional persons in the infirm ward, old persons whose friends are unable to pay them proper attention at home, but who are glad to pay a small weekly sum for their maintenance.

MAGNET STORIES, DEAF AND DUMB. By Mrs. Webb. (London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.)—A very sweet story, illustrating the system by which the Deaf and Dumb are taught to spell and express themselves by "dactylology," or the art of speaking on the fingers. At a first glance one fancies that the subject must necessarily prove triste and dry, especially to the young people for whom it is written; but the tender little history grows upon the reader, who rises up from its perusal with enlarged sympathies for the deaf mutes who unhappily are so numerous amongst us, and of admiration for the philanthropists and men of science who have done so much to ameliorate their condition.

LADIES' PAGE.

KNITTED SOCK FOR A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

MATERIALS:—Boar's Head Knitting Cotton, No. 20, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby, four Steel Knitting Pins No. 23.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS:—K, knit; Kt, knit together; T f, thread forward; P, pearl; S, slip.

Cast on 96 stitches, that is 36 on each two pins, and 24 on the third. Knit 1 round. K 2, P 1 alternately for 40 rounds. Knit 2 rounds.

Commence the pattern, observing to knit the alternate rows plain:

1st pattern round—K 1, T f, K 2†. T f, K 2†. K 1, K 2†. T f, K 2†, T f, K 2. Repeat.

3rd.—K 1, T f, K 2†. K 1, T f, K 3†. T f, K 6, K 2†. T f, K 2. Repeat.

5th.—K 1, T f, K 3†. K 1, T f, K 1. T f, K 1, K 3†. T f, K 2. Repeat.

7th.—K 1, T f, K 3†. T f, K 3, T f, K 3†, T f K 2. Repeat.

Now repeat from * 8 times more, which will make the leg a proper length.

Now divide the stitches for the heel by knitting 25 stitches on to the first from the second pin.

Knit and pearl alternately 36 rows, but in each of the *knitted* rows *pearl* the 25th stitch, which makes the *seam stitch* at the back of the heel. K 2† on each side of this seam stitch in 6 *alternate* rows. K 24 stitches, double the heel, and cast off the two sides *together*.

Take up the 24 stitches on the right side of the heel; continue the pattern with the stitches left on the two pins. Take up 42 stitches on the left side of the heel (these will form the foot), Knit the stitches taken up, with the exception of the last stitch on the *right*, and the first on the left side; which stitches *pearl* in alternate rounds, and in 7 alternate rounds K 2† before the first and after the last pearl stitch in the alternate rounds, until the stitches for the back. Now continue the pattern for the front of the foot for 66 rounds.

Knit 12 rounds (with the pearl stitch on each side in the alternate rounds). K 2† after the first and before the last pearl stitch in the alternate rounds, until the stitches for the front are reduced to the same number as those for the back of the foot.

Knit 2† on each side of the pearl stitch in 9 alternate rounds.

Knit 2† before and after each pearl stitch, until only 30 stitches remain on the pins, then cast off as at the heel.

A RUSTIC HANGING BASKET FOR WINDOW OR PORCH.

Procure a fancifully-shaped wire basket at the wire-workers; line the inside with moss, with the green side outwards; it will look very pretty through the wide wire openings. Then fill the hollow with earth, and place in the centre a scarlet geranium, or dwarf fuchsia, or other elegant plant. It will live and grow there a long time; and so will the German ivy, which will hang gracefully over the basket, and twine upon

the cords by which it hangs. Can anything be prettier than this as an ornament for the vine-shaded porch or window! So easily, too, is it made, that no one need be without one; but you must not forget to water it every few days, and, once in a while, the whole basket had better be dipped in a pail of water, which will make the moss perfectly green and fresh.

BEAD BRACELET AND CHAIN.

This little bracelet may be composed of as many rows as the taste of the worker may prefer.

If made in jet or imitation pearl, a chain to match is a great improvement. The following are the instructions for threading the beads. Commence with three strings, keeping one for the centre, on which thread one bead, which ought to be a little larger than the others. On the right hand, thread two beads; on the left,

four, passing the needle of the right hand through two beads on the left, leaving the centre thread *under*. Thread two more beads on the left-hand side; pass the needle from the right through them, bringing the centre thread *over*. By passing the centre thread alternately under and over, the middle bead and thread are firmly fixed in their place. Repeat to the required length. Three rows make a pretty bracelet. Finish with a jet or fancy snap.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE HAYMARKET

Rejoices in crowded audiences, and the crush round the doors to witness the inimitable "Lord Dundreary," is not, in his lordship's own phrase, "one of those things no fellow can make out;" but the evident recognition and appreciation of the most amusing piece of acting on the stage. At

THE PRINCESS'S

Mr. and Mrs. Kean are still attracting crowds, and keep chiefly to the "Corsican Brothers" and "Louis XI." We hope Mr. Kean will assume the crown and sword of the fierce *Richard* ere he completes his engagement. It is one of the finest and most vigorous of Mr. Kean's masterpieces.

DRURY LANE

is under the sceptre of Mr. Boucicault, who opens with his trump card "The Colleen Bawn."

THE ADELPHI,

for the present, also plays the "Colleen Bawn;" so it is to be supposed there are some not tired of seeing the eternal submersion of *Eily* and "header" of *Miles*.

SADLER'S WELLS

Has put forth a new burlesque by Captain Morton Price, called "Punch and Fun," which, enlivened by Miss Lucette's acting, and preceded by "The Duel in the Snow," draws good houses, and appears to suit the taste of the dwellers in Islington.

THE ST. JAMES'S

produces a new comedy by Watts Phillips, called "His last Victory," which is beautifully mounted and admirably acted, but in plot common-place, and in dialogue weak; *mais chacun a son goût*.

And may we now, pausing from actual record, hope that in future we shall have some other style of play than the sensation drama, which appears also necessarily Irish, to go down with the public. A well-written comedy or comedietta, working a vivid interest out of conversational truisms, would be worth, in our humble opinion, all the "thrilling" melodramas ever written; and sparkling dialogue outvalues leaps from crags or into water. But until managers imitate editors, and encourage a rising race of authors, we may expect polished platitudes and ten times repeated monotony.

W. R.

PHRENOLOGY.

Messrs. Fowler and Wells, of New York, have been giving a series of lectures in Exeter Hall, at the Marylebone, and Beaumont Institutions, and elsewhere in the Metropolis and suburbs upon phrenology, physiology, and physiognomy—cognate subjects, with a certain degree of interest for every one, even though they may not accept in their integrity the systems of Combe and Lavater, and which are very pleasingly illustrated and cleverly treated by the lecturers.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION,

REGENT STREET.

Those who have not heard Professor Pepper's lecture—"What I saw at the International Exhibition"—have lost a very pleasant half-hour's entertainment. A new lecture on some of the principal scientific specialities of the International Exhibition is promised on to-morrow evening, 2nd July. We are glad also to find that the Brouil Family, whose very clever performance we have before noticed, are re-engaged. There is another clever performer present—Herr Susman—whose talent consists in imitating the songs of the nightingale, thrush, woodlark, robin, blackbird, and other songsters, with such *natural* art, that if we close our eyes we realize the woods and lanes with which such warblings are associated, and enjoy an imaginary rural stroll under the gaslights of the Polytechnic. It appears, that without these lighter entertainments London's only school of practical science would be deserted, and the directors of the Institution are to be praised for introducing, as in the instances we have named, really clever as well as agreeable amusements. "YE BEARD EXCITEMENT" continues, and the new *séance* "Foster out Fostered," by Mr. J. Matthews, is exceedingly amusing.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The last concert of the Vocal Association for this season took place on the evening of the 13th ult., and was most numerously attended. The programme was, as usual, a full, varied, and interesting one, calculated to leave a very pleasing flavour of farewell upon the memories of the audience. The singing of the choir, in the various part-songs interspersed through the entertainment, sealed our impression of the great improvement made by the members in the harmony and unanimity of their singing.

In Benedict's spirited "Hunting Song," in Bishop's sweet glee, "Sleep, gentle Lady," and in Mendelssohn's "Departure" these qualities were especially marked, the voices taking the time with almost metronomical precision, and blending, swelling, and receding, as if the two hundred were a single instrument. The solo singers were Mdles. Trebelli and Liebhart, Miss Alice Dodd, and Mrs. Abbot, with Signors Gassier and Naudin. The name of Titiens appeared in the programme unnecessarily, as far as the satisfaction of the audience was concerned, and blankly as concerned her own appearance.

Mdlle. Trebelli's singing evoked considerable enthusiasm, and called forth repeated encores. In the polka, "Gia della mente involasi," to which her "instrumental throat" did full justice, it was quite impossible to waive this compliment, which was repeated after a duet from "Il Trovatore," with Signor Naudin, and again in the favourite "Dunque io son," with Gassier, whose crisp, round, vigorous notes had their fair share of the enthusiastic applause which followed it. Apparently the audience were desirous of doubling their pleasure on every delightful pretext throughout the evening. Thus, Signor Gassier, in Mozart's aria, "Non piu Andrai," had a very narrow escape from its repetition; and Signor Naudin

agreeably submitted to the graceful imposition in "La Donna Mobile."

Mdlle. Leibhart, from the Imperial Theatre, Vienna—whose clever, arch, and animated style made a very successful impression—was obliged to repeat a Suabian song; and Miss Alice Dodd, a promising singer, with a clear voice of considerable power (though a little hard at present), and the charm of a pure distinct enunciation, was favoured with a flattering reception. Mrs. Abbott, a member of the Association, has improved since we last heard her in a solo.

"The Reapers," and "Birds are Singing" (part-songs with the brand of a new composer, G. A. Osborn), promise to be favourites; and we may say the same of "The Fisherman's Chorus"—a light and pretty composition by Bennett Gilbert. In addition to this rich feast of vocal melody, a trio in E (Aguilar), for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, by Messrs. Aguilar, Henry Holmes, and Paque, was a most satisfactory and delightful performance. The fantasia also, for violoncello, by the latter artist, was worthy of his reputation as a vigorous and musician-like performer.

The accompaniments, by M. Benedict and Herr Wh. Gans, were, as usual, admirably played; while to the conductorship of the former may be attributed the efficiency and growing reputation of the choir.

T H E T O I L E T.

(Specially from Paris.)

BALL DRESS.

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of *Pompadour* sea-green silk, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with a deep flounce, surmounted by a sea-green silk plaiting. Body in the Bernese style, with ribbon shoulder-straps, on which bows are placed, with roses blended amongst the loops. A plaiting of green silk runs along the top of the body, which is cut in a deep point in front. Draperies of *tulle illusion* complete the top of this model, the sleeves of which are formed of two puffings of *tulle*. *Coiffures* composed of tufts of roses. Bracelets of brilliants and emeralds.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of smooth white crape, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with three rather wide bias pieces of pink crape, veiled by a row of lace sewed on flat. Above each bias piece are three or four rows of No. 1 white satin ribbon. A second tunic-skirt, bordered by a bias of pink crape, falls over the first. The *corsage* is ornamented with a crape drapery, finished by two pink bias pieces veiled with lace. White crape sleeves in three puffings, on which meander rows of lace over pink crape. Round the waist a scarf sash of pink crape, the long ends of which are decorated with

lace. *Pompadour coiffure*, ornamented in front with roses and daisies mixed with grass. The tunic is raised at the side by a *cordon* of roses with foliage.

THIRD FIGURE.—Dress of blue silk, trimmed at the bottom with a flounce rounded towards the end of each width. Over the flounce a narrow black *guipure* insertion. On the front of the dress knots of the same *guipure* arranged *en tablier*. The *corsage* is composed of puffings of *tulle illusion*, separated by insertions veiling bars of blue silk. There are also braces of blue silk, after which comes a row of pretty white blond. The sleeves, of puffed *tulle*, small and short, have the puffings separated by bands of silk, and rows of narrow blond gathered full. *Coiffure* of the natural hair, decorated with rolled blue silk ribbon. Bracelets, &c., &c.

FOURTH FIGURE.—BALL OR EVENING TOILET FOR A YOUNG LADY.—*Mauve* silk dress, covered with *tarlatane* of the same tint, and trimmed all the way up the skirt with small flounces of *tarlatane*, laid in plaits. Body pointed, and trimmed with braces formed of a double fluting of *tarlatane*. Between the braces are frills, forming a *stomacher*. Hair ornamented with *mauve* ribbon. Gold necklace and bracelets.

For morning *stylis* white *batiste* is much worn. A very pretty model for a young lady has the skirt ornamented with three little festooned flounces, each of them surmounted with a puffing in which a *mauve* ribbon is run. The *corsage* forms a *veste* encircled by a little flounce headed by a *bouillonnée*. Above this *veste* a *Garibaldi* chemisette of *mauve cachemire*: the great centre plait in front, as well as the narrow one on each side of it, is embroidered with white *soutache*. This toilet is completed by a Belgian straw sailor-shaped hat, ornamented with white and lilac grapes placed at the side, between the loops of a black *tulle* scarf, the long ends of which fall behind.

Another toilet of white *batiste*, for a lady of maturer age, has the skirt ornamented differently with one deep flounce at the bottom, surmounted by a *bouillonnée* of white, above

which are placed ornaments of black Spanish point in the form of roses. These ornaments are repeated on the loose vest in the middle of the centre plait, and between two fullings of *batiste* which surround it, and also at the sides of the sleeves, which are cut with an elbow and open, and rounded at the bottom. A Garibaldi chemisette of white muslin, ornamented down the front with a *jabet* of Valenciennes, completes this toilet. The hat to be worn with it is of fine black straw, ornamented in the middle of the front with a bouquet of cherries. Two *barbs* of Chantilly lace float behind, the form being that called *bâtelier*. I had nearly forgotten to add, that, with the aid of black or purple cherries in the hat, this dress would be slight mourning.

Bernous and shawls of *grenadine* are favourite confections.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

Social Science has been the paramount subject of discussion during the first half of the past month, and the meetings of the Society, and those of the "Congrès International de Bien-faisance," principal events. In the limited space at our command, it is impossible to do more than simply indicate a few of the subjects discussed, seeing that the meetings themselves occupied ten days, and that the papers read amounted to more than a hundred.

The meetings of the two Associations, as our readers are aware, alternated from the Guildhall to Burlington House; Social Science ensconcing itself (a happy omen we trust) under shelter of the City Giants, and the congress not quite so appositely in the west wing of Burlington House, in the apartments devoted to the Royal Society and London University. All the honours that have been elsewhere bestowed on the Society fade by comparison with those which have been heaped upon its sixth annual meeting. Religion lent impressment to the opening, and a special service in "Westminster Abbey" consecrated the objects of the Association; while the First Commissioner of Public Works, and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, absolutely granted the Palace at Westminster for a *soirée* on the 7th of June—an event that will never be forgotten by those who were present; for never before had the chambers of Lords and Commons, or the magnificent hall of Richard II. adjoining, been seen under similar conditions. The effect of the latter by gaslight was beautiful beyond description. The entrances of the judges' courts discreetly covered up with evergreens and flowers, The floor covered with

crimson cloth, the walls draped and ornamented with triplets of banners. A long line of candelabras on either side filling the space, with a clear light in which the most delicate tints and colours of the ladies' dresses were visible, and penetrating to the grand old gothic roof, beneath which the grim carved angels appeared to clasp the shields of Richard and the Confessor more closely to them, and gazed down on the living tide flowing and reflowing beneath, as stolidly as they have looked on all the splendid pageants and tragic episodes of our history that have taken place within these walls. The band of the Coldstream Guards occupied the place where a chair of state for the king or his representative was raised on occasions of state trials, &c., and one fancied pale Strafford, he who was wont to faint at the sight of roses (ominous to him in colour), standing not far from it, pleading in vain for life; or Warren Hastings listening to his impeachment, with ladies crowding as eagerly to the sight as to a new opera, with little Fanny Burney in the midst of them. Or—but reminiscences of coronation feasts, and state trials, are not in unison with our present theme, and we must turn back, pause for a moment to enjoy the magnificent *coup d'œil* from the steps of St. Stephen's porch, close our ears to the glorious rhythm of Mendelssohn's wedding march, which is filling the *enclosure* of the grand hall; and, passing through the lobby, follow in the stream that is flowing through the Hall of Statues, whose cold, still presence seems to compose and concentrate our thoughts, that have been flying about to many phases of history—to the times and acts of these representative

men in marble, to whose deeds and influence, we are most indebted for the social liberty, and freedom of thought and action, of which the present scene is an expression. The princes' chamber, with its pictured walls; the beautifully ornate chamber of peers; the committee rooms, the House of Commons, with its more solid and working-day aspect, with the Speaker's chair (occupied in very bad taste by several ladies in secession), are all open to the visitors. But frescoed and gold-encrusted walls, with all their brightness and glitter, have but a faint everyday interest, compared with the picturesque antiquity of the Hall we have just now left, and the pictures one's imagination conjures in them, become most impressive from the blanks left where some grand figures have dropped out.

But at this rate how shall we dispose of the business to which this *soirée*, and others at Hanover Square Rooms, and the Fishmongers' Hall, were relaxations. As the *Times* and other papers have fully detailed the transactions of the meetings, we shall confine ourselves to those departments in which lady-members were most usefully conspicuous. In the "Educational Department," Miss Carpenter, whose efforts on behalf of criminal children and others are well known, read a paper "On the Education of Neglected Children;" earnest and kind in spirit, tracing the child down the sliding scale of crime, till he becomes the inmate of a prison, and in this way earns his right to food, and shelter, and education at the expense of the State. Government, Miss Carpenter argued, should assume the part of parent to such children. This lady also read a paper in the "Jurisprudence Department."

Mrs. Fison's papers "On Woman's Work in Sanitary and Social Reform," and "On Obstacles to Sanitary Progress," were exceedingly well considered and well-written papers. The latter produced a very animated discussion, in which several ladies took part, and a vote of thanks was tendered to her.

Mrs. Sawyer read a paper "On Workhouses and Reformatories;" Miss Frazer one "On Female Reformatories;" and Mrs. Jellicoe a most interesting paper "On the Irish Convict System," full of hopeful and suggestive facts.

One of the most interesting meetings was that of the fifth department of social economy "On the Employment of Women," inasmuch as that, with one exception, all the papers were contributed by ladies.

Miss Emily Davies contributed a paper, read by Mr. Russell Gurney, "On Medicine as a Profession for Women." The arguments were very fairly stated, and the men were reminded that they had no objection to see women doing as amateurs what they protested against when taken up as a profession. But the lady has also her reservations; and while the Nightingale Fund provides for the preparation of educated women as nurses, Miss Davies most distinctly negatives the proposition; and sees degradation to such women in the

employment. We remember, some time since, to have suggested the utility and even necessity of a higher class of women in the capacity of monthly nurses for ladies of the higher and middle ranks. In the homes of such persons the duties of the nurse have nothing really menial in them, and the services are well remunerated. We draw attention to this fear of infringing on the prejudices of educated women, because there is lying on our table at this moment a project for collecting funds, or materials for making underclothing for governesses passing through the Home in Harley-street, and I cannot forbear asking which is the least destructive to gentlemanly self-respect, an honourable independence, however hardly maintained, or the acceptance of eleemosynary aid, however benevolently and delicately offered? If, as it was more than once enunciated in the Guildhall, that labour is honourable, let us get rid of these imaginary lines of demarcation, and let the individual, and not the employment, be the test of its respectability.

Miss Parkes read, in a clear, well-pitched voice, which made itself heard to the remotest parts of the court, an address "On the Balance of Public Opinion on Woman's Work." We are glad to find that this lady's views, and those of other members of the association, have materially altered. Their own observations and womanly interests have shown them that the place of a mother is in the home, and not in the factory, and that no amount of money-earnings can compensate her husband or her children for the wrong her absence inflicts on them, upon herself, and, in the end, upon society.

Miss Emily Faithful read a very agreeably-written paper "On some of the Drawbacks connected with the present Employment of Women," and attributed the inaccuracy and want of persistent attention with which women are charged to the defectiveness of their education. Boys are brought up with some settled plan as to their future; girls, without any: and she asked how habits of industry were to be looked for from a girlhood of negligence and desultory study! She would have girls required to pass through an examination as to their attainments. Such a system, she thought, would promote matrimony, by rendering the woman a valuable acquisition, instead of that institution being regarded, as it is now, as a refuge for the destitute.

Mrs. Englis observed that it was woman's fault if employment were denied her. The sex was so much alarmed at doing anything that was *unladylike*, that they shrank from doing that which was womanly.

Miss Faithful, in answer to a question, stated that she had more applications for work in her printing-establishment than she could meet.

Mrs. Jellicoe read a paper suggesting "Woman's Supervision of Woman's Industry," in favour of which we heartily join her. She reported that the sewed-muslin work in Ireland gives employment to 40,000 young women. In

factories the objection to women-overseers is founded on their want of knowledge as machinists.

Miss Barbara Corbett reported, indistinctly (and, by the way, several of the ladies would have done wisely to have had their papers read for them), the progress of the Dublin Society for the Employment of Educated Women. Since last year 200 have attended the classes for book-keeping, law-writing, sewing-machine, cutting-out clothes, &c.

Miss Tabor read a very clear and well-arranged statement "On the Condition of Women as affected by Law"—a statement which proves them to be in a very unsatisfactory condition indeed, and incited achivalrous gentlemen to exclaim that he went further than amending the laws; he would give women a share in making them by extending to her all the rights to which, as householders, &c., they have an equal claim with men. But the ladies in Parliament assembled paid no attention to the enthusiastic rhapsodist, but calmly proceeded with the business of the day.

Miss Marie Rye's report "On Female Emigration" was replied to by a lady, Mrs. Campbell, who, from experience, as a resident at the Cape, was firm in assuring the meeting that education in its finer branches is of no use to the emigrant unless accompanied by a practical knowledge of all and every description of household work, from washing and cleaning to cookery. She gave a most amusing description of a boarding-school, which being deserted by the servants, was left wholly dependent upon the united efforts of mistress and pupils, and was so successfully managed, that the training of young ladies to perform every household duty, in the best and neatest manner,

became a feature, and a most popular one, of the establishment. Miss Rye, among other plans for the training of intending emigrants, suggested the utility of their being placed at farm-houses for a course of baking, brewing, and dairry-work—practical suggestions touching educated women, that must have greatly shocked the advocate of medicine as a profession.

Miss Twining's paper "On the Workhouse Visiting Society" was read at the evening meeting at Burlington House. Much of the subject matter of the paper has appeared in our pages under the head of "Notices of the 'Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society.'" The home, to which we have drawn attention in a former page, is one of its results; and the Society is anxious to introduce classification amongst the women-inmates of workhouses, and to draw off the children from the contamination of admixture with the adult wards; in brief, by education, to raise in them a spirit of self-reliance and habits of industry, which are never found within the "house." It is felt that, only by dealing with the children, can any radical good be done. At present generation after generation go out of the workhouses, without any other notion of a home, and these return to it habitually. To supply workhouse libraries is another object of the Society; and for all these purposes funds are required and subscriptions requested.

Regretting that we cannot do more ample justice to the many important and interesting matters discussed in the Meetings of the Social Science Society, and the "Congres de Bienfaisance," we must, for the present, take leave of an event that has left its mark upon our times.

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Prose received, with thanks.—"Rosini;" "Guernsey;" "The Medicines of our Forefathers;" "Cresiede and Creside;" "The Elder Brother;" "J. B. S., Greenock;" "Mrs. Page's Life-history."

Received, but not yet read.—"The Flower Fairies." The author shall hear from us shortly.

Declined, with thanks.—"An Answer;" "Isola." Will the writers kindly exchange these poems for others?

POETRY accepted, with thanks.—"The Wolves;" "The Lady's Wish."

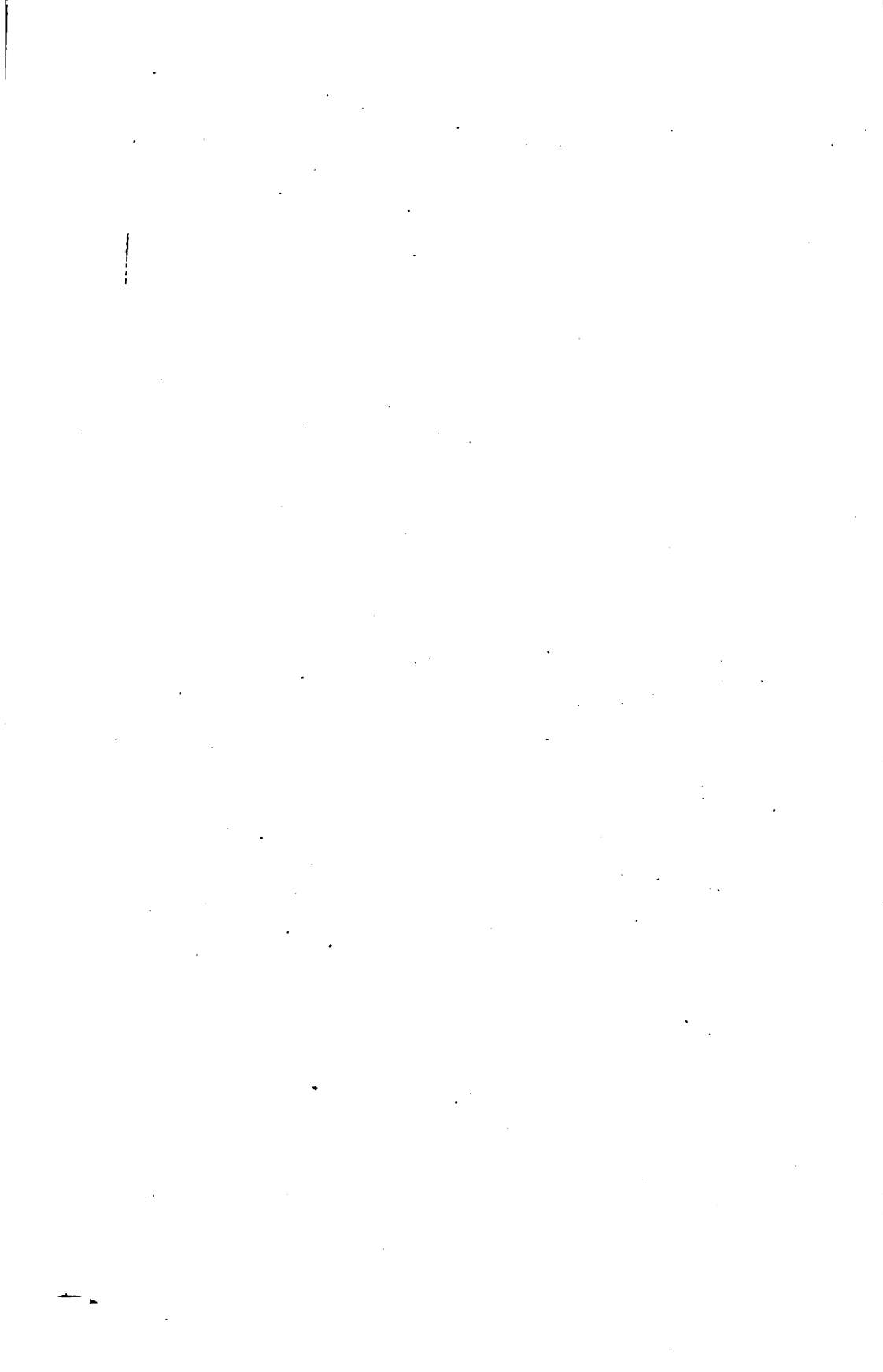
Declined, with thanks.—"The Turkish Bath;" "The Three Rivals;" "Our Affairs at Bankside;" "The Arch Critic Criticised" (we cannot lend our pages to the publication of a libel); "A Forest Reverie;" "Photographs of Familiar Faces;" "A Venetian Sketch."

"Leo;" "T. S.;" "Chiselhurst;" "Steel-nib." The manuscripts shall be returned on receipt of stamps for the purpose.

Kinlochmoidart Strontian, N. B.—They are discontinued.







V I R T U E L E M O Y N E .

BY J. B. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF "RUTSON MORLEY."

CHAP. XVI.

Mr. Hepburn started, looked at Morgan, took off his spectacles, wiped them, put them on again, pressed the point of his pen against the thumb nail of his left hand, dipped the pen in the ink, and resumed :

"Between Peter Morgan, and—?"

"Virtue Le Moyne," shouted Morgan.

Mr. Hepburn sat back in his chair, and stared rigidly at his visitor.

"Is there any meaning in this," asked he at length, "beyond wanton trifling?"

"It simply means, Mr. Hepburn," replied Morgan coolly, "that the old drunken dotard being again in my power, the girl is sensible enough to accept a good husband rather than see her uncle put to shame. I see nothing in all that beyond a discreet use of what Providence is kind enough to put into my power."

Mr. Hepburn listened in much the same state of mind in which Virtue herself had listened to the same loathsome story. On the table before him were quires of unblemished Latinity to which he could not help clinging as Virtue had clung to her green leaves, under the idea that they were far more real than the serpent hissings that were filling his outer ear. One by one he turned over the leaves and saw no fault therein. Yet that there was an error somewhere, a fatal error, a conclusive error, he could not deny to himself. That the error was his own suddenly flashed upon him—his perhaps even more than Mr. Le Moyne's, for his judgment had been warped by no craving infirmity. Then he fell into a stormy gulf, the billows of which were nought but conflicting arguments; and anon he was wandering in a maze of bewildering possibilities, from which he was abruptly summoned by Morgan, who had risen and was counting down his registration fee. The thorough materiality of the procedure roused Mr. Hepburn from his abstraction.

"Stop!" cried he. "I refuse to register you."

"You refuse it, eh! What is your reason?"

"You know my reason. You are a married man!"

"Suppose I am: you swore to conceal it till the —th May, 185—."

"Yes, but I did not swear to declare the opposite."

"It comes to the same thing. Have you forgot what is meant by 'as the Lord liveth'?"

"Peter Morgan," said Mr. Hepburn solemnly, "let me once for all, in the hope that you are not altogether reprobate, lay before you the circumstances of the case. Sixteen years ago you were in Glasburgh on business. You allowed your fancy to fix itself on one of the waiting maids of the inn at which you stayed. You married her under a false name. Repenting of your weakness you deserted her almost immediately. A short time afterwards she married another man, who, as Providence would have it, settled here as a tavern keeper. In spite of the bribes you have bestowed on *her*, and the patronage with which you have favoured him who is not her husband, she revealed her story to me. In a moment of weak anxiety for my friend I swore to you to keep it secret, and hitherto, in spite of many a soul-struggle, I have kept my oath. But the time is at hand. Are you aware that Tuesday next is the —th May, 185—?"

"I am. Are you prepared with your proofs? The minister is dead. The old woman in the Highlands—that woman's mother—died some months ago. The only other witness is also dead. The registration is not in my own name. How are you prepared for to substantiate your charge?"

Mr. Hepburn was again staggered. His simple soul was not formed to face villany, especially villany so coolly methodised as this seemed to be.

"Are you, Mr. Morgan, actually prepared to deny that this marriage did take place?"

"I tell you, sir, as I told you once before, that it was no marriage. I was not aware that she was a Roman Catholic. As soon as I discovered that we were unequally yoked together I abandoned the heretic. It was nothing short of a special providence that led me for to register in another name, thereby graciously affording me an outlet from the contaminating companion-

ship of a Canaanitish woman. But we waste time, sir. Do you flatly refuse to register me?"

"I do," said Mr. Hepburn firmly.

"It's no use for to strive, Mr. Hepburn. If you'll not do it I'll compel the minister to do it. By hook or by crook Virtue Le Moyne is my wife on Monday first. After that, I presume ye'll value her peace of mind too much for to disturb it by any of your infernal suggestions about a former marriage. Once more, knowing the penalty, you refuse to take in the names?"

"I refuse; nay, more, I distinctly disbelieve that Miss Virtue Le Moyne has authorized you to do this. I shall go this instant and learn her mind from her own lips."

Mr. Hepburn rose hurriedly, but in the act of doing so uttered a sharp cry, pressed his hands upon his heart, and fell back heavily into his chair. Morgan, who knew the nature of his complaint, saw in this sudden attack, which he knew would confine him to the house for days, another of those special providences with which his career had been so strikingly marked. Instead of making any attempt to relieve the poor sufferer, who sat convulsively gasping in his chair, he merely rang the bell for the servant, pointed to the schoolmaster, and walked at a leisurely pace out of the house, as complacently self-justified as if the pillar of cloud were before him, directing all his steps.

At a late hour that evening Mr. Angus knocked at the Hall door, which was opened by Eppie.

"Can I see Miss Virtue?" asked the minister hurriedly and sharply.

The minister was one of the few whom Eppie took into her confidence, and as they were generally great friends she was rather taken aback by his abrupt, almost unfriendly manner, which, however, she put down in her own mind as having some mysterious connection with the recent occurrences that had so beclouded the household.

"Miss Virty's in her ain room, sir; but I daursay she's no sleepin'. She never is now-a-days."

"I must see her, if it is at all possible," and, contrary to his gentle wont, Mr. Angus stalked into the Hall and made at once for the library. Arrived there, instead of sitting down, he pushed back such chairs as stood in his way, and having thus cleared a space of about a dozen feet in length, he proceeded to pace it backwards and forwards, with his hands folded tight across his breast, till Eppie appeared with a pair of candles. She had placed them on the table, and was about to retire, when Mr. Angus, seizing her by the arm, retained her in the room, and shut the door violently.

"Now, Eppie," said he; and when she looked up into his face she saw that he was terribly changed in appearance, looking more like a desperate fiend than the man of God in whose very presence there was always so much comfort and peace—"Now, Eppie, tell me at once what has happened."

Had he approached the subject gradually and mysteriously, it is ten to one he would have

wormed out of Eppie all she knew about it. As it was, however, nothing ever so completely startled her into a state of incommunicative obstinacy as a straightforward question.

"Naething has happened that I ken o'. What wiz likely tae happen 'll no' happen. It's a dark nicht, an' there's nae moon, an' it only wants an hour till twelve."

"Yes, yes; I know it is very late for me to call. But I must see your mistress. Tell me Eppie, is she well—is she like herself?"

"Hoo can she be like herself when she hasna slept for three lang nights? Up an' doon, up an' doon, murmurin' an' prayin' the very same as if she had done the ill."

"What ill?"

Mr. Angus would have found it but a vain examination, even had he had time to proceed, but at this moment Virtue entered the room. Though she shook hands with him, and signed to Eppie to go, and took the chair beside the window just as she might have done had all been as of old, the minister was struck with a certain strange unconscious air about her, as if while seeing and comprehending all that was before her, she were yet attentively bent on something unseen to others. She was calmly collected, and yet singularly abstracted. She moved and spoke with perfect composure, and yet her hand was hot, and her face unnaturally flushed. She had the air of one who had just issued from a struggle, calmly triumphant, but not yet free from the heat of battle.

"Have you heard anything of Mr. Hepburn to-night, Miss Virtue?" asked the minister. This he thought was the best introduction to what he had to say.

"No," replied Virtue, apparently starting from her abstraction. "There is nothing wrong, I hope?"

"He has been seized again to-night, and is lying quite helpless. He could not even speak to me when I saw him to-night."

"Oh, Mr. Angus! And can we do nothing?"

"Nothing. Dr. Campbell has ordered that no one be admitted to see him. He hopes, however, that he will weather this attack, as he has done others before."

"I almost hope not," was the involuntary reply; "for then we shall all be together."

"What can you mean, Miss Virtue?"

"Nothing—nothing," replied Virtue, recovering herself: "I am not well: I scarcely know what I say;" and she joined her hands over her poor throbbing head, and looked so weary and sad that Mr. Angus almost cursed himself for breaking in upon her time of repose. But he had something to say, and he was determined to say it.

"Miss Virtue, on account of this sudden illness of our dear friend his duties as Session Clerk fall upon me. To-night I have either been insultingly trifled with, and your name most wantonly profaned, or else... there is something fearfully wrong."

Virtue did not change her attitude, but continued to regard him with a mournful calmness

that to him was quite inexplicable. He thought he could almost detect in her look a kind of regretful love. The old retiring deference was gone. She seemed to be viewing him from some lofty ground where "virgin liberty" was beyond reproach. He had come to expostulate with her, to counsel her, mayhap to rebuke her: yet there was that in her whole bearing which awed him in spite of himself—a halo of immovable resolve about her, borrowed from the light of a land to which his soul had not risen, and which he could not comprehend. Had he seen her visibly in the clouds, with her foot on the crescent moon, he could hardly have felt more distinctly how far he was beneath her, because of that mystic something which made her, in spite of her weary look and fevered hand, like the denizen of a higher sphere. He paused before the sad grandeur of her silence, and knew not what to say further.

"What have you come to tell me, Mr. Angus?" asked she at length, in a tone that seemed to him almost compassionate.

"I can hardly put words upon it, Miss Virtue. Have you seen Mr. Morgan to-day?"

"I have."

"Has he your authority . . . I fear almost to insult you by asking it . . ."

"Spare yourself, Mr. Angus; I know what you would say. He *has* my authority."

"You are the victim of some wicked coercion, Miss Virtue," said the minister, after a pause, and almost choking with agitation. "You loathe the man, I know it. Then the unseemly hurry!—Pardon me; it is as a friend I come. Can I do *nothing* to save you from this?"

"Nothing whatever, Mr. Angus. It *must* be."

"Am I not to know the cause of it?"

"The very nature of the case binds me to secrecy."

"I tell you it must not be," cried Mr. Angus, rising, unable any longer to contain his feelings. "A sordid hypocrite! A heartless, worldly wretch! You *must* be acting wrongly. Oh, Miss Virtue, now that Mr. Hepburn can no longer advise, will you not put it in my power to be of service to you, to release you from the necessity of such awful sacrifice, to cut the coils of this reptile from around you—"

"I know your friendship well, Mr. Angus," interrupted Virtue. "I count it no boldness now to tell you it is the most precious thing I have on earth. But you cannot prove it to me more clearly than by ceasing to oppose me in this. Heaven has shown me my way."

"Once more, Miss Virtue. Is it a matter in which money can be of any service? I have private means and powerful friends. Everything I have is at your service!"

"Your kindness only pains me, sir. Nevertheless I thank you. But my resolution is irrevocable. Forgive me, Mr. Angus. I am strangely weary. Good night."

"Stay, stay, Miss Virtue! Look at this!" He drew from his breast that portrait of her

which had been washed ashore from the wreck of the Great Chartray. "Think how many times he looked on it—he, the soul of all that was honourable and good! Think how often he has kissed it out of the fulness of his large and loving heart! Think how, I doubt not, it was the last thing he looked at ere he went on duty on that fearful night! Doubtless this was to him the last dear amenity of life. And now it comes more like a voice from him than as the image of yourself, reminding you that your heart is pledged by a vow to what is holy and good, and that your union with worldliness and hypocrisy will be treachery to the memory of him, the sacredness of whose kiss all the fury of the storm has not been able to destroy! See these marks, Miss Virtue. That was the very water that quenched the light of his eyes!—Have you so far forgotten him that I need appeal to you thus?"

The minister might well ask the question. He had hoped that the sight of this sacred relic would open the fountain of her tears, and restore her to her better self. But Virtue merely took it from his hand, gazed upon it tearlessly, turned it over and over as if in pleasing perplexity, and then pressed it to her hot lips.

"Who gave you this?" asked she, at length, abstractedly.

"The sea gave it me," said the minister, half offended at what he could not help fancying was want of feeling.

"Take it then from me, Mr. Angus. I give it you."

"Miss Virtue," replied he, "a few hours ago such a gift would have had a meaning for me that would have made me happier than I can ever hope to be on this side of heaven: As it is, it only adds to my wretchedness. Of that, however, I say nothing, lest the suspicion of selfish motives should mar my present cause. Yet once more—oh once more, Miss Virtue, ere you throw yourself for ever into such a gulf of certain misery, can money, influence, a life devoted to your service, without hope of reward—can anything that a man *can* do save you from this dreadful alternative?"

Virtue seemed to hear him impatiently—moved her arms hither and thither wearily and nervously, and sighed as if her heart would break.

"Ah! sir, spare me. This is the saddest part of the trial, and you but add to its bitterness. I thank you—for the last time good night."

Out in the dark night, under the gloom of giant trees, through which the night wind was sighing with the world-old grief, the minister felt struck with what had struck him before on his melancholy journey in search of the dead—the grand immutability of Nature as contrasted with human vicissitude. Yet he did not feel, as many would teach, that this great immutability should make human suffering appear small and insignificant. Ah, no. He felt rather that the multitudinous sighing of the melancholy leaves, and the old sorrow of the giant trees as they strained and waved to and fro

under the wind of night, were as nothing compared with one pang of grief in a living human heart. He was in no mood for philosophizing, however. He scarcely dared to collect his thoughts at all; for he knew, in his heart of hearts, that the hope of his life was quenched, and quenched—oh, so cruelly! Had the direct finger of Providence “swept the lines” of her beauty, hushed her voice, and closed her eye, that would have been grief indeed. But a living death! was it not a thousand times worse? And he to be called upon to witness the sacrifice, perhaps himself to offer it! Oh! was it not cruel that she, the gentle, the blameless, should thus be blighted in her first affection, and now compelled to have all her better nature perverted to sordid uses? Was it not cruel that he, who had striven to live in favour with God and man, should be made, perforce, the minister of this unhallowed sacrifice, and himself one of the victims? Then his thoughts recoiled upon himself in bitter reproach that he who had so often preached faith even in direst tribulation, should himself see nothing but darkness. A moment might work deliverance. Yet, whence was it to come!

At war with his own thoughts, the minister courted the kindred gloom of night, and paced wearily up and down under the moaning trees. He was excited, and he thought that this would stay his burning thoughts more effectually than the close atmosphere of his study. At least so he said to himself, but his deep, unconfessed motive was the desire to be near her in her distress, and to pray for her within the precincts of her own abode. Little did he know that on the next day he would have given worlds to have been able to say that he had been in his study at that midnight hour!

Some minutes before twelve Eppie was at the Eerie Burn, by Lady Lilburn's tree. It was a moonless and starless night, so dark as to render almost undistinguishable the edge of the gorge, with its border of brackens, and the long branches that stretched over the side from the great old tree bridging the chasm. On one of these Eppie sat swaying herself to and fro, muttering to herself her uncouth rhymes, and now and again murmuring faintly snatches of weird old songs. Sometimes startled by some noise, real or supposed, she would stop suddenly, listen for some moments, and then relapse into her incantations. Presently she heard the first stroke of twelve borne faintly on the wind from the town clock of Borrowbridge, and muttering to herself “His hour is come,” she leapt nimbly from her perch to the ground, just in time to see dimly the figure of Morgan feeling his way cautiously along the edge of the gorge. He was within a few yards of where she was standing, when Eppie was startled by hearing her name called by a distant but well-known voice.

“Whisht! whisht!” whispered she to Morgan; “Miss Verty has missed me, an’ she’s efter me. Jist wait till I come. I’ll skirt roond

tae the hoose by anither road, but I’ll shune be back.”

Whereupon the black shadow representing Eppie disappeared from Morgan's sight, followed by low mutterings from the latter, the purport of which was anything but benedictory.

“Some infernal fool's trick,” grumbled he at length, as he began to shiver, partly from the loneliness and darkness of his position, and partly from the midnight cold. “Let me but get hold of her, and if I don't shake her ower these rocks within an inch of her life I'm not what I take myself to be. But I'll have these letters first, since I've taken the trouble to come for them.”

He sat down on one of the branches that protruded over the chasm, shivering and cursing. And he thought he could discern the black figure. It came nearer and nearer, but too slowly for his impatient mood of mind. When it was within a few yards of him he sprang up in a fury, and, seizing hold of it, dragged it to the very edge of the abyss. “Give me the letters at once, ye hag!” he cried, “or over ye go! None o' yer tricks with me. Ye'll rue every minute ye've kept me waiting!”

The figure did not speak; did not even move a hand to resist. Yet there was a hand, and a heavy blow, and Morgan, relaxing his hold, fell, with a fearful cry, into the deep, dark gorge!

At that very moment Mr. Angus, followed by Eppie wringing her hands and shouting that her mistress was lost, rushed to the spot just in time to catch in their arms the fainting form of Virtue Le Moyne!

CHAP. XVII.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF HENRY ANGUS.

Manse of Borrowbridge.

10th July, 185—.—I have seen her to-day for the first time since her recovery. What a change! Alas for the golden hair and the light of the once bright eyes! Poor, poor Virtue! She does not know yet with what she stands charged.

She knew me, and asked me where she was, and why the windows were grated! What could I say? I merely told her to be calm—her who, heaven knows, was calmer than myself. I fear a terrible relapse when she hears that her uncle is dead, and she herself charged with—No, I cannot, will not write it, for it is a falsehood, and a sin against all that is pure and good in human nature. I will sooner believe that a miracle has been wrought, that the blow that slew him was from an angel or a demon, than that Virtue Le Moyne lifted her hand to harm a human creature even in her delirium. Though I heard the blow, and the terrible cry, though I was on the spot in a moment, and saw her standing alone—though I saw the blood on her dress when she was carried into the Hall—

though I found the bloodstained axe next morning on the very spot at which she had stood, I know as well as if an angel of God had told me that Virtue Le Moyne has no more part nor lot in the deed than Gabriel himself!

How strange that Eppie still persists that *she* is the murderess! No: when the blow was given, Eppie was rushing wildly about, along with myself, seeking her mistress. Eppie is willing to die for Virtue Le Moyne, and will perjure herself to save her

The chaplain is much interested in Virtue. He has undertaken the awful task of disclosing her position to her. Heaven help him!

Some say it will go hard with her. Oh no, no! I have passed some weeks in such heaviness and darkness of soul as surely man has seldom endured. I have doubted the watchfulness of Providence, and speculated on possible imperfection in the moral government of God, till all my past life has come up to mock me, all my professions, all my sermons, all my death-bed consolations. I have thought, and wrestled with my thoughts, till my reason has trembled in the balance, and I have lost my hold upon all truth whatever. But when I saw Virtue today, when I read in her pale, worn face the calmness and the spirit of heaven, I was filled with an inexpressible trust that still upholds me. I know that she shall not die, and that she shall yet stand without reproach before God and man.

I am to hear to-morrow from the chaplain. God bless thee, this night, in thy lonely grated chamber, poor stricken heart! Soon, too soon, shalt thou know all the passing cruelty of thy lot. Oh, could I but take thy burden and bear it for thee: for thou art weak, and weary, and sore pressed!

July 11th.—She has been told. Strange to say, she listened to it all as if it did not concern her, and shortly afterwards fell into a profound slumber. On awaking she asked for the chaplain, and when he appeared she begged him to relate all once more. A singular strength, both of body and mind, seemed to have come to her. She said she was glad to know that her uncle had died before the charge was brought against her. In answer to a question from the chaplain, she said she remembered during the first part of her illness labouring under the idea that she was directed by heaven to take away her own life. She remembers walking about for many hours as in a dream, from which she awoke for a moment into the consciousness that some one was dragging her to the very edge of the Eerie Burn. She has a dim recollection of seeing a figure rise up behind her assailant—a woman, she thinks. Then something waved in the air, and there was a blow, and a fearful cry—and she remembers no more till she awoke from her fever in her prison-chamber.

This, then, is the truth—there was *another* hand, and Virtue Le Moyne is above crime. But how to establish this? . . . If legal skill can rescue her from martyrdom at the hands of erring human justice she

is safe. I have placed all my private means at the disposal of a friend, who will secure the aid of the leading counsel of the day. I have so arranged that she shall not know from what quarter the assistance comes. No, Virtue! when thou comest forth from thy prison, justified in all eyes, as pure and uncontaminated as if suspicion had never breathed upon thy name, when I ask thee then if thou thinkest that thou canst learn to love me, thou shalt not answer under the pressure of obligation. Thou shalt not know that I have befriended thee, and the compulsion of gratitude shall not mar the readiness of thy consent. And even should it be, as well it may, that thou shalt withhold thy heart from me, I shall still be able to rejoice, with some measure of joy, that I have a share in thy life, which thou knowest not of, and which thou canst not deny me!

The trial will soon be on now. The whole country is excited, and never with greater reason—a stainless girl charged with the darkest of crimes. Those who know her not weep for her. How much greater is our sorrow, across whose path *her* life lay like a gleam of sunshine?

What must be her thoughts at this moment? Perhaps calmer than my own. Is there not a peace that passeth understanding?

Glassburgh, 2nd August.—What a morrow awaits me! To-morrow I shall be bound by the most solemn oath to speak words that may affect the life I love dearest in all the world. I tremble as I write. The words swim vaporously before me. Oh, I could weep tears of blood! Strange mystery of Providence, that singles *me* out as the chief witness against her! What will *she* think of me, when she hears me speak the words that of all others will go hardest against her? My trust gives way. . . . My faith fails me! What if this mystery of mysteries is about to become darker yet, and—oh, heaven!—to close with the sweetest human life that ever gladdened the world! What if British men should nerve their hearts against compassion, and just *because* she is so beautiful, so meek, so tender, crush their finest feelings out of a mistaken sense of duty! It is too possible; and oh, I begin, I begin to doubt!

I have just seen Mr. D—, our leading counsel. Even at this eleventh hour he is at a loss to think whether to ground the defence on the supposition of another possible party on the spot at the time, or on the possibility of the deed having been done unconsciously while in a state of temporary insanity. This is horrible! Yet he says the proof against her is almost unassailable. First the motive (for Mr. Hepburn has told him all); second, her being discovered alone on the spot at the very instant the blow was heard and the cry uttered; third, the blood on her dress; fourth, the axe found on the spot where she had stood, and this axe identified as the one belonging to the Hall-kitchen! Oh yes, I can see how it *must* look in the eyes of others. And I, even I, am ordained to be the chief instrument in establishing these things against

her! Dear God! slay me and spare this tender lamb! Oh my heart's heart, my unspoken, yet the light of my life! condemn me not when my oath shall bind me, as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment to speak the truth, and the whole truth! If the words I utter shall touch thy most blessed life, I know that thou thyself wilt acknowledge me justified in that day, and place thy shining hand in mine, and bid me come and share the abundance of thy gladness.

As I write I receive a bible from Virtue by the hands of the chaplain: I open it where the leaf is turned down, to draw my attention to some particular passage. I see her pencil-mark opposite a verse, the words of which are—"Whoso sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." Kind, kind Virtue! In the midnight of her tribulation, in the very valley of the shadow of death, she forgets her own position to think of mine. She knows, then, that the words which touch her life touch me too! She recognizes that her hurt is my hurt, her cause mine. She, in some measure at least, shares the issue between herself and me. If aught can strengthen me at such an hour, it is this. Does not the very message say much for her state of mind? The tender girl rebukes me!

I look again. What is this? Here, again, she has marked the holy words—"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over unto death."

Shall I dare to doubt now? I still suffer, but I am strong.

3rd August.—I wonder that I can write at all, while the life of my own life trembles in the balance. Yet what can I do to stay the conflict of my troubled thoughts?

What a day this has been! All that I have seen floats restlessly before my eyes like the unreal and commingling phantasmagoria of a fevered dream. Judges and lawyers, and eager multitudes, a confused array of faces, all intensely sorrowful; and amidst them all, the one angelic countenance, pale as marble, calmly beautiful as death! Her face was seen only once. She lifted her veil when I entered the witness-box, doubtless to show me that her faith was unshaken, and to encourage me to fulfil the painful duty to the letter of my oath. As she did so, there was a low murmur of pity and admiration heard over the whole court. Not a word could be distinguished; but no outspoken eloquence could have been more expressive than the inarticulate quiver of the air as it vibrated with the faint whispering of many lips. I felt myself endued with supernatural fortitude. I felt that the plainer and the fuller the truth evidenced, the more certain would be the establishment of her innocence. I could not, cannot even yet see *how*; but I am persuaded that innocence and truth kiss mutually. I cannot trace the ramifications of circumstance beyond a few short stages; nevertheless I know that all the streams of truth shall yet meet in the river of the water of life. What I have

spoken I have spoken, and, being truth, it *must* point heavenward. This is that faith which even now is illuminating the darkness of Virtue's prison-chamber. I feel that faith is one; and faith being the life of the just, she in bonds and I free are yet living one and the same life. Even now there is more kindred life between her and me, though placed at the opposite poles of social existence, than between that great lord who this day sat in judgment over her, and me, who have no joy to cling to, like the bible of the poor prisoner.

Never before did I feel so distinctly how infinitely far the pure essence of joy is removed above circumstance. I understand the joy of martyrdom now. I believe that Virtue Le Moyne, the pitied of all, is at this moment either calmly asleep, or revelling rejoicingly within the treasure-house of her own heart. Ignominy is a mere superinduction. There is no such thing apart from crime. Innocent death that the just law may have its course—a death like this, met cheerfully and without murmuring, is to my mind the martyrdom that merits the brightest crown.

But thou shalt not die, oh, my beloved one! Thou shalt yet live, to gladden those who love thee; and the first words thou shalt hear, when thy prison-doors are opened, shall be the offer of the heart of one who believed thee to be so closely allied to all that is true and holy, who believed thy interests to be so vitally intertwined with all virtue and goodness everywhere, that he would not lie even to save thy life!

Mr. Hepburn being still too ill to leave his bed, his evidence, as taken down in the presence of witnesses, was read to-day. Mary Maclean, Morgan's wife, and her present husband were subjected to a most rigid cross-examination, resulting in nothing. Eppie's evidence was so contradictory, and her whole bearing so wild and mad-like, that she was removed from the box as an unfit witness, and taken into custody. At one time she persisted that she was the murderer; at another that she only intended to do the deed, but that in her temporary absence while searching for her mistress, some one else had done it. In one thing, however, she never varies—that it was she who brought the axe from the Hall kitchen and hung it on one of the low branches of Lady Lilburn's tree, to be ready for use. Those who assume Virtue's guilt, see in this nothing but the mutual complicity of mistress and maid. Dr. Campbell's evidence was purely professional. He bore strong testimony to the general soundness and even remarkable strength of Virtue's mind, apart from the usual delirium occasioned by fever. All these things are against her, yet will I hope—even against hope.

CHAP. XVIII.

The last hours of the trial were drawing nigh. The jury had retired. It was anticipated

that their deliberation would be a lengthened one. As hour by hour dragged along, Mr. Angus's anxiety became more and more intolerable. At length he could endure the atmosphere of the crowded court no longer. As he felt himself grow weaker and weaker he became convinced that, whatever the result, it would be necessary for him, if he was to be able to act at all, to receive the news of the decision gradually. Accordingly, he left the court, and took up his station at the window of a small hotel immediately opposite. Here he sat, watching the crowds that besieged the door of the courthouse, painfully observant, in the midst of his agony of suspense, of the minutest detail of dress, manner, or action that passed before his eyes. There was violent discussion going on—one topic filling every mind.

Mr. Angus had not sat many minutes when two young men belonging to a class whose main characteristics, so far as I have been able to discover, consist of huge finger-rings and dirty nails, entered the room and called for whiskey-and-water.

"Terrible long business this, Tom," said the one.

"Much longer to me than to you, Jim, my boy. I should rather think."

"How's that?"

"Why, I've a terrible big bet on the verdict, man. Hundred to one, with Jack Allan."

"Well, many's the bet I've made, Tom; but, upon my word, I would not like to bet on a girl's life."

"Hard up, Jim—hard up. What can a fellow do? Besides, I've bet on 'Not guilty'—that's the humane side, you know. Here's luck to her, poor thing," said he, tossing off a stiff bumper, and ordering another. "I'm not going back to that infernal hot place, I know. I've stationed Bob M'Nair at the door, to bring me over the news as soon as it's known. He's not the boy to lose a moment."

Mr. Angus was acutely conscious of every word, and hid his face in his hands for very shame. Suddenly, a shout from the crowd startled him. The two men rushed to the window and threw it open; and now all things swam before the minister's eyes, and for a moment he lost altogether both sight and sound. At length he heard one of the young men say:

"There's Bob M'Nair rushing across the street. Hang it, I hope it's all right! There's his foot on the stair already. He's rushing up like mad!"

The door burst open, and a jockey-looking man rushed into the room. Mr. Angus roused himself, and turned quickly round with the others.

"Which side did ye bet on?" shouted the new comer.

"Not guilty."

"Then yer hunder's gone, sir. Ye've lost. But look! look! Catch hold of that gentleman!"

Mr. Angus had fainted. When he next opened his eyes he found himself in a strange

bed. A man, evidently a waiter, stood by, bathing his temples with vinegar.

"Where am I?" asked he suddenly, raising himself on his elbow; but before the waiter could answer he remembered all.

"What is that noise outside?" asked he, vainly struggling to rise.

"Keep still, sir; keep still," said the waiter, kindly. "I'll soon see. I declare—it's the mob. If they havena' unyoked the horses from Mr. D——'s carriage, and they're draggin' him in't. That's the young leddy's counsel, sir. The whole town's mad wi' joy at the poor thing's escape."

"Escape?"

"Yes, sir; her escape."

"But the verdict?"

"Did you not hear it, sir? The verdict was 'Not proven.'"

CHAP. XIX.

Letter from Virtue Le Moyne to Mr. Hepburn:

"Glasburgh, 8th August, 185—.

"MY DEAR, DEAR FATHER,—When this reaches you I shall be far from you. Oh how I have longed to go to you, and to weep out my farewell beside you! But I fear your power over me to shake my purpose. I trust, however, when you have read this, that you will hold me justified in what I am about to do.

"In the long lonely hours of those painful weeks I have had ample time to make up my mind to face any issue. I was perfectly prepared for either of two events—entire acquittal from the charge of crime, or (at least I fancy I was prepared for it), innocent death, that justice might be glorified. It is strange that the middle course never suggested itself to me during all my weary meditations. For this I was not prepared. I am not condemned; but I am not justified. The charge of murder still lies upon me. I am still amenable to law. In such a state of circumstances I cannot return to taint the atmosphere of my native home with the breath of suspicion—to cloud the old household with the ever-present sense of danger. Never again can I sit in the old church among the unblemished children of God, until I am proved to be even as they are. Meantime, I pray you not to seek after me. I desire concealment. I have taken refuge under another name, and I now seek employment—no matter what, if it is honest and useful. I shall ever be ready to deliver myself up again into the hands of my judges, should any further apparent proof rise up against me, or any judicial inquiry be set on foot regarding me. I have made the necessary arrangements with regard to my pension, which I leave in trust of yourself and Dr. Campbell, to be drawn at the proper dates for the maintenance of my dear aunt.

"Think you that I write this without tears? Ah, no. A few nights ago I was very near you. Under the cover of darkness I revisited all my old haunts, with the one sad exception of my own home. I am glad my dear aunt is out of it. Nothing could be better than the little cottage in which Mr. Angus has caused her to be placed. I learned this last of his many kindnesses through the chaplain of the

prison. But, as I said, I was very near you. I sat on your stair, and prayed God's blessing on you. I lay on the grass, across the narrow gleam of light that escaped from the shutters of Mr. Angus's study-window, and on him too I invoked a blessing. I knelt beside Willie's grave, and vowed that until I shall be where he is, his God shall be my God. I found the recent turf under which my poor uncle lies, beside his ancestors; and, even while weeping for his loss, I thanked God that he was dead.

"For my sake be kind to Eppie when she shall be released, as I am told she will be soon. Tell her I desired her to be kind to my aunt, and to serve her as she would serve me. Let her wages be continued.

"Tell Mr. Angus how I honour him. I cannot trust myself to speak of him as I fain would. But as he values my friendship let him have respect to my concealment.

"Farewell then, dear father—a thousand times father! I did not leave your neighbourhood until I heard that you were convalescent. God bless you. You shall hear from me again. Surely I shall yet return with gladness. Farewell.

"Believe me, my father,

"Gratefully and lovingly yours,

"VIRTUE LE MOYNE."

C A N N I N G.

Obit 1862.

BY WILLIAM READE.

His work is done. And never yet in story
Hath lived a memory born of a name
So guerdoned with the gift of noblest fame
As his, whose early death hath been his glory.

Martyr to duty. No vain dream of passion
Or wild enthusiast-vision. He is gone
Before the light he lit had fairly shone.
He panted not for praise in common fashion.

He rests in peace. The golden bowl is broken,
The life so nobly spent cut short by toll;
But with no false end its great task to foil,
And leaving in its track full many a token.

Duty well done. There is the calm achieving
Of his best aim, and work right nobly done;
There rests the meaning of a course well run,
And that great thought should mitigate! he grieving

Of those who loved him. Yet what prior expression
Can tell the struggle of a stricken heart
Doomed from its darling silently to part,
And labouring on yet making no confession.

And such a death is sweet. The honest weeping
Of noblest souls is his remembrance' prize;
The tears that dimmed the proudest, clearest eyes,
At looking on the tomb where he lay sleeping.

Death too is strong; but powerless still to sever
The lofty memories that enshrine a soul
And bid Time's waves all onwards swiftly roll,
Yet live perennial and bloom on for ever.

THREE FLOW'RETS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

'Twas a dim old tale of beauty
Which we read at evening's fall;
When the stars were in the heavens,
And the dusk was over all.

While with eager eyes of wonder
O'er the magic page we bent,
Slowly purple shadows gathered
Till the letters came and went.

But before we put the volume
With reluctant hands away,
'Mid its leaves we placed three flow'rets:
I have looked on them to-day.

Was a mirror in their petals
To reflect my days of youth?
For like glass they gave back visions
Fraught with tenderness and truth.

I beheld my childhood's dwelling,
Framed with green and glossy leaves,
With the sparrows hopping lightly
On its porch and gabled eaves.

And I heard the river's murmur
As it flowed on to the sea;
And I saw again the faces
Which are gone from earth and me.

But the light is now departed
Which was borrowed from past years,
And the last faint trembling picture
Has been blotted out by tears.

For our life, which is so fleeting,
Steals the props on which we trust,
Leaving only mournful memories
And a heap of sacred dust.

And the sadness of the present
Can turn all the past to pain;
Why did I look on the relics
Of my childish days again?

Let the book lie on the book-shelf
With its half-forgotten lore,
Till the dust upon it gather:
I will open it no more.

Ramsgate, 1862.

THE LIFE OF AN APPLE TREE.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

This tree is beautiful in spring when covered with blossom, and still more attractive in autumn when loaded with fruit. When we look at its strong stem and branches, and then think of its smallness and feebleness at the commencement of its life—that it was once enclosed within a little seed buried beneath the soil over which it now spreads—we cannot but feel that there must be something very pleasing and instructive in the history of its life. We are about to write its life-history, and we hope so to interest our readers that they shall for the future see beauty in apple-trees, not only when covered with blossom and loaded with fruit, but also when, stripped of these ornaments, they stand naked and defoliated, spreading abroad their numerous branches under a winter's sky.

The First Year's Growth.—If we plant the seed of an apple-tree in a suitable soil, when spring and warm weather come it will begin to germinate. It first attracts the moisture from the soil to itself; this produces the softening and swelling of its outer covering, which is finally ruptured by the growth of the embryo or infant apple-tree in its interior, which sends downward through the torn seed-cover a little rootlet, and upwards a young stem to which are attached the first pair of leaves.

These leaves, which are thick and fleshy, forming the great bulk of the seed, are in reality the nursing leaves of the young embryo. We call them nursing leaves, because they perform a duty quite peculiar to themselves, and therefore different from the work done by the other leaves which subsequently appear above them. They contain a store of starch, provisions elaborated by the tree which produced the seed. On this store of starch the infant apple, with its little root and stem bearing towards its summit the first true aerial leaves, is wholly parasitic, until it is sufficiently grown to draw a sufficiency of nutriment from the earth and atmosphere and can do without the nursing leaves.

The starch thus providently stored away in the seed is converted into a soluble sugary gum called dextrine, which the water absorbed during germination conveys up the stem to the young aerial leaves. Thus nourished, they speedily expand and take the form peculiar to the plant, remaining permanently attached to the stem till the close of the vegetative season. It is otherwise with the nursing leaves, for, as the aerial leaves approach maturity we see them shrivel up; and, having supplied the nourishing matter which they contained, they finally fall from the stem. With the full development of the first true aerial leaves and the fall of the nursing leaves, the first stage of vegetative life is closed.

We have now a simple individual plant or

vegetable unit, consisting of root, stem, and leaves, having subterranean and aerial organs beautifully adapted to its nutrition, and wholly dependent for its future supplies of food on the earth and atmosphere. The full-grown apple-tree, with its massive stem and roots, its noble crown of foliage and flowers, now stands before us in its simplest form. For the first true aerial leaf is the parent of those which succeed it, its simple repetition constituting the growth of the first year; and the growth of the first year is also a unit by simple repetition of which, in the course of years, a goodly tree is at last constructed. It is therefore important to study carefully the anatomy and physiology of the first true aerial leaf—the parent of those countless numbers which appear in succession as the life of the tree progresses through its several stages; because this must furnish a key to a knowledge of the growth, not only of the first year but of succeeding years, of which the tree is the solid and enduring monument.

We see at once that the two extremities of our apple-tree, are beautifully adapted to the media in which each is developed. Its little root descends into the ground, and puts forth from its surface a number of fine, white, hair-like fibres, which are the instruments by which it absorbs inwardly food from the surrounding soil; its young stem ascends into the air, and the bark and fibre arranged cylindrically in the stem, in separate beds or layers, are spread-out horizontally at intervals in the form of flat, green plates, or absorbent surfaces called leaves. The bark, or cellular tissue of these leaves, is penetrated by the fibrous portion of the stem in the form of veins and veinlets, which communicate freely with the rootlets in the soil, and thus act as conduits of the sap from one extremity of the plant to the other. In this manner, the sap brought from all parts of our young apple-tree, becomes thoroughly spread out and aerated in the leaves. To facilitate the progress of evaporation and absorption, each leaf is provided with an epidermis or skin, through the pores or openings of which the superfluous water of the sap is evaporated, and such gases absorbed from the atmosphere as are nutritious to the plant. Hence, when fully expanded, these leaves aerate the sap more perfectly than the nursing leaves, and the growth of the plant is more rapid. They now contribute individually to each other's support; the lower leaves aiding in the growth of those that are above them, and contributing also to the development of that portion of the axis or stem which is beneath them, and to the increase in the number of rootlets in the soil. And thus vegetative power gradually accumulates. But, as the heat and

light of the sun decreases, the vital activity of the leaves diminishes, and the intervals between them as gradually cease to form, until at length the elongation of the axis or stem is wholly stopped. The current of sap is now diverted away from the leaves to the buds, forming at the bottom of every leaf-stalk in the little corner formed by the union of the leaf-stalk and the stem. This attraction of the sap away from the leaves to the buds is undoubtedly one of the principal causes which produces their decay and separation from the stem, and the fall of the leaves is therefore an infallible indication that the year's growth is being prepared for winter.

This preparation of the shoot is effected by the formation of the bud-scales, which may be truly regarded as the lowest type of leaf, because formed when the sap is stagnating in the tissues, and the vegetative forces of the plant are gradually expiring. These bud-scales are a totally different kind of leaf from the green leaves put forth by the plant during the vegetative season. They are without pores and chlorophyl or leaf-green, and are, in botanical language, imbricated—that is to say, they cover one another like the shingles on the roof of a house. They are in fact covering or protecting leaves; they do not nourish, but simply shelter the delicate growing points of the shoot. Each of these buds contains a shoot and leaves, or the entire growth of the coming year already formed in miniature, and imbedded in a warm downy investment, as may be readily proved by dissection and the use of the microscope. In this respect they are like the seed or first germ from which the whole growth of the season originated, and as the outward envelopes of the seed were adapted to the soil in which it was sheltered, so the scales of the bud are formed with reference to the cold and moisture of the atmosphere to which it is exposed.

Thus, even the defoliated first year's growth or vegetable cone is not without its attractions. There it stands, exposed to the fierce north wind. It may be coated with ice from top to bottom; perhaps the snow-covered ground, in which its roots lie imbedded, is frozen as hard as granite; it matters not, for it has covering leaves or bud-scales. They are the appointed guardians of its life, and well do they perform their office. As soon as spring and warm weather come, do we not see the young shoots, and the bright green leaves which they have covered and protected, come forth uninjured? Exposure to the air which is now mild and pleasant, will do the newly-developed shoots no harm, but is a positive benefit. The services of the covering or protective leaves of winter are therefore no longer required, and we see them fall one by one from the stem. Why? Because they have fulfilled the *purposes of Providence in their creation*. They are therefore removed from the post of duty. Thus a thing so apparently insignificant as a leaf scale is important in connection with the building up of our apple-tree. And the reader will find good reason to believe, if he takes the trouble to examine, that not only

have the leaves of apple-trees been provided and cared for through winter, but also every one of the millions of fresh green leaves annually put forth into the atmosphere.

The Second Year's Growth.—With the gradual increase of light and heat, the snow and ice disappear, the ground becomes soft and friable, the air mild and pleasant, and in the grand laboratory of organic nature, all is again ceaseless activity. The same beautiful yet evanescent floral forms adorn the earth; the bright green grass, the leafy verdure of the woods charm the senses. Our vegetable cone with its lateral and terminal buds, feels the effect of the genial influences that are abroad, and soon gives signs of a renewed vitality. The covering leaves or scales of the buds separate from each other, and the new generation of nutritive leaves which they have protected through the winter, are put forth uninjured into the atmosphere. The leaves proceeding from the bud at the summit of the vegetable cone continue the growth of the main axis or stem, whilst those developed from the lateral buds give birth to branches. If now these new growths be carefully examined, they will be found to have been constructed by the leaves on precisely the same plan as the first year's shoot. For these branches, and the additions which have been made to the stem in height, consist of precisely the same parts, viz.: a conical axis, and leaves with buds in their axilla, and a terminal bud at the apex. Each new axis or shoot which has been super-added to the first year's shoot, must therefore be regarded as a simple repetition of the first year's shoot.

It is also plain that the branches are to the main axis or stem the second year what the leaves were to it the first year, performing precisely the same functions, only in a far more energetic manner; because in this case it is not one but several leaves which are engaged in elaborating the sap, which, when duly prepared in the leaves, passes from them into the main axis or stem of the tree, through the common axis of the shoot, and thus contributes to its nutrition.

The tree has therefore a much greater amount of leaf surface at work in the air the second year than it had the first, and its chances of life are consequently multiplied a thousand-fold. For with every addition to the number of its leaves, the tree obtains a new instrument for extracting nutriment from the atmosphere, and elaborating such food as it attracts to itself from the soil. The amount of wood and bark formed is therefore much greater the second year than the first; it is, in fact, exactly proportionate to the increase in the extent of leaf-surface and the vital activity of the leaves themselves.

The sap having been exposed to the air and light in these additional leaf surfaces, is again rendered nutritious, and not only contributes to the elongation of the stem and branches, but, at the same time, to the formation of a new conical layer, or enveloping mantle of wood and bark between the wood and bark of the previous

year. Each shoot, with its system of leaves, contributes its part to the newly-formed layer, and the growth of the stem in length and thickness thus takes place at the same time.

Toward the close of the growing season, the sap is again diverted from the leaves to the buds forming in their axilla; and the protective leaves of winter having been fully matured, the second generation of nutritive leaves wither and fall from the branches and stem as before. Our apple-tree when leafless, now shows a number of shoots associated together, united to a common stem, all of which have been formed by leaves constructed after precisely the same pattern as the first year's shoot, and prepared for winter in exactly the same manner.

The third year the tree presents the same general vegetative appearances. The terminal bud continues the growth of the main stem as before, the buds on the branches produce little branchlets, which contribute to the further extension of the branches, and to the growth of the shoots forming at their summits; and the whole system of shoots thus put forth, with their leaves, co-operate in the formation of the sap into another enveloping mantle of bark and wood, which covers the stem and branches of the previous year.

In precisely the same manner does the tree continue to vegetate, every year increasing in size and strength, adding to the number of its leafy operatives, and to the amount of labour done, until it attains its greatest elevation.

A peculiar alteration in the habit of our apple-tree now becomes noticeable. For the sap is no longer expended in the extension of its stem and branches, but in the formation of its flowers and fruit. Those branches which are destined to exercise the reproductive function take at this time a short, stunted appearance, growing only a few inches or lines in length in the same time that they formerly grew as many feet; the bud-traces on the outside of the branches, the intervals between which mark the annual growths, thus become crowded together. Ultimately these branches cease to elongate altogether, and the leaf-buds at their summit assume a swollen appearance, open, and give birth to clusters of little pedicles or flower-stalks, each supporting a flower-bud.

As in the flower the vegetative powers of the leaves are reduced to zero, the axis of the floral leaves necessarily retains its rudimentary condition, and no intervals of stem form between them; they therefore remain crowded together into a sort of terminal rosette, analogous to that which is formed by the ordinary stem leaves, which remain together in clusters without metamorphosis when the branches or axis to which they are attached continues undeveloped.

If the reader carefully examines the leaves of the apple-tree which have thus been converted into floral organs, he will be struck with admiration at the simplicity and beauty of the means which Nature has adopted to effect her object. The ordinary green leaves of the stem are brought

together in order that they may act one upon the others, and are diminished in size in consequence of the gradual expiration of the vegetative force in that direction; hence this change of structure, or departure from the ordinary type of leaf increases as we pass from the outside to the inside of the flower, for the vegetative forces are gradually enfeebled in the flower and reduced to zero in its centre, where the metamorphosis of the leaf is at a maximum, or the leaf attains its highest stage of organic perfection.

The outer leaves of the floral cluster, though greatly diminished in size, yet, nevertheless, usually retain, as in the apple-flower, their green colour; they form together a little green cup-like involucre, called by botanists a calyx. Situated immediately next are the leaves of the corolla or garland, so called on account of their ornamental appearance. These are the most showy leaves in the cluster; they are slightly tinged with pink, and of a dazzling whiteness.

Now, apple-trees are hermaphrodite, that is to say they are self-impregnating, the male and female leaves being situated in the same flowers. These leaves are called by botanists stamens and pistils, and we must look for them immediately within the apple-blossom or corolla. The stamens or male leaves are very numerous in the apple-blossom, and surround the pistils or female leaves, which are usually five in number, with free styles and stigmas; their ovaries are, however, united; each ovary contains two ovules, surrounded by cartilaginous walls, forming what is called the core of the apple, and the whole is enclosed in the fleshy tube of the calyx, which by subsequent enlargement becomes the fruit.

In the stamen the stalk of the leaf is converted into a filament, and the dilated portion or blade into a club-like body called an anther. It is because the anther prepares and discharges fertilizing matter called pollen, that the stamen is called the male leaf. The pistil, also, is only a leaf folded on its midrib, the two sides of the lamina or blade being united at their margins. The apex or summit of this folded leaf, denuded of its cuticle or epidermis, corresponds to the stigma of the pistil. It is because the pistil contains ovules or unimpregnated seeds, and receives the fertilizing matter or pollen which impregnates the ovules in its interior, causing them to ripen into seeds, which contain within their folds the embryo or infant plants, that the pistil is called the female leaf. The pistils or female leaves of the flower are always situated in its centre, and are surrounded by the male leaves or stamens.

The reader will better understand these parts by the examination of an apple-blossom, and let him consult an elementary work on botany, where stamens and pistils are figured and described.

When the flower is fully expanded, at first the anthers of the stamens are unruptured, moist, and closed; but when the flower is fully matured, the anthers become dry, open their cells, and discharge their pollen on the stigmas

of the pistils, which about this time exude a clammy fluid, which serves to retain the pollen-grains. These grains absorb the fluid thus exuded from the stigmatic surface, emit delicate tubes, which, penetrating the loose cellular tissue of the style, convey the fertilising fluid contents of the pollen granule to the ovules in the ovary of the pistil. The ovules having received the impregnating matter, the embryos or miniature plants begin to form in them, and the ovules are thus gradually transformed into seeds.

The sap is now attracted to the forming fruit, away from the stamens and petals, which fade and fall off, having fulfilled their important but ephemeral functions. The stigmas and styles of the pistils disappear equally with the other parts. The ovaries alone remain to aid in the ripening of the seed contained within their cavities.

The sap elaborated in the ordinary green leaves of the stem passes through the peduncle, or what was formerly the flower-stalk, into the fleshy tube of the calyx, by which it is retained, and which now gradually enlarges, and continues to increase in size as long as the sap continues to enter it. The gorged or swollen cellular tissue or substance of the apple is formed from this sap about the cartilaginous walls of the ovaries.

The surface of the apple, whilst green, acts like an ordinary green stem-leaf on the atmosphere, absorbing carbonic-acid gas, and giving out oxygen. As it slowly loses its green colour, and assumes a ripe, ruddy appearance, it ceases to do this, absorbing the oxygen instead of giving it out. At maturity, the stalk ceases to afford any further passage for the fluids, and becomes finally unequal to the task of supporting the fruit, so that it falls to the ground. Here it lies, unless eaten by cattle, till it decays. On the approach of spring, the seeds contained within the cartilaginous walls of the ovaries, stimulated to life by the heat, put forth roots into the mass of nourishing decaying matter which surrounds them, and which was provided by Nature for this very purpose, and develop into new plants, which, should circumstances favour their growth, pass again through the same life-changes as the parent-tree on which they originated.

Such are the progressive phenomena in the growth not only of the apple-tree, but of all the trees which are natives of northern climates, modified, of course, by peculiarities of structure and constitution; but all grow in a similar manner, their forms unfolding from the seed according to the same general laws.

A few words about the death of the apple-tree, and our paper is finished.

The individual existence of a plant usually terminates with the formation of its flowers and seed. This law applies at least to annuals and biennials; but an apple-tree will continue to

flower and fruit for a great many years in succession. The reason is, that amongst its numberless shoots and branches, there are always some which permanently retain their vegetative character, and these act as a preservative against the exhausting influence of its flowers. Yet, nevertheless, we see that apple-trees die sooner or later. Not only do their different varieties of leaves die, but their shoots, branchlets, and branches, after they have arrived at their maximum development, manifest all the symptoms of a gradually expiring vitality. Nothing is more common in old apple-trees than to see these primary branches thus gradually expiring, or absolutely dead, amongst other branches, which continue to put forth annually foliage, flowers, and fruit; and the fate which thus overtakes the branches will finally overtake the whole tree. These dead branches, and especially the hollow, decayed interior of its stem, are significant of the fact that the apple-tree is old, and that its life is gradually drawing to a close.

It is, however, extremely difficult to point out clearly the several stages of vegetative inactivity till the life of our apple-tree ceases. The death appears to take place from within to without, and downwardly from above to below, or from the extremities of its branches to its roots. In most cases, however, death is brought about by violent interruptions to the natural life-processes. After having braved the storms of centuries, it is at last blown down and uprooted. Now busy, active, ever industrious Nature covers its fallen, mouldering trunk with a shroud of moss and lichen; and there it lies, until it is again resolved into its original elements of earth and air. The lofty tree, though it lives for thousands of years, must die at last, and pass away like one of the lowly annuals which it overshadows.

THE ONLY ROYAL LINEAGE.—“Not for a light cause is the great Hebrew bard shown to us as a King; for Poets are still of the only Royal Lineage.” And as Edgar spoke his face kindled with enthusiasm. “And painters?” said Philippa enquiringly, and longing for some expression that should dignify the present position of her dear friend. “The Painter, if truly deserving the name, is of course a Poet. Poetry and painting, music, sculpture, and architecture, all that make what we call the arts, must spring from those who rule by a divine right. I know very well that some of the arts, music especially, may be reduced to a science; but is not this fact an exemplification of the sometimes-forgotten truism; that the greater must include the lesser? There may be science without creative art; but true art always includes science. The music that through many generations has floated down to us on the wave of popular love, first broke on the ear as an expression of the thought and fancy that glowed in the composer’s soul; we try it by the test of science, and find it true.”—*Mrs. Blake*. By *Mrs. Newton Crosland*.

WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?

BY WALTER MARKHAM.

What is my thought like, love?

'Tis like the scented leaf
Which courts the hand, and fragrantly
 Rewards the floral thief.
Unlike all other joys,
 'Tis dearest when possessed;
And all its sweetness best exhales
 Upon the human breast.

What is my thought like, love?

'Tis like that eastern flower
Which nightly blooms—a radiant queen—
 When eve has veiled the bower.
To see her charms' warm bloom
 Is not for Day's rude light;
She sheds her beauty's best perfume
 In the jealous arms of Night.

What is my thought like, dear?

'Tis like the carrier-dove
As she bears to the lone, true-hearted knight
 Her precious freight of love.
Straight to his outstretched arms
 I see the vision dart,
Till her tender, flutt'ring form is pressed
 Close to his faithful heart.

Why is my thought then, dear,

Like all these lovely things—
Like the scented leaf, and the night's own flower,
And the bird with snowy wings?
Thy blushes are giving the answer—
 Come, rede me my riddle now:
Wouldst thou know thy lover's thought, dear?
 I'll whisper it. Listen—'Tis Thou!

THE LADY'S WISH.

(A Tradition of the Baltic.)

BY MRS. ARDY.

The Lady, of golden store possessed,
With a feeling heart was also blest,
And ever she strove by some kindly deed
To solace the wants of those in need.

Oh! why, when the Lady proudly gazed
On a stately church, by her bounty raised;
Why did she ask from the Powers above
A meet reward for her act of love?

Strange, that the Lady should fail to see
That our purest deeds of charity

Are by human sin and weakness marred,
And all unworthy divine reward!

Strange, that the Lady should seek to cling
To a world of sin and suffering;
And ask, in this weary world of tears,
For the perilous boon of lengthened years!

Yet so it was: In an evil day,
She prayed that she might not pass away
From the joys and ills of this earthly land
So long as her church unharmed should stand!

Her wish was granted—Time onward moved;
She mourn'd o'er the loss of all she loved.
Death to each dwelling a summons bore,
But he never knocked at the Lady's door.

Crosses and cares in her path she found;
Famine and pestilence reigned around.
She looked on the fearful battle-strife,
But she bore through all a charmed life.

Then she thought on her wish with deep regret,
And said "Can my church be standing yet?"
But though nations groaned beneath wrong
 and ill,
The church was firm and uninjured still.

Life grew a burden; her strength was spent;
Her eyes were dimmed, and her form was bent.
From her lips the accents slowly broke,
And she scarcely heard when another spoke.

Withered, deformed, and unsightly grown,
Shunned and neglected, she dwelt alone;
The crowd unheedfully passed her by,
And the sorrowing Lady wished to die.

When tempests raged over sea and land,
She said "Can my church still safely stand?"
But the mason's work was firm and good,
And strong and unharmed the structure stood.

From this tale a lesson we may learn—
Whene'er to the Lord in prayer we turn,
Let us ask the gifts that He deemeth best,
Nor utter a worldly and weak request.

How many would fain the baubles claim
Of state and honour, of wealth and fame!
And the Lord, all gracious, kind, and wise,
For our good the thoughtless wish denies.

Let us safely then on His love repose,
And tremble to tempt the fate of those
Who often mourn through a life of care
The dire results of a Granted Prayer.

CRESEIDE AND CRESSIDA.

By the Author of the "Photographer's Story."

Chaucer's *Creseide* and Shakespeare's *Cressida*—I propose to compare together these two renderings of the same character. The difference of orthography (I simply take the names as they stand in the modern editions of the poets which happen to be at hand) will prove serviceable in distinguishing the two.

We need not discuss how far either lady is the exclusive property of the poet under whose name she appears. In literature, as in life, this Cressid has passed through many hands. If some aleeve or brooch of an old possessor is found decorating the present possessor, for the sake of good manners the less said about it in these pages the better. Such discussions we relegate to the learned columns of "Notes and Queries." It is our purpose to examine the two statues in an artistic light, not in a scientific. As to the geological peculiarities of the quarries from which the blocks of marble were dug we care little.

Neither need the question, "Whether Shakespeare has borrowed from Chaucer?" detain us. Although the play contains some passages parallel to passages in the poem, yet even these may have been derived from a common authority. The ancient forgeries of "Dares and Dite," the Italian of Boccaccio, with many an old English *gest* in prose or verse lay open to both poets. Chaucer, it is said, has translated largely from Boccaccio's "Filostrato." In Shakespeare there are fragments, easily to be distinguished, of an older play. There was no law against literary piracy in those days. Inverted commas were, I believe, unknown to the printer's art and mystery. We need not trouble ourselves about these petty larceny transactions just now.

Manifestly and without a shadow of doubt *Creseide* and *Cressida* are quite distinct the one from the other. From whatever quarries they came, the artists have stamped their signs manual upon them. No longer we talk of marble Parian or Pentelic, but of the workmanship of Phidias or Praxiteles.

It is the custom to maintain, as the very root of Shakespearian belief, that that writer has no individuality, that he simply performs the office of a mirror. Not to be heterodox, we will allow that it may partly be this negative kind of sign-manual which stamps *Cressida* as Shakespeare's. His she certainly is, and could be no other's. In *Creseide* no one will forbid us to say that Chaucer is clearly to be found. Fettered by no dramatic forms, he does not attempt to disguise that he is sorry for the evil fame of his heroine and will do what he can to excuse her. He leads her forward by the hand, vowing, like some ancient knight, to maintain her honour and defend her person with his life. We cannot look upon *Creseide* to see what manner of per-

son she is, without taking in at the same time the figure of this, her gentle, quiet, courteous protector.

Chaucer needs not to put his *trou* upon this figure of *Creseide*. Every line and contour of it is unmistakably his. We find him in it—his spirit, his facial expression—just as we find Raphael himself in Raphael's portraits, or Vandyck in Vandyck's.

It is curious to imagine either poet setting to work to draw this character, and to watch the gradual outcome of their conceptions. "The primitive statue and oblique memorial" of feminine falseness—to depict *that* is the task they set before them. Shakespeare never wavers for a moment in his purpose. His aim is to draw the person who shall serve evermore as the type of infidelity in woman. Chaucer, on the other hand, fixes his attention on the *circumstances* which could possibly betray an unfortunate lady into so evil a fate. This gentle Chaucer recoils from the catastrophe that must come; he lavishes on *Creseide* all the fair gifts he has at his disposal, to compensate for the disgrace that is looming in the distance. With a despairing gallantry he makes her more modest and virtuous than all other women; so long as she is true she shall be truth itself. She is cajoled and tricked into the first naughtinesses that she commits; afterwards her misfortunes are made to answer for her sins. With such an uncle as Pandar, the discreetest of all ladies could scarcely hope to keep the path of prudence; with such a friend as Diomed the most woe-begone must find some comfort, the most constant some temptation to temporary flirtation. Time, too, he artfully brings in as the great disposer of events. Shakespeare (not at other times a stickler for the unities) with cruel severity of purpose makes *Cressida* pass over from Troilus to Diomed within the compass of a day. Three years, if I remember right, did the loves of Troilus and *Creseide* continue, before that unhappy exchange of prisoners. And then, before Diomed succeeded to Troilus, there elapsed an indefinite period.

But truly how long it was bitwene,
That she forsoke him for this Diomed,
There is none authour telleth it I wene.
Take every man now to his bookes hede,
He shall no terme finden, out of drede,*
For though that he began to wowe her sone,
Ere he her wan, yet was there more to done.

Having lingered as long as possible over the early portion of *Creseide's* history, he hurries over the shameful close, dropping his heroine

* *Drede*, Doubt.

by the way, trying to forget her, and forgiving her with all his heart.

No me no list this selte woman chide
Further than the storie wold devise,
Her name alas ! is published so wide,
That for her gilt it ought yuough suffice,
And if I might excuse her in any wise,
For she so sorrie was for her untrouth,
Ywis* I would excuse her yet for routh.

Chaucer's Cresside is a lady good and modest by nature, who through untoward circumstances is sorely tempted, and who only succumbs after long and patient resistance.

Shakespeare's Cressida, on the contrary, is the very impersonation of frailty. He fairly works out his problem. "As false as Cressid," is the text from which he preaches. She—this embodied falseness—is to be the antithesis to Troilus's "vice of truth." Circumstances really have no influence on Cressida. Under any other course of events she would have proved the same. If she had remained in Troy, the sole difference would have been that some Trojan would have played the part of Grecian Diomed. Shakespeare has depicted her as thoroughly sensuous—sensuous in its true meaning. She is influenced only through the senses, and thus feels and acts on fresh impulses from moment to moment. "The error of her eye directs her mind." Her love for Troilus and sorrow at the parting are true enough at the moment; though I suspect that as she walks hand-in-hand with Priam's youngest son from Troy-gate, she is already casting admiring eyes on strutting Diomed. Shakespeare finds in this sensuousness—this slavery to momentary outward impressions the root of the proverbial falseness of Cressid. Sensuousness—that is his solution of the problem. It might have been a different solution; falseness is a vice of cold as well as of hot blood, of deliberate purpose as well as of sudden impulse. Chaucer finds his solution (if, indeed, he does not altogether shirk and give up the solution) in circumstances, as we said above, not in the temperament of Cresside herself.

Ulysses gives us the portrait of Cressida, done to the life.

Nestor. A woman of quick sense.

Ulysses. Fie, fie upon her !
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip ;
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O ! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give occasion† welcome are it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling reader, set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity."

The stress in this description is laid exclusively upon bodily signs. Again, in the famous scene of the meeting of Troilus and Cressida, the effect upon the reader's mind is the same.

Her blushes, her drawing and withdrawing of her veil, her attempts at escape, "the fetching of her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow"—every point tends to the same effect. She is almost a body without a soul. The impersonation of sensuousness is carried as far as it could be, without outraging human nature. We see every motion, each ebb and flow of her restless blood, each glance of her eyes; but we do not comprehend her thoughts or feelings. There is nothing under her malicious wit; the manner of her speaking, the gestures wherewith she eked out her double-meanings, are far more plain to us than what is passing in her mind.

Still, although her personal presence is so palpably manifest to us, Cressida is rather a type of a class of women than an individual woman. We all know Cressida. Fortunate the man who has not sighed at her feet, like Troilus, and been jilted, for a modern Diomed who waltzes instead of "heeling the high lavolt." Cresside, on the other hand, is not a type, but an individual. Although Cressida is all corporeal, yet we know little of her *peculiar* personal charms. That her hair was "somewhat darker than Helen's," that her hand was white and soft—general hints of this kind are all we get. But Chaucer gives out "diverse schedules" of Cresside's beauty; "it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled."

Cresside meane was of her stature,*
Thereto of shape, of face, and eke of chere,
There might ben no fairer creature,
And ofte time this was her manere,
To gone yressed with her hairens clere
Down by her colere, at her back behind,
Which with a threde of gold she would bind.

And save her browes joyneden yfere,†
There was no lacke, in aught I can esplen ;
But for to speken of her eyen clere,
Lo, truely they writen that her seien,
That Paradis stood formed in her eyen,
And with her riche beauty evermore
Strove love in her, als which of hem ‡ was more.

She sober was, eke simple, and wise withall,
The best ynorished eke that might bee,
And goodly of her speech in generall,
Charitable, estately, lusty, and free,
Ne nevermore, ne lacked her pitee,
Tender-hearted, aliding † of corage,
But truly I can not tell her age.

The meeting together of the eyebrows is a special outward mark stamping Cresside as an individual. Why Chaucer chose this peculiarity—whether he copies from some living model, whether he has some dim physiognomic meaning, or whether simply he found it so written in the ancient authorities—I cannot tell. Many other passages there are, many scattered touches of description, which, if collected to-

* *Meane*, Of middle height.

† *Hem*, Them.

‡ *Yfere*, Together.

§ *Sliding*, Uncertain, variable.

* *Ywis*, Certainly † Collier's Emendator.

gothic here, would give "every particle and utensil" of Cressida's beauties, bodily and mental. We cannot transplant Cressida into our modern drawing-rooms; she belongs to the circumstances in which she is placed. We do not greet her instantly as an acquaintance, as we greet Cressida; she is a stranger whom we might have chance to know, but do not know.

Thus it happens that Cressida, with all her charms so carefully inventoried, with her peculiarity of eyebrows, with all her thoughts and feelings laid bare before us, is not a living and breathing creature, such as Cressida, the type.

The chief differences, then, that we find between Cressida and Cressida are—first, that Cressida is the passive victim of circumstances, while Cressida has in her own nature the active cause of the wrongs she commits. There is no necessity that Cressida should possess any special temperament, only that she should be sufficiently weak to succumb to circumstances. Thus gentleness and pitifulness are her characteristics. Cressida, on the other hand, must have a force within herself sufficient to bring about the sin against constancy which she is to commit. This force might have been other than sensuousness, but sensuousness is the force that Shakespeare has chosen. Cressida and Cressida, both having to act the same part, become direct contrasts. Cressida is exquisitely pure; Cressida rises above the animal instincts only just so high as to save her humanity.

The second point of difference (to some extent a consequence of the first) consists in the individuality of Cressida and the typicality of Cressida. For my own part, I have no doubt that Cressida is copied from the life. There are minute touches in the descriptions of her, which no vividness of fancy unassisted could have imagined. The consequences of this second difference is somewhat paradoxical at first sight, viz., that the individual appears less a living reality than the type. Upon slight consideration, however, this will explain itself.

The first introduction of our two ladies is in either case characteristic and suggestive. Chaucer heralds Cressida with a flourish of trumpets:

So angelike shone her native beaute
That no mortal thing seemed she:
And therewith was she so perfect a creature,
As she had been made in scorning of nature.

Our pity and respect are bespoken for her:

New had Calcas left in this mischance,
Unwist of this false and wicked dede,
A daughter, whiche was in great penance,
And of her life she was full sure in drede,
And wist no never what best was to rede:
And as a widdow was she, and all alone,
And n'iste to whome she might make her mone.

* * * * *

* *Rede*, Advise herself. † *N'iste*, Knew not.

And in her house she shode with such meane,
As til her housewifery was to hold.
And while she was dwelling in that cite,
She kept her estate, and of yong and old
Full well beloved, and most well of her cite;
But whether that the children had or no,
I rede to say, therefore I let it go.

Of this widowhood of Cressida we hear scarcely anything more. (Query.—Is the fact of her widowhood certain? The mention of it here is ambiguous—"as a widow," and the children may be spoken of with reference to the future.) The Dido has quite dated up her tears for Sychæus before the advent of Aeneas. In Troy town they possess "a white knight Palladion," more precious than all others; and "Palladion's feast" occurs in the month of April. To the temple, to listen to the "service" appointed for that day, flock all the fellows of Troy—many a trusty knight, and lady fresh and maiden bright. Among others, Cressida, "an widow's habite blacke." A 1 is Chaucer's emphatic definition of the lady—

Right as our first letter is now an A,
In beaute first so stood she makeles,†

Here in the temple, while "the great divines" of Troy are intoning the service specially appointed for this festival of Saint Palladion, Troilus's eyes first fall upon Cressida. He, surrounded by his company of young knights, is promenading up and down the Gothic aisles (I am sure they are Gothic) in a jaunty manner, as becomes a young prince. Heart-whole, a professed scornor and contemner of Dan Cupid, he amuses himself by criticising the beauteous devotees, blonde and brunette; now and then poking his fun at some love-sick stripling of his train, whose sighs rise above the antiphonies of the singing-boys in the choir. The Trojan damsels, dressed in their best and newest spring costumes,

—well arrayed bothe moost and leaust,
Both for the *season* and the high feast.

and with that air of the *dévote* in attitude and expression, which pretty women know to be so becoming, are conscious of my lord Troilus's critical glances, I have no doubt. The fair girl, with eyes of liquid blue upturned to the shrine of Our Lady of Troy, listens for his footsteps returning down the long echoing aisle; the dark girl, with dreamy sleepy eyes drooped over the beads that pass lazily through her dainty fingers, knows the precise moment when to lift the lids heavy with sumptuous curtains of eyelash. But "nat a beane" cares Troilus for all the bevy.

Little knows he what is coming. "O blind world!" sings the poet; king's son though Troilus be (and the youngest, the darling of all the fifty), yet he too must succumb to love. Jape

* *Meine*, Household. † *Makeles*, Matchless.

while you may, Sir Troilus, for soon you shall be shedding more tears than ever shed your pious brother Æneas.

Within the temple he went him forth playing,
This Troilus, of every wight about,
Now on this lady, and now on that looking,
Where so she were of toun, or of without:
And upon case befell, that through a rout
His eye peirced, and so deepe it went
Till on Cressida it smote, and there it stant.*

Henceforth it is all up with Troilus.

Cressida must have been such a charming figure, from the brief precise description Chaucer gives us of her, that we are little surprised at the young man's sudden catastrophe. Imagine the maidenhood of Troy in their latest spring fashions—a rainbow of the newest colours, mauve, magenta—what not; glittering in their holiday jewels—armlets and necklets such as ages afterwards their Roman descendant Tarpeia had an ill-omened taste for. Imagine these, and in contrast quiet little Cressida in her "widow's habit black." There she stands

Full lowe and still alone,
Behinde other folke, in little brede,†
And nie the dore under shame's drede,
Simple of attire, and debonaire of chere,
With full assured looking and manere.

'In little brede,' that is, as we interpret, "*sans crinoline*," though the meaning may be different. Simple of attire and of courteous demeanour, with a certain modest assurance of manner, notwithstanding the humiliations which ill fortune has put upon her. Remember that her father, Calcas, has deserted to the Greeks, and that she is the daughter of an Argive mother. Some of the beauties in front look over their shoulders at the quiet self-possessed little person, and then shrug said shoulders and whisper together.

Through the rout of fine-grown fine-dressed Trojan girls chaperoned by deep-bosomed ample-skirted Trojan matrons, Troilus's eye pierces to this slender little figure—a half-Greek girl, soberly suited in black samite. His eye strikes there, and there it fixes.

She n'as nat with the most of her stature,
But all her limmes so well answering
Weren to womanhood, that creature
Was never lasse mannish in seeming,
And eke the pure wiser of her meaning
Shewed well, that man might in her gesse
Honour, estate, and womanly noblesse.

No wonder that Troilus's eyes having wandered in that direction, there dwell. There is a completeness, a perfect proportion about Cressida which is inexpressibly refreshing and soothing to eyes wearied of roving. But Cressida does not approve of being stared at—even by such a nice young man as Troilus. "Her chere" be-

comes "somelede deignous," that is, she looks a little disdainful; and glances away from the Prince's admiring eyes, as much as to say, "What! am I not to be suffered to stand here in peace—here in this little out-of-the-way nook where I have hidden myself?"

Troilus goes home and takes to his bed, and does nothing but weep and swoon for many and many a heart-rending stanza.

Cressida, too, is heralded by a flourish of trumpets. Uncle Pandar has proclaimed his settled personal grievance that she is looked on as less fair than Helen, and Troilus (*Shakespeare's* Troilus) has rhapsodized about her beauty. Take, one *item* only.

Her hand

In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach: to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!

Then Cressida enters, exchanging pases of wit with her male-lackey. Uncle Pandar takes the place of the footman, and a still looser rein is given to the lady's tongue. She is a worthy niece of such an uncle. She watches the heroes returning from the battle-field, and speaks maliciously of most of them, more maliciously of Troilus than of any. By this railing she disguises her liking for Troilus, not through maidenly modesty, but through subtlety.

Yet hold I off. Women are angels wooing:
Things won are done &c.

This malicious wit is a great feature of her character.

O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue!

Her tongue is irritable; it must be wagging. Like eye and cheek and lip, it is provocative. It gives out more meanings than lie in its simple utterance. Her wit is miserably thin and sour. It has the same effect as an untunable voice—cracked, shrill, falsetto. Our teeth are set on edge by it, and our sense of harmony for the moment destroyed. Compare Cressida's wit with the wit of Beatrice or Rosalind. The latter is honest, the genuine outcome of nature; it is as good generous wine to the vinegar of the former. There are the germs of a virago in Cressida.

Space warns us that we must soon dismiss our two heroines. Of Cressida we need say little more. Ninety-nine are on familiar terms with her for one who knows Cressida. One point with regard to Cressida is worth noting. Troilus in the height of his love does not trust her (see Act III. scene 2.) It is not only the experienced Nestor and the wise Ulysses who read her rightly. There is a brand upon her, which lies patent to the instinct of all men. Diomed, a plain man who does not mean to be fooled, does not disguise his opinion in the slightest degree. Troilus, blind with love, feels a mistrust of her in the very depths of his nature.

* *Stent*, Stay d. † *Brede*, Breadth.

‡ *Wise*, Manner.

Pityfulness of heart is the vile cause that leads Cressida astray. Chaucer's Troilus, weeping and swooning more persistently than here ever wept and swooned before, her love-sick unto death. Not through love, but out of sheer compassion — simply to save the life of the unfortunate young prince — Cressida is won, degree by degree, to show herself at her window, to receive a letter, to write a letter in return. While after while is practised on her. In Shakespeare the offices of Pandar are quite supererogatory; Cressida could and would have managed these delicate matters much more cleverly herself. In Chaucer, Pandar is scarcely equal to the miracle he has to work. The difficulties which prevent the meeting of the lovers are ludicrously insurmountable.

Then, when Cressida has been torn from Troilus, and sent to Calcas in the Grecian camp, her sufferings are terrible. She had promised to return to her lover on the tenth day. Old Calcas was to have been outwitted in the most facile manner; but it turned out that old Calcas was much too wide awake. Poor little Cressida has no chance against the ecclesiastical astuteness of that renegade "divine." The tenth day comes and goes, and it is an utter impossibility for Cressida to get back to Troy.

She pines away, gazing Troyward by day, and lying sleepless at night.

Full pale ywoken was her bright face,
Her limmes leane, as she that all the day
Strode when she durst, and leked on that place,
There she was borne, and dwelt had aye,
And all the night weeping alas! she lay,
And thus dispeired out of all cure
She had her life, this wofull creature.

* * * * *

In all this world there nys no small herte,
That her had heerd complainen in her sorow,
That n'old have wepten for her paines smart,
So tenderly she wept, both ere and morow,
Her needed no tere for to bereve,
And this was yet the worst of all her paine,
There was no wight, to whom she durste plain,

Just as she begins thus to feel the want of a friend in whom she can confide, in steps Diomed. He sets to work warily, not at all after the blent fashion of Shakespeare's Diomed. Gentle Cressida cannot behave rudely to a living 'botl. Diomed is courteous; Cressida is courteous in return. Diomed is friendly; woful Cressida is thankful for his friendship and friendly too. Diomed becomes affectionate; Cressida pities him as of old she had pitied Troilus. So it goes on. Chaucer gives us any amount of time for the gradual working of the change.

At last Cressida yields,

But sans I see there is no better way,
And that too late is now for me to rue,
To Diomede I woll algate be true.

Which of the two Cressida is the true one? Is there absolutely existent such a vice as feminine falseness, or is that which we sometimes thus miscall only a succumbing of some poor weak woman to inevitable circumstances?

A bas with Cressida! Mrs. Troilus of one day, Mrs. Diomed of the next, Mrs. Anybody of the day following. We pin our faith to Cressida. Life is not long enough to allow of those indefinite periods which must elapse before another lover can succeed to Diomed. Mirrors of constancy, we believe you when you promise.

To Diomede I woll algate be true. J. A.

* Always, Always.

"SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN,"

It was a cold, stormy March night, and the wind went moaning and whirling across Badderley Common, and whistled over the roofs in the village; the rain and hail came beating against the windows with a sharp sound, only audible when the wind ceased for a few moments from rattling the sashes and howling down the chimneys. Not a star was visible; not a person was to be seen, and but for the occasional chimes from the old church-tower, and the one or two feeble lights dimly discernible, a stranger might almost have passed through the village without knowing it.

In one of the houses near the church a room had been prepared, evidently in anticipation of an arrival. The cloth was laid for supper, and the fire was doing its utmost to be bright and cheerful, but failed; for no sooner had a bright

blaze sprung up, than an eddying gust of wind came sweeping down the chimney, beating down the blaze, and half filling the room with smoke. A good motherly-looking woman was bustling about, putting everything in order, and glancing in despair at the clouds of smoke which rolled through the room as every fresh gust swept over the roof. During a momentary lull, her ear caught the sound of an approaching vehicle; and after throwing a hurried glance round the apartment, to see that everything was in its proper place, arranging her cap, and smoothing her apron, she took up her position in readiness to open the door at the first summons. She had not long to wait; for the vehicle quickly drew up, and before the knocker could be used, she had opened the door, and regardless of the rain which pelted in, stood cartwheeling in the passage.

A tall awkward man opened the carriage door, and bounced out into the house.

"Ah! Mrs. Kent," said he, in answer to the old lady's greeting, "a terrible night, is it not? No, I don't think I am at all wet. I secured the only chaise to come across the common in. That is all my luggage. Thank you, I will take it up-stairs myself."

He suited the action to the word, and, as he ascended up-stairs, the driver asked—

"Who is he, sam?"

"He's Mr. Burnett, the new curate," said Paul. Burnett was a plodding, intelligent, and moderately clever man. He had worked hard at college, and passed creditably, but without obtaining very high honours. He was shy, reserved, and altogether not one of those men who create a favourable impression at first sight. When in company he always appeared out of his element. Not that he was common or vulgar: on the contrary, he was of good family, and had been well brought up. The reason was simply that he did not care for, and consequently did not seek, society; and when he was forced into it, he took little or no pains to conceal the fact that he would much rather be absent.

He had a younger brother, Henry, who was his complete antithesis. He was a merry, lively, clever man, who had not taken high honours at college, simply because he preferred boating, riding, and dancing, to study; and it was only the nights which he could not employ more satisfactorily to himself that he devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. In personal appearance, although having a family likeness, they differed from each other considerably. Both were good looking, but Paul was large and unwieldy, whilst Henry possessed a slight graceful figure, which he always took care his dress should display to the best advantage. Not that the elder dressed badly; his coat was never shabby, but somehow it seemed to be an incumbrance, whilst Henry's apparently formed part of himself.

Each chose for himself the profession for which he was most adapted. Paul entered the church, and Henry obtained a commission in the army.

It is with the eldest we have at present to deal. He had obtained the curacy of Badderley, and the evening of his arrival commences our story.

Paul rose early the following morning; for he was eager to enter upon his new duties. This was his first curacy, and he was a living proof of the truth of the old adage—"New brooms sweep clean." His sleeping and waking thoughts were full of model schools, Gregorian chants, Devoc societies, and Lent services. He had before visited the place, to select his lodgings, and had then been introduced to some of the gentry residing in or near Badderley. Their acquaintance he cared little for, and he determined to spend the first days in visiting all the cottages, and making himself personally acquainted with the poor. For the wealthier members of his congregation, I repeat, he did

not much care. He did not want their patronage. He was a clergyman from choice, and intended to be a conscientious one.

His equanimity was rather disturbed on entering one of the cottages, the first morning of his residence in Badderley, to find that, early as it was, some one was before him—and that some one Miss Esther Mayder, the daughter of the squire of the parish.

"Ah!" cries the voracious reader, "I see the story: Love at first sight—poor curate—proud squire—the course of true love never does run smooth—mountains of obstacles overcome by patience and perseverance—papa relents—eternal blessings in Badderley church, and Mr. and Mrs. Burnett and a moral truism concludes the tale."

Patience, reader, patience!

Paul made a formal bow to the lady, and would have retreated, but she called him back. Luckily for her she was not one of those young ladies who, from motives of false delicacy, think it wicked to speak to a young man. She had something to say, and she said it, in a plain practical way.

What it was does not matter. It may have been Mrs. Crump had the fever badly, or Mr. C. was given to drink, or the pulpit cushions wanted re-covering, or the church clock wanted regulating. There is seldom much to record in the first words spoken by strangers. Again the curate essayed to depart; but he had to stay to hear a catalogue of village grievances: how the school-room wanted white-washing—how the Kemps *wouldn't* attend church—how Charley Hay had run away from school—how the Smiths hated the Browns, but united in abusing the Lanes—and much more to the same purpose; till at last poor Paul was completely bewildered, and was glad to make his escape at any price. In fact, I much fear he was not nearly so grateful for this *precis* of Badderley news as he ought to have been, and, if his thoughts had found vent in words, some far from complimentary remarks on women's tongues in general, and Miss Esther Mayder's in particular, would have escaped his lips. If he had been in an admiring mood he might have found something to please him in the young lady he had just left. She was not a beauty: indeed, some fastidious persons might have gone the length of calling her plain; but the sparkle of her large dark eyes, and the animation of her face, prevented her from falling into that category. But he knew nothing about it. In fact, had he been asked his opinion of her eyes, he would hardly have been able to say if she had the proper complement or not.

Sunday came, and with it Paul Burnett's first sermon. He was dreadfully nervous. Had he written enough? Had he written too much? In case of accidents he took a second sermon, written on the same text, into the pulpit with him; and lucky it was he did, for when he came to the end of the first, and, under cover of using his handkerchief, glanced at his watch, he

found scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since he commenced it, and he had accordingly to dove-tail one into the other as well as he could. Leaving the church he came upon Mr. Mayder and his daughter.

He must come and dine with them. He was much obliged; he would—some day. Why not that day? Was he otherwise engaged? No; but—

Of course it ended in his going. And the whole of his walk to the squire's house he spent in regretting having yielded. Paul was dreadfully shy. Clarence Blank, at Oxford, used to tell a story of his fairly turning round and running away on its being hinted to him that he should offer Clara Fitzroy his arm. But then Clarence knew how to tell a good story—and, some said, how to make one.

To relate the conversation at dinner might be tiresome. The squire on one side plied the curate with questions about "Essays and Reviews," whilst his daughter kept up a running talk on village matters, and the perplexed curate generally gave the wrong answer to the wrong person. One good thing resulted from the dinner—Paul formed rather a better opinion of Miss Esther than he had before. And she?—well, it is not good taste to try to peer into ladies' thoughts; but I don't think she thought much about him at all.

Paul worked away most indefatigably in the parish. The labourers still preferred their game of quoits and pint of beer to the church service, and took more interest in Farmer Plow's prize pig or old Dibble's monstrous pumpkin than in St. Geugluphus. Paul almost despaired, till a gentle hint from Esther Mayder made him fancy that, after all, he had perhaps not been working in the best way.

A little speech of Esther's made him reflect, and he came to the conclusion that promising forgiveness was a better way to touch his audience than howling at them that they were all miserable sinners.

Was he not right? Are not truths proverbially unwelcome?

He altered his style of preaching. He gave up his Wednesday and Friday's services, at which, usually, his congregation consisted only of a deaf old woman and two school boys, who played at odd and even under shelter of the pulpit. He took active steps to found a cricket and quoit club—the greater part of the funds for which came from his own pocket—and made a stringent rule that no one playing at either game on Sundays should be a member. He became a favourite with all the poor.

The rich pitied and rather despised him.

"See," said Lord Dives, "I held out my patronising arms to him, and he heeded me not. He almost avoids my society, yet spends hours in the hovel of Lazarus."

Esther Mayder was almost the only person that understood him. She alone entered into his plans, and encouraged him in his undertakings, and applauded his endeavours.

"She's setting her cap at the curate!" remarked Mrs. Gossage, the gossip of Badderley.

Here she was wrong. Esther was simply interested in the inhabitants of the village, and wished to see them led in the right direction. First! good gracious, no! She was an energetic, good little woman, who admired Paul Burnett because he endeavoured to do good, simply because he wished to do what was right. She no more thought of his falling in love with her than his standing on his head to preach a charity sermon.

And what was Paul's opinion of her?

Well, for some time he formed none in particular; at least he thought her just a grain or two less objectionable than the majority of her sex. One day he surprised himself in the act of thinking of her as he sat over his solitary tea, and was dreadfully frightened. He blushed, and felt as if he had committed some crime, poked the fire vigorously, and upset all the tea-things in his confusion.

The postal arrangements of Badderley were far from perfect. An old man went over to Calveston every other day, to fetch the village letters, and then delivered them at the proper houses; but, as his limbs were weak, and his partiality to mild ale strong, it was rather a matter of chance when the letters entrusted to him were delivered.

The precise time, or day, does not matter; let it suffice that one day a letter addressed to the Rev. Paul Burnett was delivered to Mrs. Kent, and after a careful examination of the outside (for curiosity is inherent in women, whether they live in Badderley or London) was laid upon the curate's table. The letter would hardly bear transcribing, but it contained the news, welcome to Paul, that his brother Harry had got a few weeks' leave from his regiment previous to embarking for India, which he purposed to spend at Badderley.

Brotherly love in polite circles may be almost extinguished, voted common and tiresome; but Harry Burnett was unfashionable enough to retain a strong affection for his elder brother, and did not regret burying himself in a country village, knowing that his time would be passed with Paul.

Due busting took place, on Mrs. Kent's part, to get ready an extra bed; and in the course of time Harry Burnett arrived, and was heartily welcomed at the garden-gate by his brother. The first day passed in recalling old times. Paul had many questions to ask about old friends; and he heard, in reply, how Garnett had gone to America and turned Mormon, how Heavy's father had failed, and he himself been forced to take a clerkship in a Government office! how Jack Snaffle had been killed in a steeple-chase, and old Clarke become the principal of the college in the Feejee Islands.

After two or three days Harry began to find it dull. He tried to take an interest in the family of the Hays, to feel glad that Mrs. Taylor's sprain was better, and sorry that the Lanes were down with the fever, but failed in the endeavours,

and actually went into the schoolroom he intended to speak to his brother. He did not believe his brother's feelings with regard to the clergy, and among them he intended to pass many pleasant hours. "What a jolly girl Esther Mayder is!" said he one evening, on his return from a visit at the house of Miss Mayder, a very nice young lady, returned his gold-budded brother.

"Why, Paul, she's just the girl for a clergyman's wife."

Paul caught the conversation, but the words took a deep hold of him, and when Harry went into the garden to smoke his evening pipe, he reflected on them.

"Just the girl for a clergyman's wife!" thought he, and blushed at the idea.

The fact was, Paul Burnett was as much in love with Miss Mayder as his reserved and cold nature could be. He hardly knew it himself. His love only showed itself in a species of negative praise: he never broke out in sonnets, or solitary moonlight rambles. His appetite was very good, and his cheeks retained their colour.

"Will she have me?" at last he thought, which shows he was coming to the point. Of course the most natural thing for him to do would have been to ask his brother's ideas on the subject; but his pride would not allow it; for, said he to himself, if I tell him I am going to make her an offer I must tell him the result, and she may—he confessed, with a sigh—*refuse me*.

It is not to be supposed that all this was the work of a few days. The train had been laid day by day for some months past, and his brother's words had ignited it. If he had been impatient he would have passed a restless night, and rushed off at break of day to learn his fate. But that was not his nature. He passed a very quiet night, and in the morning resolved he would wait a few weeks, and deliberate well on the step he proposed taking.

Now Miss Esther, of the two, infinitely preferred Harry Burnett, though she confessed to herself, with a sigh, that he was not nearly so good as his less attractive brother. Indeed I do not wonder at her preference, for in good looks, lively conversation, and agreeable manners he far surpassed the clergyman; and as for his "goodness"—perhaps it was of another sort. Harry's opinion of her was certainly not a flattering one. Indeed his speech, that she was "just the girl for a clergyman's wife," according to his ideas, was as much as saying that was all she was fit for.

"I am now going to reveal something at which all ladies will exclaim, and whose truth they will deny," but it is nevertheless an indisputable fact that Miss Esther, after a few weeks' acquaintance with Harry Burnett, fell, she believed, frantically in love with him; and not only that, but whenever they met, she showed him by her looks, as plainly as she could, the feelings of her heart. No; it was not idle flirtation. She knew nothing of that. It was

no more her nature to flirt than to fly. She was a warm, impulsive little creature, and had settled in her own mind that he would like her as much as she did him. In the event of his not doing so—that was an idea she could not bear to enter her brain.

Harry had observed her partiality for him—indeed, it was too evident. At first he was amused, then rather disgusted at it; but at length he settled down in the belief that she was not so bad, after all; and that he might do worse than marry a good-looking, well-educated girl, with sufficient fortune to keep them both from starving, and who, in addition, was really very fond of him. There is something flattering to a man's pride in knowing he has inspired such a feeling as love in a woman's heart. You will see he was already attacked by the contagious disease, and day by day he grew worse, till one morning he met her on her way into the village, across the fields. He helped her over a stile, and, somehow or other, her hand remained in his; and then, in an equally inexplicable manner, their faces approached each other—well, she had a hat on, and it is not easy to say how near their faces were. Suffice it that Esther's walk to the village took four times as long as usual, and everyone remarked how well and happy she looked. Harry left her in Badderley, but she was not to walk home alone; for Paul met her and accompanied her. He thought, as others had, she never looked so pretty, or talked so well; and, emboldened by the pressure of her hand as he helped her over the stile, he thought of telling her he loved her.

Poor fellow! had he only known *why* she pressed his hand, he would not have been so pleased. The confession, however, did not come out. He had an idea that it would hardly be proper. His fancy led him to imagine an interview first with papa, who would break the news gently to the fair Esther. If he could but have seen his brother in the squire's study at that moment, and heard the conversation, he would have been spared all further anxiety.

"Good-bye, Esther," said he, as he left her at the gate. He had called her for the first time by her Christian name, and blushed as he did so.

Esther said to herself, "He knows, then, of his brother's resolution."

Paul's walk home was a pleasant one. He recalled every kind look or word of Esther's, and felt sure he had gained her affection. Is it not an old story? Have we not all both read and heard of respect mistaken for love? Poor Paul, he was to be pitied. He drew imaginary pictures of his cozy fireside, when it should have Esther by it. He longed for a home. What he now possessed was but a shelter: it lacked the requisite for being more. Man's heart yearns for something to love and be loved by. Even Paul was not proof against the feeling; and now that he felt sure of obtaining Esther for his wife, he gave unrestrained way to his dreams of love. They were practical, though. Sentiment had little hold upon him, and his

thoughts, even now, ran upon the use Esther would be to him in his parochial duties. Memory came to the aid of hope, and many hitherto unnoticed kindnesses of his intended wife came forcibly upon his mind, and he reached his lodgings in a happy state of mind, feeling sure he had secured a treasure for himself.

His brother, at the same time, was hurrying back from the squire's, rejoicing in having obtained Mr. Mayder's sanction to his immediate union with his daughter.

Harry came in rather late for dinner, very pleased with his day's work. He was to be married immediately, in order that she might accompany him to India. Paul, too, was well pleased with his advances, as he thought them. He had recalled the walk through the fields over and over again, and had determined the next day should see it all arranged.

"Paul," said Harry, after dinner, "I want your services professionally."

"What for?"

"Well, I have been christened, and I don't think I am going to die just at present; so there can only be one thing."

"Married?" asked his brother, with a share of surprise in his tone, and as his brother signified his acquiescence, he continued, "I think you might have mentioned it to me before. You have been here six weeks, and this is the first I have heard of it!"

"For the simple reason, my dear Paul, that I did not know it myself till to-day."

"Not till to-day? Then it is someone here? No mésalliance, I hope, Harry?"

"Not at all: it is your friend Esther Mayder."

Paul said nothing for two or three seconds. He rose and walked to where his brother was reclining in an easy-chair.

"Do you dare tell me it is Esth— Miss Mayder?"

"Why, Paul, what's the matter? why shouldn't I marry her?"

"Come, Harry, tell me you are joking. You do not mean what you say?"

"I do, though," said Harry, rising, alarmed at the expression of his brother's face. "Why not?"

"Do you think it right, sir, to stay in my house and make profession of love to my intended wife?"

"Your intended wife? Paul, why did you not tell me this before?"

"You knew it!" answered he, savagely.

"I swear I never even suspected it."

"Impossible! Why cloak a sin with a falsehood?"

"Is that the language for a brother to use?"

"Brother! you are no brother of mine. My father's son could never have done such an action. Leave the house—leave the place, or I shall injure you! Go, and tell your comrades

how you have supplanted one who was your brother. You do not care for her, nor she for you: may you both be as miserable as you deserve!"

"I swear to you I never meant to injure you!"

He muttered some unintelligible words between his teeth in answer, pushed his brother aside, and was in a few minutes striding across Badderley Common.

The next Sunday the Badderlites were informed that Mr. Paul Burnett was called to London on important business, and that Mr. Harry was engaged to Miss Mayder. Where was Paul? No one at Badderley knew. Since the night he strode over the Common he had not been seen. A letter without a date was received by his brother, in which he told him never again to claim kindred with him. It was written in a violent style, totally different from Paul's usually quiet manner.

Time was not to be lost, for Harry's regiment was to sail shortly, and he and Esther were married in Badderley Church by a stranger. The time of departure came, and nothing more had been heard of Paul. The day after the ship sailed he returned to Badderley, and resumed his duties as if nothing had interfered with them. Many were the stories current in the village concerning his abrupt departure; but they all fell wide of the mark. He plodded on, day by day, in his old routine, till the cholera found its way even to Badderley, and then Paul's energies were called forth, and he exerted himself to the utmost. He seemed to court death, but he passed everywhere unscathed, until one morning he was unable to rise from his bed. It was not the cholera. Fever, brought on by over-exertion, and want of proper food and rest, had laid him low.

Many days he lay in a dreamy state of unconsciousness, watched by Mrs. Kent. One evening, as twilight was falling, the good old lady was summoned from an adjoining room, by his calling with all the strength of which his feeble voice was capable. As she entered the room, he was sitting up in bed, with glaring eyes, and finger pointed to a chair by the side of a small table, on which lay a bible. "There, there!" he cried, "stop him—he's going—oh, stop him!" And then, with a despairing look and tone, he sobbed out, "Gone!" and sank back on his pillow exhausted.

"What was it?" she asked.

"You let him in. My brother Harry was sitting at that table a minute ago. How dare you let him? Give me the book he was reading!"

She took it to him open, and his eyes rested on the sentences, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee Until seven times, but Until seventy times seven."

It was a long illness, and Paul arose from his

bed at length, a wiser and a better man. The next mail brought to his brother such a letter as only one who entirely forgave and sought for-

givenness could write; and the friendship of the brothers was the firmer cemented by the occurrence.

METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CHAP. XI.

Among the astounding discoveries of modern science is that of the immense periods which have passed in the gradual formation of our earth. So vast were the cycles of time preceding even the appearance of man on the surface of our globe, that our own period seems as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have gone before it. Had we only the evidence of the deposits of rock heaped above each other in regular strata by the slow accumulation of materials, they alone would convince us of the long and slow maturing of God's work on the earth; but when we add to these the successive populations of whose life this world has been the theatre, and whose remains are hidden in the rocks into which the mud or sand or soil of whatever kind on which they lived has hardened in the course of time—or the enormous chains of mountains whose upheaval divided these periods of quiet accumulation by great convulsions—or the changes of a different nature in the configuration of our globe, as the sinking of lands beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of continents and islands above it—or the wearing of great, river beds, or the filling of extensive water-basins, till marshes first and then dry land succeeded to inland seas—or the slow growth of coral reefs, those wonderful sea-walls raised by the little ocean-architects whose own bodies furnish both the building stones and the cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries, that there are extensive countries, mountain-chains, islands, and long lines of coast consisting solely of their remains—or the countless forests that must have grown up, flourished, died, and decayed, to fill the store-houses of coal that feed the fires of the human race to-day—if we consider all these records of the past, the intellect fails to grasp a chronology for which our experience furnishes no data, and the time that lies behind us seems as much an eternity to our conception as the future that stretches indefinitely before us.

The physical as well as the human history of the world has its mythical age, lying dim and vague in the morning mists of creation, like that of the heroes and demigods in the early traditions of man, defying all our ordinary dates and measures. But if the succession of periods that prepared the earth for the coming of man, and the animals and plants that accompany him on earth, baffles our finite attempts to estimate

its duration, have we any means of determining even approximately the length of the period to which we ourselves belong? If so, it may furnish us with some data for the further solution of these wonderful mysteries of time, and it is besides of especial importance with reference to the question of permanence of species. Those who maintain the mutability of species, and account for all the variety of life on earth by the gradual changes wrought by time and circumstances, do not accept historical evidence as affecting the question at all. The monuments of those oldest nations, all whose history is preserved in monumental records, do not indicate the slightest variation of organic types from that day to this. The animals that were preserved within their tombs or carved upon their walls by the ancient Egyptians were the same as those that have their home in the valley of the Nile to-day; the negro, whose peculiar features are unmistakable even in their rude artistic attempts to represent them, was the same woolly-haired, thick-lipped, flat-nosed, dark-skinned being in the days of the Ramesses that he is now. The Apis, the Ibis, the Crocodiles, the sacred Beetles, have brought down to us unchanged all the characters that superstition hallowed in those early days. The stony face of the Sphinx is not more true to its past, nor the massive architecture of the Pyramids more unchanged, than they are. But the advocates of the mutability of species say truly enough that the most ancient traditions are but as yesterday in the world's history, and that what six thousand years could not do sixty thousand years might effect. Leaving aside, then, all historical chronology, how far back can we trace our own geological period, and the species belonging to it? By what means can we determine its duration? Within what limits, by what standard, may it be measured? Shall hundreds, or thousands, or hundreds of thousands, or millions of years be the unit from which we start?

I will begin this inquiry with a series of facts which I myself have had an opportunity of investigating with especial care respecting the formation and growth of the Coral Reefs of Florida. But first a few words on Coral Reefs in general. They are living limestone walls, that are built up from certain depths in the ocean by the natural growth of a variety of animals, but limited by the level of high-water, beyond which they cannot rise, since the little beings that compose them die as soon as they are removed from the vitalizing influence of the pure sea-water.

These walls have a variety of outlines: they may be straight, circular, semi-circular, oblong, according to the form of the coast along which the little Reef-builders establish themselves; and their height is of course determined by the depth of the bottom on which they rest. If they settle about an island, on all sides of which the conditions for their growth are equally favourable, they will raise a wall all around it, thus encircling it with a ring of Coral growth. The Athols in the Pacific Ocean, those circular islands inclosing sometimes a fresh-water lake in mid-ocean, are Coral walls of this kind, that have formed a ring around a central island. This is easily understood, if we remember that the bottom of the Pacific Ocean is by no means a stable foundation for such a structure. On the contrary, over a certain area, which has already been surveyed with some accuracy by Professor Dana, during the United States Exploring Expedition, it is subsiding; and if an island upon which the Reef-builders have established themselves be situated in that area of subsidence, it will, of course, sink with the floor on which it rests, carrying down also the Coral wall to a greater depth in the sea. In such instances, if the rate of subsidence be more rapid than the rate of growth in the Corals, the island and the wall itself will disappear beneath the ocean. But whenever, on the contrary, the rate of increase in the wall is greater than that of subsidence in the island, while the latter gradually sinks below the surface, the former rises in proportion, and by the time it has completed its growth the central island has vanished, and there remains only a ring of Coral Reef, with here and there a break, perhaps, at some spot where the more prosperous growth of the Corals has been checked. If, however, as sometimes happens, there is no such break, and the wall is perfectly uninterrupted, the sheet of sea-water so inclosed may be changed to fresh water by the rains that are poured into it. Such a water-basin will remain salt, it is true, in its lower part, and the fact that it is affected by the rise and fall of the tides shows that it is not entirely secluded from communication with the ocean outside; but the salt water, being heavier, sinks, while the lighter rain-water remains above, and it is to all appearance actually changed into a fresh-water lake.

I need not dwell here on the further history of such a Coral island, or follow it through the changes by which the summit of its circular wall becomes covered with a fertile soil, a tropical vegetation springs up on it, and it is at last perhaps inhabited by man. There is something very attractive in the idea of these green rings inclosing sheltered harbours and quiet lakes in mid-ocean, and the subject has lost none of its fascination since the mystery of their existence has been solved by the investigations of several contemporary naturalists who have enabled us to trace the whole story of their structure. I would refer all who wish for a more detailed account of them to Charles Darwin's charming little volume on "Coral Reefs," where their

mode of formation is fully described, and also to James D. Dana's "Geological Report of the United States Exploring Expedition."

Coral Reefs are found only in tropical regions: although Polyps, animals of the same class as those chiefly instrumental in their formation, are found in all parts of the globe, yet the Reef-building Polyps are limited to the Tropics. We are too apt to forget that the homes of animals are as definitely limited in the water as on the land. Indeed, the subject of the geographical distribution of animals according to laws that are established by altitude, by latitude and longitude, by pressure of atmosphere or pressure of water, already alluded to in a previous article, is exceedingly interesting, and presents a most important field of investigation. The climatic effect of different degrees of altitude upon the growth of animals and plants is the same as that of different degrees of latitude; and the slope of a high mountain in the tropics, from base to summit, presents, in a condensed form, an epitome, as it were, of the same kinds of gradation in vegetable growth that may be observed from the Tropics to the Arctic. At the base of such a mountain we have all the luxuriance of growth characteristic of the tropical forest—the Palms, the Bananas, the Bread-trees, the Mimosas; higher up, these give way to a different kind of growth, corresponding to our Oaks, Chestnuts, Maples, etc.; as these wane, on the loftier slopes comes in the Pine forest, fading, gradually, as it ascends, into a dwarfish growth of the same kind; and this at last gives way to the low creeping Mosses and Lichens of the greater heights, till even these find a foothold no longer, and the summit of the mountain is clothed in perpetual snow and ice. What have we here but the same series of changes through which we pass, if travelling northward from the Tropics, we leave Palms and Pomegranates and Bananas behind, where the Live-Oaks and Cyresses, the Orange-trees and Myrtles of the warmer temperate zone come in, and these die out as we reach the Oaks, Chestnuts, Maples, Elms, Nut-trees, Beches, and Birches of the colder Temperate Zone, these again waning as we enter the Pine forests of the Arctic borders, till, passing out of these, nothing but a dwarf vegetation, a carpet of Moss and Lichen, fit food for the Reindeer and the Esquimaux, greets us, and beyond that lies the region of the snow and ice fields, impenetrable to all but the daring Arctic voyager?

I have thus far spoken of the changes in the vegetable growth alone as influenced by altitude and latitude, but the same is equally true of animals. Every zone of the earth's surface has its own animals, suited to the conditions under which they are meant to live; and with the exception of those that accompany man in all his pilgrimages, and are subject to the same modifying influences by which he adapts his home and himself to all climates, animals are absolutely bound by the laws of their nature within the range assigned to them. Nor is this the case only on land, where river-banks, lake-shores, and mountain-ranges might be supposed to form

the impassable boundaries that keep animals within certain limits; but the ocean as well as the land has its limits and is bounded within their respective geological and botanical provinces; and a wall of granite is no more impenetrable to a marine animal than that ocean line, fishland flowing and ever-changing though it be, of which is written for him, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther." One word is to the effect: of pressure on animals will explain this.

At thirty-two feet under the pressure of the atmosphere. Now thirty-two feet under the sea doubles that pressure, since a column of water of that height is equal in weight to the pressure of one atmosphere. At the depth of thirty-two feet, then, any animal is under the pressure of two atmospheres—that of the air which surrounds our globe, and of a weight of water equal to it; at sixty-four feet he is under the pressure of three atmospheres; and so on—the weight of one atmosphere being always added for every thirty-two feet of depth. There is a great difference in the sensitiveness of animals to this pressure. Some fishes live at a great depth and find the weight of water genial to them, whilst others would be killed at once by the same pressure, and the latter naturally seek the shallow waters. Every fisherman knows that he must throw a long line for a Halibut, while with a common fishing-rod he will catch Perch from the rocks near the shore; and the differently-coloured bands of sea-weed revealed by low tide, from the green line of the Ulva through the brown zone of the common Fucus to the rosy and purple-lined sea-weeds of the deeper water, show that the floor as well as the faunae of the ocean have their precise boundaries. This wider or narrower range of marine animals is in direct relation to their structure, which enables them to bear a greater or less pressure of water. All fishes, and, indeed, all animals having a wide range of distribution in ocean depths, have a special apparatus of water pores, so that the surrounding element penetrates their structure, thus equalizing the pressure of the weight, which is diminished from without in proportion to the quantity of water they can admit into their bodies. Marine animals differ in their ability to sustain this pressure, just as land animals differ in their power of enduring great variations of climate and of atmospheric pressure.

Of all air-breathing animals, none exhibits a more surprising power of adapting itself to great and rapid changes of external influences than the Condor. It may be seen feeding on the sea-shore under a burning tropical sun, and then, rising from its repast, it floats up among the highest summits of the Andes and is lost to sight beyond them, miles above the line of perpetual snow, where the temperature must be lower than that of the Arctic. But even the Condor, sweeping at one flight from tropic heat to arctic cold, although it passes through greater changes of temperature, does not undergo such changes of pressure as a fish that rises from a depth of sixty-four feet to the surface of the sea;

for the former remains within the air that surrounds our globe, and therefore the increase or diminution of pressure to which it is subjected must be confined within the limits of one atmosphere, while the latter, at a depth of sixty-four feet, is under a weight equal to that of three such atmospheres, which is reduced to one when it reaches the sea-level. The change is even much greater for those fishes that come from a depth of several hundred feet. These laws of limitation in space explain many facts in the growth of Coral Reefs that would be otherwise inexplicable, and which I will endeavour to make clear to my readers.

For a long time it was supposed that the Coral animals inhabited very deep waters, for they were sometimes brought up on sounding-lines from a depth of many hundreds or even thousands of feet, and it was taken for granted that they must have had their home where they were found; but the facts recently ascertained respecting the subsidence of ocean-bottoms have shown that the foundation of a Coral wall may have sunk far below the place where it was laid, and it is now proved beyond a doubt that no Reef-building Coral can thrive at a depth of more than fifteen fathoms, though Corals of other kinds occur far lower, and that the dead Reef-Corals sometimes brought to the surface from much greater depths are only broken fragments of some Reef that has subsided with the bottom on which it was growing. But though fifteen fathoms is the maximum depth at which any Reef Builder can prosper, there are many which will not sustain even that degree of pressure, and this fact has, as we shall see, an important influence on the structure of the Reef.

Imagine now a sloping shore on some tropical coast descending gradually below the surface of the sea. Upon that slope, at a depth of from ten to twelve or fifteen fathoms, and two or three or more miles from the main-land, according to the shelving of the shore, we will suppose that one of those little Coral animals to whom a home in such deep waters is genial has established itself. How it happens that such a being, which we know is immovably attached to the ground and forms the foundation of a solid wall, was ever able to swim freely about in the water till it found a suitable resting-place, I shall explain hereafter, when I say something of the mode of reproduction of these animals. Accept, for the moment, my unostentatious assertion, and plant our little Coral on this sloping shore some twelve or fifteen fathoms below the surface of the sea. The internal structure of such a Coral corresponds to that of the Sea-Anemone: the body is divided by vertical partitions from top to bottom, leaving open chambers between, while in the centre hangs the digestive cavity connecting by an opening in the bottom with all these chambers; at the top is an aperture which serves as a mouth, surrounded by a wreath of hollow tentacles, each one connecting at its base with one of the chambers, so that all parts of the animal communicate freely with each other. But though the structure of the Coral

is identical in all its parts with that of the Sea-Anemone; it nevertheless presents one important difference. The body of the Sea-Anemone is soft, while that of the Coral is hard. It is well known that all animals and plants have the power of appropriating to themselves and assimilating the materials they need, each selecting from the surrounding elements whatever contributes to its well-being. The plant takes carbon, the animal takes oxygen, each rejecting what the other requires. We ourselves build our bones with the lime that we find unconsciously in the world around us; much of our nourishment supplies us with it, and the very vegetables we eat have, perhaps, themselves been fed from some old lime strata deposited centuries ago. We all represent materials that have contributed to construct our bodies. Now Corals possess, in an extraordinary degree, the power of assimilating to themselves the lime contained in the salt water around them; and as soon as our little Coral is established on a firm foundation, a lime deposit begins to form in all parts of its body; so that its base, its partitions, and its outer wall, which in the Sea-Anemone remain always soft, become perfectly solid in the Polyp Coral and form a frame as hard as bone. It may naturally be asked where the lime comes from in the sea which the Corals absorb in such quantities. As far as the living Corals are concerned the answer is easy, for an immense deal of lime is brought down to the ocean by rivers that wear away the lime deposits through which they pass. The Mississippi, whose course lies through extensive lime regions, brings down yearly lime enough to supply all the animals living in the Gulf of Mexico. But behind this lies a question, not so easily settled, as to the origin of the extensive deposits of limestone found at the very beginning of life upon earth. This problem brings us to the threshold of astronomy, for limestone is metallic in character, susceptible therefore of fusion, and may have formed a part of the materials of our earth, even in an incandescent state, when the worlds were forming. But though this investigation as to the origin of lime does not belong either to the naturalist or the geologist, its suggestion reminds us that the time has come when all the sciences and their results are so intimately connected that no one can be carried on independently of the others. Since the study of the rocks has revealed a crowded life whose records are hoarded within them, the work of the geologist and naturalist has become one and the same; and at that border-land where the first crust of the earth condensed out of the igneous mass of materials which formed its earliest condition, their investigation mingles with that of the astronomer, and we cannot trace the limestone in a little Coral without going back to the creation of our solar system, when the worlds that compose it were thrown off from a central mass in a gaseous condition.

When the Coral has become in this way permeated with lime, all parts of the body are rigid, with the exception of the upper margin, the

stomach, and the tentacles. The tentacles are soft and waving, projected or drawn in at will, and they retain their flexible character through life, and decompose when the animal dies. For this reason the dried specimens of Corals preserved in museums do not give us the least idea of the living Corals, in which every one of the millions of beings composing such a community is crowned by a waving wreath of white or green or rose-coloured tentacles.

As soon as the little Coral is fairly established, and solidly attached to the ground, it begins to bud. This may take place in a variety of ways, dividing at the top or budding from the base or from the sides, till the primitive animal is surrounded by a number of individuals like itself, of which it forms the nucleus, and which now begin to bud in their turn, each one surrounding itself with a numerous progeny, all remaining, however, attached to the parent. Such a community increases till its individuals are numbered by millions; and I have myself counted no less than fourteen millions of individuals in a Coral mass, measuring not more than twelve feet in diameter. These are the so-called Coral heads which form the foundation of a Coral wall, and their massive character and regular form seem to be especially adapted to give a strong, solid base to the whole structure. They are known in our classifications as the *Astræans*, so named on account of the star-shaped form of the little pits that are crowded upon the surface, each one marking the place of a single individual in such a community.

Thus firmly and strongly is the foundation of the reef laid by the *Astræans*; but we have seen that, for their prosperous growth, they require a certain depth and pressure of water, and when they have brought the wall so high that they have not more than six fathoms of water above them, this kind of coral ceases to grow. They have, however, prepared a fitting surface for different kinds of Corals, that could not live in the depths from which the *Astræans* have come, but find their genial home nearer the surface. Such a home being made ready for them by their predecessors, they now establish themselves on the top of the Coral wall, and continue its growth for a certain time. These are the *Madrinas*, or the so-called Brain Corals, and the *Porites*. The *Madrinas* differ from the *Astræans* by their less compact and definite pits. In the *Astræans* the place occupied by the animal in the community is marked by a little star-shaped spot, in the centre of which all the partition-walls meet. But in the *Madrinas*, although all the partitions converge toward the central opening, as in the *Astræans*, these central openings elongate, run into each other, and form waving furrows all over the surface, instead of the small round pits so characteristic of the *Astræans*. The *Porites* resemble the *Astræans*, but the pits are smaller, with fewer partitions and fewer tentacles, and their whole substance is more porous.

These also have their bounds within the sea: they in their turn reach the limit beyond

which they are forbidden by the laws of their nature to pass, and there they also pursue. But the Coral wall continues its steady progress; for here the lighter kinds set in—the Madreporites, the Milieporites, and a great variety of Corallines, and the reef is crowned at last with a many-coloured shrubbery of low feathery growth. These are all branching in form, and many of them are simple calciferous plants, though most of them are true animals, resembling, however, delicate Algae more than any marine animals; but, on examination of the latter, one finds them to be covered with myriads of minute dots, each representing one of the little beings out of which the whole is built.

I would add here one word on the true nature of the Milieporites, long misunderstood by naturalists, because it throws light not only on some interesting facts respecting Coral Reefs, especially the ancient ones, but also because it tells us something of the early inhabitants of the globe, and shows us that a class of Radiates supposed to be missing in that primitive creation had its representatives then as now. In the diagram of the geological periods, introduced in a previous article, I have represented all the three classes of Radiates—Polyps, Acalephs, and Echinoderms,—as present on the first floor of our globe that was inhabited at all. But it is only recently that positive proofs have been found of the existence of Acalephs or Jelly-fishes, as they are called, at that early period. Their very name indicates their delicate structure; and, were there no remains preserved in the rocks of these soft, transparent creatures, it would yet be no evidence that they did not exist. Fragile as they are, however, they have left here and there some faint record of themselves; and in the Museum at Carlsruhe, on a slab from Solenhofen, I have seen a very perfect outline of one which remains undescribed to this day. This, however, does not carry them farther back than the Jurassic period, and it is only lately that I have satisfied myself that they not only existed, but were among the most numerous animals in the first representation of organic life.

The earliest Corals correspond in certain features of their structure to the Milieporites. They differ from them as all early animals differ from the succeeding ones, every geological period having its special set of representatives. But still they are always true to their class, and have a certain general correspondence with animals of like kind that follow them in later periods. In this sense the Milieporites are in our epoch the representatives of those early Corals called by naturalists Tabulata and Rugosa—distinguished from the Polyp Corals by the horizontal floors, waving in some, straight in others, which divide the body transversely at successive heights through its whole length, and also by the absence of the vertical partitions, extending from top to bottom of each animal, so characteristic of the true Polyps. As I have said, they were for a long time supposed, notwithstanding these differences, to be Polyps, and I had shared in this opinion, till, during the

winter of 1857, while pursuing my investigations on the Coral Reefs of Florida, one of these Milieporites revealed itself to me in its true character of Acaleph. It is by its soft parts alone—those parts which are seen only in its living state, and when the animal is fully open—that its Acalephian character can be perceived, and this accounts for its being so long accepted as a Polyp, when studied in the dry Coral-stock. Nothing could exceed my astonishment when for the first time I saw such an animal fully expanded, and found it to be a true Acaleph. It is exceedingly difficult to obtain a view of them in this state, for, at any approach, they draw themselves in, and remain closed to all investigation. Only once, for a short hour, I had this opportunity; during that time one of these little creatures revealed to me its whole structure, as if to tell me, once for all, the story of its existence through all the successive epochs from the dawn of Creation till now, and then withdrew. With my most patient watching, I have never been able to see one of them open again. But to establish the fact that one of the Corals represented from the earliest period till now, and indeed far more numerous in the beginning than any other, was in truth no Polyp, but an Acaleph, the glimpse I had was all-sufficient. It came out as if to bear witness of its class—as if to say, “We, too, were among the hosts of living beings with which God first peopled His earth.”

With these branching Corals the reef reaches the level of high water, beyond which, as I have said, there can be no further growth, for want of the action of the fresh sea-water. This dependence upon the vivifying influence of the sea accounts for one unfailing feature in the Coral walls. They are always abrupt and steep on the seaward side, but have a gentle slope towards the land. This is accounted for by the circumstance that the Corals on the outer side of the reef are in immediate contact with the pure ocean-water, while by their growth they partially exclude the inner ones from the same influence; the rapid growth of the latter being also impeded by any impurity or foreign material washed away from the neighbouring shore and mingling with the water that fills the channel between the main-land and the reef. Thus the Coral Reefs, whether built around an island, or concentric to a rounding shore, or along a straight line of coast, are always shelving toward the land, while they are comparatively abrupt and steep toward the sea. This should be remembered, for, as we shall see hereafter, it has an important bearing on the question of time as illustrated by Coral Reefs.

I have spoken of the budding of Corals, by which each one becomes the centre of a cluster; but this is not the only way in which they multiply their kind. They give birth to eggs also, which are carried on the inner edge of their partition walls, till they drop into the sea, where they float about, little, soft, transparent, pear-shaped bodies, as unlike as possible to the rigid stony structure they are to assume here-

after. In this condition they are covered with vibratile cilia, or fringes, and are always in rapid, uninterrupted motion, and keep them swimming about in the water. By means of these little germs of the Corals, swimming freely about during their earliest stages of growth, the reef is continued; at the various heights where special kinds die out, by those that prosper at shallower depths; otherwise it would be impossible to understand how this variety of building material, as it were, is introduced wherever it is needed. This point, formerly a puzzle to naturalists, has become quite clear since it has been found that myriads of these little germs are poured into the water surrounding a reef. There they swim about till they find a genial spot on which to establish themselves; when they become attached to the ground by one end, while a depression takes place at the opposite end, which gradually deepens to form the mouth and inner cavity; while the edges expand to form the tentacles, and the productive life of the little Coral begins: it buds

from every side, and becomes the foundation of a new community. I should add, that, besides the Polyps and the Acetophes, Mollusks also have their representatives among the Corals. There is a group of small Mollusks called Bryozoa, allied to the Clams by their structure, but excessively minute when compared to the other members of their class; which, like the other Corals, harden in consequence of an absorption of solid matter, and contribute to the formation of the reef. Besides these, there are certain white, limestone Algae (Coralines, as they are called), which have their share also in the work. I had intended to give some account of the Coral Reefs of Florida, and to show what bearing they have upon the question of time and the permanence of Species; but this curious sketch of Coral Reefs in general has grown to such dimensions that I must reserve a more particular account of the Florida Reefs and Keys for a future article.

LETTERS FROM LE PUY, HAUTE LOIRE.

(Continued from page 36.)

A few minutes after, Victor returned, exulting, with a soup-tureen filled with fresh water, and a very white cloth; and certainly the water I have used in the costliest china never felt so delicious and fresh to my face as that, without considering the fun it occasioned us. The early sunbeams shone most delightfully in at our window; and although they could not smile on greater poverty (where there was anything at all), for there was neither chair, table, nor the least particle of furniture, besides a rude carpenter's bench, yet never shall I forget how I enjoyed it, nor yet the sensation of renovated life with which I awoke that morning—a sensation not unlike the hunter's who has spent the whole day rambling over the wilds in quest of game; inhaling, from the bracing air, health and happiness through every pore; and who, weary at nightfall, seeks rest on the mossy earth, and whom early morn beholds alert and eager again after his prey.

When we descended into the kitchen, we found the landlady, ladle in hand, assiduously filling several brown basins with a kind of potato porridge, from an immense boiler hanging over her turf fire, which food, she informed me, they partook of three times a-day, and which constituted their only nourishment. She supplied several of the neighbours in the summer, in order to save fire. We had a second edition of bread and wine: our pie, which we had in reserve, was the dainty morsel for ourselves, host, hostess, and their little boy—the latter

declared that he much preferred it to his soup, and would like to live entirely on it; at which the father observed that his son was not "bête"!

While we were at breakfast the "garde" came to wish us good morning. He evidently considered us his guests, and we were pleased at his little attentions; besides, he was as a compatriot in a foreign land to us: the others could speak but very imperfect French, while he spoke it as well as any other Frenchman in his condition, and he had been a great traveller. He had seen Paris, had fought in Algeria, &c., and was naturally intelligent and good-natured. We related to him our encounter with the two men near the Mezene, with all the circumstances, and he appeared to think that we had had a narrow escape, for he said there were two or three bad characters at that farm, although the farmer himself was an honest man and well known in the country.

"And the two sous we owe them?" inquired I, "how shall we be able to pay them? for we shall not go to Des Etables now, as you say there are no Protestants in that part of the country. It is a long way to go for so small a sum, and yet I would not break my word."

"I will go with it," answered Victor; "it will be a walk for me."

And he set out with our friend the "garde," whose occupation called him that way. They found the farmer and his wife, neither of whom

expressed the least regret at his having walked so far for two sons! And Victor declared that he shuddered as he beheld by daylight the fearful and abrupt precipices that see him the proper time night passed unperceived. During his absence, I seated on a bench outside the door, I revelled in the salubrious atmosphere with a little streamlet as clear as crystal zipping at my feet, and a lovely view of the country I had traversed the night before, in front of me; all the young fry of the village—a dozen, perhaps, for in proportion there are not one quarter of the children in France (there are in England—stood gazing at me, some stealthily approaching nearer and nearer, others peeping at a distance, most of them at first starting away with their "sabots" rattling on the stones as soon as I spoke to them; but afterwards, like the frogs with benign King Log, gaining courage, they at last avinced no fear at all. Poor little things! they looked very dirty and puny—not one little rosy bud, as in Normandy or in England, amongst them; and many of their faces were covered with sores, which my landlady, who at intervals came to chat with me, assured me was very prevalent in that part of the country. But it is the same at Le Puy. She said—she thought it was on account of the poorness of the food, which is certain.

I felt quite attracted towards the gentle, simple-hearted creature, Madame Vêrac; and I sat and listened with the deepest sympathy to her tale of toil and poverty, as, knitting by my side, she made every effort to keep me company, while "Monsieur" was gone. And nothing could be more amusing than the almost childish questions she put to me on the world she would never see; and with what delight she listened to my description of Paris and London! The ships on the Thames particularly excited her wonder, although she was sure she would never dare go in one. But the crowning point for her admiration was the immense riches in these towns, of which she questioned me minutely, that seems ever to be the most seductive point to the French, particularly amongst the peasantry; and to be rich is the highest degree of human perfection in their eyes.

While we were conversing, the "garde's" daughter came to wish me good morning. She really was a pretty girl, and appeared, in spite of the peasant dress, to have certain civilised movements in her body that the women here have not. Mounted on their "sabots," their coarse woollen petticoats half-way up their knees, they generally present a very awkward appearance. But Marie, one might see, was the village "elegant," and had inherited something of the old soldier's polish. Her mother, she told me she had been dead ever since she was born, and it was quite touching to hear with what filial love she spoke of her beloved father, who had entirely brought her up, and who would never marry again, because he would not give her a step-mother.

"But, now," I said, "he will soon be getting you another."

She sighed. "Oh, no," she replied, "father is poor and cannot give me a dowry."

I saw I had touched a sensitive chord. "Poor Marie!" interposed Madame Vêrac. "Have you seen Maurice lately?"

"Maurice!" exclaimed I, remembering the conversation I had heard at Vêrle-froid, and the name.

Both looked at me. "Do you know Maurice?" demanded Marie. "No," no," answered I, not wishing to excite their curiosity farther, for fear of being a harbinger of woe; "but it is such a pretty name!"

"And the person?"

"Madame," answered she, "he is so handsome and good."

My heart ached for the poor girls, for I felt sure it was the Maurice I knew.

"We have loved each other ever since we were children, although Maurice is older than I am, and was a great boy when I was a little girl; but his mother had been my mother's best friend when they were young girls, and I used often to be at their farm, where Maurice played with me as soon as I could walk."

"And used to bring you home, your little hand in his," added Madame Vêrac; "I see you still toddling up the road with him, prattling as fast as your little tongue would go. How often have I said to Vêrac, 'That will be a match, I am sure, they do look so pretty together.'"

"Then, when we were bigger," continued Marie, "do you remember when he always found an excuse to come to our church to mass, and to wait for me and father until we came out, and in all the village fêtes I was always his chosen one. Then father is so fond of him also!" And Marie sighed.

"Paha!" cheer up," said our hostess, "it must end well, I am sure it will."

"So Maurice says; but I have not seen him for the last two or three days, and that makes me sad; though I will not let father see it, and am gay before him."

I was told the other day that Mlle. Renaud, since her cousin's wedding, talks of no one else but Maurice, and that her father had already spoken to Maurice's father on the subject, but I cannot believe that he would sacrifice Maurice thus.

"Maurice!" replied her friend: "he never can consent to marry such a deformed disagreeable creature, without counting that she is as ill-natured as ugly, and that while loving you, Marie dear, you who are so pretty and good. You know the girls all about here are so jealous of you, and love to report anything that will grieve you about Maurice, although they know that you would not harm a worm, so pay no attention to what they say; Maurice can never marry anyone but you."

I longed to stop the consoler's tongue, for I felt sure that these were false hopes that she was, in the goodness of her heart, administering to the poor girl. I had no doubt now as to the

identity of Maurice, and a secret conviction made my very heart ache, for I felt that every fibre of Marie's would soon be writhing with anguish and despair, as I recalled that want of energy those handsome features betrayed, and the resignation that already dawned on them after a brief struggle with the old man. I listened without uttering a word, not daring to interrupt Madame Vêrac; but Marie could perceive the interest she excited in me, and, in the effusion of her heart, continued in almost a musing mood, as if conversing with an invisible being.

"Is it not hard to be despised for the want of a few thousand francs? To think that Maurice's father and mother regarded me as their own daughter until their son would have made me so, until he opened his bosom to them and demanded me in marriage! My poor mother's friend, too! We innocently thought that there could be no obstacle to our union, and for six months dreamed such a happy dream of future bliss." A tear stole down her cheek.

"It was last autumn, you remember well," addressing Madame Vêrac, "what a change suddenly came over me—for your affection for me could read all. How I shunned Maurice, without knowing why, when he was near me, and sought him when he was absent; how in the village dances I contrived to dance with all save him, although I had gone because I knew he would be there, and was ready to cry when he smiled on another. Then that evening when here in your house I danced the '*bouffée*' with Martin; do you remember? [Her friend nodded her head in assent] with whom I laughed and chatted more than usual, although I could see Maurice's eyes watching me. Scarce was the dance over than Maurice came up to me, and, with quivering lip—

"*'Marie,'* said he, '*I want to speak to you.*' And, slipping out of the room, we came to this very bench.

"*'Marie,'* said Maurice, with increased emotion (and my heart fluttered, until I thought it would burst from my bosom), '*Marie! Why do you treat me thus? What have I done for you to avoid me as if I were a *loup-garou*? Marie, you kill me, inch by inch, with your looks and smiles on Martin, when you know you belong to me, and to me alone.*'

"From that moment it was a solemn compact between us. Poor father trembled for us; he knew the greed of the richer peasantry, and his utter impossibility of giving me a sufficient portion to answer Maurice's parent's expectations for their son. However, his affection for us both made him hope, in the ties that united first my mother and then me to them. Alas! nothing can replace, in the eyes of our people here, the want of fortune; and God only knows whether they will relent."

And the poor girl almost sobbed aloud; but seeing Viator, with her father, approach, she dried her eyes, and suppressed her rising anguish. Her recital had saddened me, and I could see a tear run down Madame Vêrac's face.

Her father looked anxiously at her, and she smiled like a sunbeam in a shower of rain. He shook his head, and looked thoughtful.

Meanwhile the day was fast flying away, and we intended gaining Le Monastier before night-fall, although I could have lingered another day amongst these poor inhabitants of the mountains; for the pleasure I derived in that humble village will never be effaced from my memory. It far surpasses any I ever experienced in the turmoil of large cities, amid the luxury of civilization: not that I disdain civilization, or would willingly have consented to pass my life at Rougerole. No doubt it was the novelty of the position that charmed us. To me it was as if we had burst back through the chain of centuries that separated us from the past, and were on a visit to the ancient Gauls, whom the Gallic chief Vercingétorix raised in revolt against the Roman sway, and on whom Caesar, in the depth of winter, burst with his undaunted legions, sweeping six feet of snow before them, and diffusing terror amongst the unprepared inhabitants. They had deemed their natural fortresses, the snow and mountains, impregnable, and were panic-struck, and flew for refuge to the caverns and grotts with which the country abounds. In all probability, little has changed in the general aspect of the mountains, since that epoch; for nothing there could ever have excited the Conqueror's vengeance or the spoliator's avidity.

It was getting late in the afternoon when we took a cordial farewell of our host, hostess, and several other peasants whom curiosity had attracted, and wandered forth again, accompanied by the *garde* and his daughter, who insisted on putting us in our right track. As we passed down the village, we gave a friendly *bonjour* to all the women working at their doors, and to the children, some of whom followed us for a short distance. Then, at about a mile from Rougerole, our two companions also left us, after numerous instructions as to our route—for we had no main road—and we again stepped lightly on, in quest of adventures.

We had not gone far, before the softness of the air joined to our natural propensity for loitering about checked our speed; and now we gathered the wild flowers that decked the mountain sides with their rosy hues, then, seated in the shade, we wreathed them into garlands. Now we halted to admire the numerous coloured insects glowing in the sunshine. Once we spent half-an-hour in watching a swarm of ants, an inch long, that were dragging pieces of wood as long as themselves, with which they construct their abode. Touching them with a long stick, we several times made them abandon their toil, and, snatching up their eggs, scamper off to pitch their tent elsewhere. In less than five minutes, the whole swarm had disappeared, and we found them busy at work again a few yards onward. We even amused ourselves (but that at a respectful distance) in watching a snake or two that lay coiled up in the sun, or hung dangling from a bough; or furtively followed its unconscious prey amid the stones or under the

pass. And this put us on our guard; for there are a great many vipers. Then we climbed an upper height, to view the country round, as to seek the town we were going to. At that time, perchance we might deary a man or woman at the plough (the only signs of life within our "ken"), and catch the dying accents of their plaintive ditty as the breeze wafted it to us—the only sounds that reached us; for I have ever been struck with the almost total absence of the feathery songsters' notes in the country, in France—notes that in England fill the air with such melody. This might be accounted for at the present moment, the hour being late and the trees bare; but I have frequently remarked the same thing in Normandy and in Burgundy, and, with the exception of the nightingale, I have never had the opportunity of listening to the gay thrilling warbling of an inhabitant of the air in France. I think it is because they are killed for the table—larks in particular.

I was panting with heat and fatigue, when, just before reaching Le Monastier, we encountered the most lovely natural bower, formed of wild vine and ivy, over a pending rock. At a short distance from it, a cataract rushing over the summit of a lofty eminence, fell, with noisy din, into an abyss beneath, and the spray saturated the air with freshness. I could not resist a halt there. Near us was a huge walnut tree, laden with fruit. Whether public property or not, Victor soon eased it of some of its nuts. While we were cracking them and imbibing the rather acid juice of wild grapes, a poor bewildered hare suddenly sprung by us, bounding against Victor in its mad leaps to escape the foe—a dog and mountaineer that followed close after it. The poor animal had lost its senses. It bounded and bounded from one asperity to another opposite us, until we became quite excited in the chase. Now it was concealed under the brakes and stones; now it rushed out, dashing headlong about in all directions, the dog close to its heels; then it was again out of sight; then it re-appeared, until at last the dog lost its scent and it escaped, much to our delight, and to the annoyance of the sportsman.

The old church that now peeped forth between the mountains apprized us that we were approaching Le Monastier, and we hastened our steps, for night was fast closing in. We passed the bounding Gazelle—a stream filled with trout. The picturesque name of this fluent is extremely appropriate; for its limpid waters bound and rebound like the graceful animal it is named after.

We entered the town without meeting a soul, and our first visit was to the church—one of the most venerable piles in the country. It was formerly a monastery, the ancient cloisters of which are still in good preservation. An antique edifice is stated to have stood on the same spot, and to have originally given its name, Le Monastier, to the town, which was twice plundered

and ravished by the Saracens in the eighth century. There was something peculiarly gloomy in this old building, with its dirty finery in the interior, although its Roman architecture is well worth admiring; but we, being fatigued with our walk, soon abandoned it to its solitude, to go in quest of dinner and refuge for the night.

Two hotels with very ambitious signs disputed our preference; and it seems we chose the right one, as Madame Léotard, our landlady, afterwards assured us that we should have found but very poor accommodation in the other, for the landlady there, Madame I don't know what, was such a creature—good gracious!

This was a palace to our poor modest *auberge* at Rougerole; and we could have fish, flesh, and fowl here, although we were very late for dinner, it being eight o'clock.

"But we have a party going to the Mezene to-night, and they are now at supper," said our hostess.

"Can you give us a room to ourselves?" asked I.

"Certainly, Madame."

And she led us into a small room, and soon served us our dinner; but all we could do, we could not prevail on her to leave us alone, as we desired. I never in all my life met with such an unsupportable chatterbox; and we neither of us felt inclined to listen to her, or to answer her questions. We resisted, but it was of no use; we were at last vanquished and submitted ourselves, so that she was initiated into our history, past, present, and future, before dinner was over.

The party in the next room seemed to be a boisterous one, and their mirth became contagious; we also forgot our lassitude, and felt half-inclined to return with them to the Mezene. However, as we were sure that the atmosphere would be very nebulous there, we abandoned that project.

While we were discussing the question we heard a voice in the kitchen, speaking with Madame Léotard, say "Leave the door open, and let me see who they are."

And a moment after, the hostess entered, leaving the door as she had been bid.

"By all that is agreeable it is they!" exclaimed the voice.

And young Paul H., the thoughtless, but amiable son of a friend at Le Puy, rushed in and asked us fifty questions as to why we were there, without listening to one answer, he was in too great a state of excitement.

"Well," said Victor, "I suppose you are one of the party for the Mezene."

"I should imagine I am, though the invitation has not yet arrived."

And he laughed until he literally held his sides.

"Ho! ho! ho!" said he, "it really is too good."

We joined him, his laugh was so hearty, no one could have resisted it; and yet we were in the dark.

"Explain! explain!" repeated Victor, expecting some audacious prank from our knowledge of the gentleman.

"Well, just imagine; father a week ago sent me to this outlandish place, as a kind of punishment, because I must needs have fallen in love with a pair of blue eyes that with their father and mother have been staying at *The trois Embassadeurs* at Le Puy for this last month—friends of the D—s it seems. They (the eyes)—dined at the *Table d'Or*. I did. They looked at me, I looked at them, where was the harm? Was it my fault if they caused me to change places and to pitch my tent directly opposite them? That move unfitted me. The papa and mamma became suspicious, and looked thunder at me, but I only saw the azure brightness in front. They the next day took up their position at another table, without counting that this glass was there to befriend me, and all three, with their backs turned to Satan, dined in complete security; and I had dined—with the aid of two other different dishes—on the soft glances that the beneficent mirror had reflected for me.

"This went on for some days to our general satisfaction. The papa had almost pardoned me, seeing that I made no other moves, when, in his wonderful sagacity, he at last discovered the glass, and caught us in the very fact. He wrote to father immediately. Father, who believes all that is said of me (I cannot tell why), sent me off here to expiate my crime, and for this last week I have done nothing but grumble and dine, grumble and dine, without interruption, without meeting a dog to speak to, besides Monsieur and Madame Léotard.

"I was this morning seriously discussing whether it should be by water, rope or knife, that I would leave this world; when, whom should I see approaching in a carriage, but the blue eyes themselves, brought by the father himself into the grasp of the ravisher, and I have scarce ceased laughing since. The eyes have recognized me. Papa and mamma are in the dark. The guide is won, and if I don't speak to the lovely girl before to-morrow my name is not Paul."

We endeavoured to dissuade our young friend, but uselessly.

"It would be sheer ingratitude to the gods," he exclaimed.

We soon after retired to rest, leaving the party, of which we knew several of the members, preparing for their expedition, and Paul eager to see them start.

"I shall come and give you tidings of my success, if I survive the blues in store, and shall commission you to lay the case before the governor, for him to decide whether I could possibly, when famished, shut my mouth against larks that fall from the sky ready roasted, and beg him to recall me home."

We found Paul the next morning radiant with delight, waiting for us down-stairs.

"My plans could not have succeeded better.

It is manifest that Victor's hypothesis is my case. At first I began to despair. Angelique—that's her divine name—under a cloud under the paternal wing—from which I had nearly kept it at a respectful distance—this I could not even get a glance at her. Scarcely however had we attained the *Musée* height, when a sudden shower dispersed the party in every direction. The thunder frightened the ladies, so that in this better shelter the divine Angelique got separated from both papa and mamma, and I, following in her track, sought refuge in a hollow half-way down the mountain, just at the precise moment that she entered it trembling with fear, and we were in actual contact for at least a quarter of an hour.

"At first I remained silent for fear of frightening her; but a clap of thunder broke the ice, and I employed all my eloquence to reassure her, protesting that nothing could harm her while I was near; and so far did I succeed in appeasing her terror, that I was on the point of declaring my passion for her, when we heard several voices at a distance bawling Angelique! Angelique!

"Papa is calling me," said she.

"Then take my arm, and I will lead you to him."

"She hesitated an instant; but appalled no doubt by the darkness, she quickly accepted my invitation—my arm still tingles under the quivering touch of the little soft hand—and away we went, I perfectly bewildered with love and happiness.

"We were at least another quarter of an hour before descending the mountain, having remounted it in search of the voices calling in every direction.

"There is no chance of seeing the rising sun now," said I, "as he must have risen some time since. We had better descend, for I hear that the voices now proceed from beneath."

"The guide who had been in search of Angelique overtook us before we reached the bottom, and we soon joined the party below, to the entire satisfaction of papa and mamma, who were too delighted to see their child again unharmed to pay much attention to me, after having thanked me for aiding the guide in his search and protection. And here I am, a hundred times more enamoured than ever. And have had her melodious voice ringing in my ear all night long. I should not be surprised to find myself after her at Le Puy before the day is passed, in spite of father's injunctions. What is a poor fellow to do!"

We smiled at our young friend's despair, and reminded him of other angels that had captivated him. But he declared that this was the most serious of all.

However, to reassure my readers, Paul has been in despair several times since, and he is none the less joyous for that. It particularly agrees with his constitution.

We breakfasted with the party, and Mr. C. having offered us a place in his carriage at night,

we accepted, and after spending the rest of the day in visiting the various grots in the environs, and in fishing, without success, in the Garonne, we again dined (ow Madame Léonard's good cheer, and then under a long arched bridge, in a monastery.

One market-day, a short while after our excursion, I encountered Maurice with his father and two women. The deformity of the younger, as well as the grasping features of the former, we had seen in company with Maisee and his father at Fair-la-froid, told me they were Elise and her mother. I followed them. They entered a jeweller's shop. So did I. A something attracted me. I watched them making the marriage parades. Maurice was pale and care-worn: he seemed to move like a machine, and to take no interest in what was going on before him; and had his father been absent, Elise might have bought all in the shop, without his once thinking of checking her greediness for finery. Once I caught a glance of what appeared to me to be the deepest aversion launched on her, when with acrimonious politesse she answered a remark from her mother.

"Perchance," thought I, "the soft affectionate notes of Marie's answers to her father rang in

his ears, and the comparison fired his soul for a moment; but in the transitory, and he soon sank again into his former apathy."

A few minutes after they left the shop, Elise, exulting with delight at her intended father-in-law's generosity, she scarcely seemed to notice Maurice at all.

I once also heard of Marie again, through a peasant from Rougerols.

"She was so changed," he said, "poor girl since her last illness, for she had been at death's door, since Maurice's wedding. Her father had so supplicated the Holy Virgin, that she was well again, but she was not the same person; she never now joined in their rural *fêtes*, of which she used to be the life and soul, and was never seen but at church with her father. It was a great pity," the peasant added, "but she had been wrong to attach herself to a man so much richer than herself, for it was not likely that his friends would consent to their union, such a thing has never been heard of in the country. It was reported," he said, "that Maurice and his wife, after continual quarrelling, now rarely spoke to each other, although they inhabited the same house."

THE CROKER CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued.)

EDITED BY T. F. DILLON CROKER.

My father was very intimate with Sir William Betham, Ulster King at Arms, from whose correspondence with him the following letters are selected:—

"Dublin, 2nd Oct., 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having an opportunity of a frank, I embrace it to say that I have been expecting to receive your notes of the Crokers, that I might fulfil my engagement by embodying them for you into a compact and perfect pedigree. On looking over my papers, I find an abundant mass of material, with which I do not doubt I shall be able to complete the business to your satisfaction.

"I have been very hard at work since I returned, and am now engaged in preparing for the press a 'Synopsis of the Peerage of Ireland,' with an essay, by way of introduction, illustrative of the 'History of the Upper House of Legislation' in this country, about which I have collected much curious and interesting information. What are you doing with your fairies and *faerie-land*? Has the mischievous, but merry *Tighean* been playing you any pranks? or have the more potent and vexa-

tious sprites of the metropolis been thwarting your literary exertions, and mocking your grasp? By the same token, all the world is but *faery-ground*; the best-imagined schemes and plans sometimes vanish into thin air, and leave us nought but vain regret behind." An elegant scholar and writer once observed, that he thought *faery-land* was the region where the human mind dwells when the body is occupied in sleep—that the soul never sleeps, but is always occupied and amusing itself when thus separated from the body of clay, whose weight and materiality confines and deteriorates it. When the body sleeps, the soul's qualities are elastic, and its conceptions brilliant and celestial; and the reason why our dreams, as we call them, appear to us so strange and unaccountable, is, that our soul, returning to its earthly habitation, instantly feels its influence, like one descending from an Italian day and sky to a dark and dismal cave: thus our recollection is rendered imperfect of what occurred during our soul's aerial flight. He concluded like a good Christian, by saying he doubted not it was 'very proper it should be so.'

"My 'Antiquarian Researches' have not yet been noticed by the *Literary Gazette*. Believe me, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

"W. BETHAM, Ulster."

"Dublin, 6th Feb., 1828.

"MY DEAR CROKER,—I have been in expectation of a line from you, and am half-inclined to get crusty upon the occasion; but hearing, *vid Ainsworth*, that you have had the honor of a fit of the gout, I became impressed with more sorrow than angry feeling. Your 'Christmas-Box' has given much pleasure to my little people, as it no doubt has to most other juveniles; and I hear hopes expressed that you will try your hand again next Christmas—so much have you pleased in catering.

"My friend Sir Charles Flint writes me that Maclise has not been with him. I am sorry for this for many reasons, and first I was most anxious for his portrait; and secondly, it is a connection which would be of great value to Maclise.

"Did the gout attack your hands, or feet? If the latter only, I presume you did not fail employing the former, and probably have something for the public eye. If your hands are at liberty pray let me hear from you.—I am, my dear Croker, very sincerely yours,

"W. BETHAM."

"Dublin, 14th Sept., 1832.

"MY DEAR CROKER,—I have consulted with Carleton, Lover, Hardy, Martin Doyle, and others, respecting a 'Penny Magazine,' with Wakeman for a publisher, and they all concur in the idea, and are anxious to have you in the Co. But they think it should be printed here. They were determined to bring it out even before I communicated your wishes to them. Not having heard recently from you, I know not what progress, if any, you have made with your halfpenny concern. Let me know what you think of it forthwith. The proposal is to put it forth under some taking title, such as 'A Pennyworth for the Poor,' or, 'The Irishman's Weekly Amuser,' to which the following gentlemen will contribute—

"T. C. Croker, Esq.,
W. Carleton, Esq.,
Martin Doyle,

"S. Lover, Esq.,
Sir W. Betham,
P. D. Hardy.

'Fold's Magazine,' of which I send you a number, sells 25,000 a-week; and there is little doubt ours would quadruple that amount in a short time, besides doing much good. George Petrie and Cesar Otway are the prime movers of 'Fold's Magazine,' and in fact the sole supporters of it.

"Let me hear from you directly, and believe

me, with best regards to Madame and the Cluricane, ever yours truly,

"W. BETHAM."

"P.S.—Carleton's first edition has gone off splendidly; it was all disposed of in one night, being burned at the printers!"

"Dublin, 28th Sept., 1832.

"MY DEAR CROFTON,—Your Croker papers I have this day forwarded per coach as you directed. I shall shortly send you a copy of the pedigree, as made out by me, which is much extended from those papers. I received your communication for the 'Penny Magazine,' and still have it, not wishing to do anything with it till I heard again from you. With reference to the new mag., I fully coincide that anything of doubtful continuance ought to be avoided almost as much as a street infected with the cholera. I feel a reluctance at starting an opposition to 'Fold's Magazine,' to which George Petrie and Cesar Otway have harnessed themselves; but still I think one might be brought out much better, and more likely to be beneficial to the country. I believe Hardy, the printer, who is a spirited man, purposes getting the most improved means of printing, so as to bring it out, as far as the press is concerned, as cheap as it can be done in your large way.

"I felt, and feel, strongly, the objection you make to the publication of names, and am pleased that you are with me on that point. There is, however, a difference between England and Ireland on this subject, which may make an alteration, but still I would not publish names; the inconveniences are greater than the benefit. I must have an interview with my coadjutors on the subject, after which you shall hear again. * * * So the great unknown is no longer known; his vexations and exertions to counteract the effects of his great pecuniary embarrassments have shortened his days; 'We ne'er shall see his like again'; but he is immortal in his works.

"I have written a chapter of adventures for your lying, shuffling, comically honest friend Barney, which, when I have polished, I may possibly condescend to let you peruse. I know not if you will prosecute me for poaching on your manor, but, if your honor feels strongly on the subject, I will change the fellow's name by royal licence, and call him Triestram, or some other musical name—perhaps O'Graddery! To be serious: I had a narration of some comical acts of a pair of swindlers in Paris, which I thought too good to be lost, and therefore noted them.

"I enclose you a 'Prospectus for the York Club,' which has arisen out of the letter of Professor Park, and in fact embodies much of it; but I will have a copy made of the Professor's letter, which I will enclose you under cover to Mr. Barrow.—Carleton called here a few minutes since, to whom I read your letter,

and convinced him of the propriety and justness of your remarks.

"The romance of real life is really so strange and on some occasions irresistibly comical. 'The Adventures of a Packing-case of Books' is not a very inviting title; yet how much arose out of it! The real adventures of four young Irish surgeons, and candidates for that profession, during about ten days in Paris, was lately most amusing. They met two fellows in the Scottish plaid kilt, &c., &c., who figured away at Lord Charles, and the Hon. Frederick Stuart, and who persuaded one of the Irish fools to change clothes with one of them, while the others stayed at the hotel, pilfered the property, and eventually they both absconded with the clothes and money of the unfortunate, leaving him without knee-buckles. But more of this hereafter. You will hear of adventures of Barry you, his foster-father, never dreamed of. So no more at present from yours sincerely,

"W. BATHAM.

"P.S.—I'll match my grandson against your Curcassano, although I confess the latter is a very fine little fellow, and has an honest woman for his mother."

"Dublin, 23rd Dec., 1833.

'Pray have you heard of the famous Lord Croker? A very great man, and not a small joker.'

Old Carole.

"FRIEND CROFTY,—I have a shrewd notion that a certain article in Master Fraser's publication, entitled 'Regina on Master Ritson and eke Harthern's Old English Poetry,' was concocted, at least, with thy assistance and connivance, and right concocted and merry it is; one fault only have I to point therein, which is yt Wat Tyler, of famous memory i d d not get his skull broken for at least 300 years after the death of Richard the First, for the beste of gode reasons, that is to say, he had no hede to breke till sometime in the 14th century, and one William of Walworth, Mayor of London town, breke then and there his hede, in the regne of Richard II., whose hede was also broken, or else his neck, at Pomfret Castle, in the yere 1399. You will find the same of false criticism, and somewhat like treason thou hast committed in the said 'Regina' for this present month, page 719. And see Gedde forgiþ the sinner, and make him take hede hereafter, or perchance his hede will breke among some walle, and so farewell.

"Having despatched this important point, I go to another on the same subject, to wit, Anti's Poetry, and have now to say that I have very little to communicate on this point, and might just as well have been silent, having so little to say thereon. But I have somewhat thought better. I think L. E. L. has mistaken an small portion of ys New Ross Poem, and

omitted a great deal more, which hereafter I shall remark more at large upon, God willing. I adopt two or three first lines, not because I like them, but have not yet had time to improve them:

I have a whim to write in verse,
If you will hear what I rehearse;
For tale unlistened to I wisse
Not worth a clove of garlick is;*
Pray, therefore, listen to my lay,
And gently hear what I've to say
Of a town, in Ireland green,
For its size, it is I ween,
As comely one as e'er was seen,
Between two Knightly Barons near
Arose a deadly feud and war,
Sir Walter and Sir Maurice—Night
They called the one, and tother Knight;
And the charming town was called
Ross, before it had been walled,
fore ever it was walled,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

"Now to other matters. I have a letter from my northern Raven, the Danish *Rafn*, the secretary of the *Kongelige Nordiske Oldskrift Selskab*, and have to announce that you have been, at my instance, elected a component ordinary member of the said seal. Do not be vexed at the name; for it, in plain English, is the Royal Northern Antiquary Society of Copenhagen. They are about publishing everything to be found in the Norse and Icelandic MSS, respecting England and Ireland in English, which are to be forwarded to the ordinary members in our country. The subscription for life is £5 10s., which entitles to all the transactions of the society. I have sent them many members as well as your honour. Your diploma has been forwarded to the Danish Consul in London, Fletcher Wilson, Esq., where you may obtain it. I shall, as directed, collect the subscriptions of my friends, and remit it in bulk, and yours may as well go with it. I shall probably see you in February, and we can then settle about it.

"Now about myself. My book is all written, and I hope will all be printed in about a fortnight, when I shall send you a copy (if I do not bring it myself) by my son. I expect an early attention from you. I mean that you should read it, and I flatter myself you will think it not devoid of merit. I trust it will raise the *plud* of Tuffy and *prafake* him to wrath; for I likes fun, and much friction produceth fire, and much discussion often elicitheth truth. The Welsh were not Britons any more

* *Ayle* is a clove of garlick, and never since the Creation did it mean a *berry*, no, not even a *boy berry*; *gene* means a *war*; and the 11th line is, I think, above correctly rendered. I write this to shew you I have not been altogether inattentive to your *big book*; and I fear I must go through the whole poem, for your fair and charming friend has certainly mistaken much the sense of the original in many instances; but *tace, tace, tace, mum!*

than fleas were lobsters, and any man who says either one thing or the other, or presumes to tread on the skirts of my coat, must take the consequences. Having lived so long here, I have acquired the cudgel as well as the brogue, and fight for fun, like a Milesiad. By the way, you will be very apt to have your head broken, for sending the article on Bog houses to the Antiquaries, if you escape being smothered in one; for the wrath of the R. I. A.* is excessive, and they call you all names but sweet ones.

"Let me hear from you as soon as you have sent fleets to the Mediterranean, the Euxine, the Baltic, and the Caspian, and the American lakes, and other trifling affairs on the hands of my lords, are settled. Remember me to my lady and the Leprechaun.—Yours,

"W. BETHAM.

"P.S.—My work will be entitled 'The Gael and Cymbry: an Enquiry into the Origin, Language, Religion, and Institutions of the Gaels, or the Britons, Gauls, and Irish, and of the Cymbry, or the Picts, Welsh, and Bretons.'"

"Strabrook House, 24th Jan., 1837.

"MY DEAR CROKER,—We have all, more or less, been under the influence of this universal influencer, the influenza; and most unduly and severely influenced we have been, as I am at this present writing. I am, however, on the mend, and trust to act no longer under undue influence. I have been confined to the house for some days, and was unwell long before; but fought against it till I found resistance unavailing. I thought Holt too prolix, and therefore abridged rather than amplified him—and, indeed, suppressed a good deal at the end of his life: that is, his keeping a public-house, and the adventures thereupon arising. I, however, now send you the original MS., per coach, from which you can take what you think ought to be inserted, and use your own discretion thereon. I also send you a song, made during the Rebellion—or, perhaps, only part of it; for I picked it up piecemeal by verses. It will make a page or two. Some of the verses are not very bad. I believe I got some from yourself. An additional lead between the lines will much assist the reader in getting through the volume, and also greatly assist in making the additional 340 pages more easily made out. I think Mr. Colburn wants to make too much of it. One good volume would be enough; but I suppose he knows best. I shall send you any additional matter I can find, to eke out. I fear Sir Richard Musgrave gives but little account of Holt's acts, except calling him a *ruffian of the name of Holt*—a name poor Holt certainly did not deserve, and Sir Richard would not have given him had he known him better.

"I am sorry you have had this heavy job

thrown on your hands, and I very much regret Mr. Colburn wants so much; but I suppose these annoyances are the essence of connection with booksellers (like the clevon foot), and no accident. I have had nothing but annoyance in all my transactions with them, except when I had the good fortune to be in their debt, and went to pay their bill; then they were always very well-conditioned gentlemen.

"I am heartily glad you found the Boyle papers so useful. It is gratifying they have, like good seed, fallen on good ground.

"What the mischief makes Father Prout so great an admirer of O'Brien and his round towers? A more wretched production than his never issued from the press. By the bye, I think the aforesaid Padre is under some sort of undue influence—and bad, that is, false information respecting many things on Irish matters, records, &c., &c. It is not of much matter, to be sure. His splendid talents and his still greater acquirements make all admire him; but he should not take for granted *all the lies he hears*. If he believe half the stories he hears from Ireland, it is more than are true. * * * * If you find it difficult to make out the names in my MS., I had much more with Holt's; for it is villanously spelled. * * * * I hope to see you next month, when I expect to attend my royal master on official business. I hope and trust the undue influence will be soon over, in more cases than one.—With best wishes to your fire-side, believe me faithfully yours,

"W. BETHAM.

"P.S.—This is our grand Conservative field-day. Not a bed to be had, for love or money. There is scarce room for an honest Radical to get along the street, and for Whigs none at all."

"Dublin, 11th Nov., 1837.

"MY DEAR CROKER,—* * * * I have been very hard at work on the Egeubleric Etruscan Inscriptions, which fully confirm my hypothesis of the identity of the Etruscan and Phœnician with the Celtic. They are of the greatest interest. The sixth and seventh contain an account of the discovery of the magnetic needle, and the settlement of the Phœnician Colony in the British Islands, then called the *Western Islands of the Ocean*. Ireland was the first landed on, and then made holy by a solemn dedication at Carne, or the Cairn, on which sacrifice was offered to the sun. This *Carne* I take to be, from the description given in the inscription, *Carnesori*, the peninsula, or promontory, between the rivers of Waterford and Wexford. It is singular that it is still called the parish of *Kerne*. I read my first introductory paper at the Academy on Monday next, and shall follow it up at the next meeting with a translation of some one or more of these tables at the subsequent meetings. There has been no such discovery as this ever made. The date

* Royal Irish Academy.

of the last table is three hundred years after the great earthquake. When was this? This epoch preceded the Olympiads, the building of Rome, and indeed all others, but those of the Sacred Scriptures. The earliest of the earthquakes mentioned is that in the days of Uzziah, king of Judah, about five hundred years B. C.

"I hope to have the whole of these tables translated shortly and put in print, for the edification of the antiquarian world. I certainly never expected to find an authentic account of the first discovery and settlement of the Phœnician Colony in these islands, and am as much gratified nearly as the Phœnicians were at this happy discovery. It is interesting to think of a period when imperial Britain was in the possession of a race of naked savages, of yellow hair and fair complexion. I shall send our friend Jerdan a copy of our proceedings when the papers have been read; but if you think proper to announce in *Lit. Gaz.* you may. — With best wishes to this session, I am always yours,
"W. BETHAM."

"Dublin Castle, 20th January, 1838.

"MY DEAR CROKER,—Yours of the 1st relieved me from much anxiety as to your safety, for as you were silent I feared all manner of evils, which you have most paradoxically accounted for.

"A copy of 'Holt' came over to me; but not until I had seen it at my bookseller's. It is a very respectable-looking book, and the portrait quite equals my expectations. I am satisfied also with your notes, which add very much to the interest of the whole. The *clean beast* gives a Jewish appearance, and as the Irish are descended from the Phœnician neighbours of the Jews, it matters little: they may be connected with that ancient and dirty people. I think the work, on the whole, well got up, and I hear it spoken of much in commendation. If it should be all sold I would recommend a *cheap edition*, which would sell to a great extent. The expense (28s.), is much against an extended sale, which would be a public benefit. I think also Colburn ought to give you at least £100, if it goes to a second edition; and that he ought moreover to send me, at least, six copies. Moreover, get a settlement for me as soon as you can. I know booksellers' habits of delay too well to be bashful in asking them. * * * Pray preserve my portrait of Holt and the MS. until I have the pleasure of seeing you in the spring, which I suppose will happen as usual, when I hope to take my seat among the Novio Magi,* having great acquisitions in antique *magical matters*. I am to read my paper on Thursday night, and will send you a notice of it in a few days. I flatter myself, mine are truly respectable enquiries,

and will be useful to history. I am not aware of the controversy you allude to respecting Pistrucchi and Wyon, but am glad innocent Nicholas has the best of it. The meetings of the "A.S." are peculiarly *stolid*.—With my very best wishes to thy fireside, believe me, my dear Croker, always yours,
"W. BETHAM."

"Dublin Castle, 25th Nov., 1842.

"MY DEAR CROKER,—I was much gratified at the sight of your hand-writing, for I had dismal forebodings in consequence of hearing you had been very unwell. I am obliged by your offer to make or mend my fortune; but have made up my mind not to meddle or make with any affairs beyond my own ken, and to leave an injunction on my sons to follow the same rule, which will, I doubt not, save them much trouble and anxiety. When I received your letter I had not seen Jerdan's second notice of my work, and therefore could only guess at the meaning of your HAT. I read it last night, and am glad to hear Dr. Lepsius has published his work, which will, I have no doubt, prove as great a failure as his predecessor's—Grolepird, Yescerus, Möller, and Co., of Germany, and Gori, Passeri, Lanzi, Vermigliotti, and Co., of Italy. It is quite sufficient for me to judge of the work of Lepsius to find he appropriates the Etruscan coins with TAH and HAT upon them to the Emperor Hadrian! This legend is written both ways—on the oldest coins HAT; on the more recent, that is, after the adoption of the practice of writing from left to right, TAH.

"I must get Lepsius's book, and give it a reading, and revise in a new volume or volumes on Carthaginian and Spanish Phœnician, which I am preparing, in which I shall expose the folly and absurdity of the notion that Phœnician and Hebrew are cognate tongues. This is, I know, the general notion which has prevailed for ages, but it is not the less groundless on that account. I am determined to work the matter out, if I be blessed with health and strength to do so.

"I enclose you an order on Boone for a copy, which I *command* you to read, which in duty you must do, however unpalatable, under pain of our royal displeasure. But, to show you the extent of our clemency, we do not require you to do more than examine the tables in the *original*; but the columnar juxtaposition portion you must examine *with attention*; and make your report upon the whole to us in due time, either when we visit the dominions of our Royal brethren Garter and Clarenceux, in which case let it be done *vivâ voce* in an audible manner, or, if in writing, fairly, honestly, and without mental reservation or equivocation. We also taking into royal consideration your delicate state of health do not limit the period in which you are to accomplish the Herculean task.

* An allusion to the Noviomagian Society, of which my father was president.—T. F. D. C.

* The Society of Antiquaries.

"Commending yourself and consent with the Cluricaune to God's holy keeping, we bid you heartily farewell.

"Given at our Tower of Records, this 25th day of November, in the 36th year of our reign.

"ULSTER."

"Dublin, 13th March, 1843.

"MY DEAR CROFTON,—I was glad, notwithstanding your great delinquency, to see your hand-writing on my return from the *city of violated treaties*, the day before yesterday. I am not disposed to admit the justness of your self-denying assertion of incapacity of judging upon the abstruseness of the *Etruria Celtica*. No one is more capable; many pretend to a knowledge of the Irish language, who are undoubtedly far behind your honour in this respect; therefore, let me hear no more of this mock-modersty. As to my having acquired the character of a *first rate*, I have little to say in that respect: to be a first-rate antiquary is no great commendation in the eyes of the world, who generally sets the possessor down as a very mediocre sort of person, and of very small intellect. Perhaps they are right, for if a man who pursues this subject had no other motive than a desire to acquire the approbation of this utilitarian age, he must be but a *second-rate fool*, acting under a fashionable *monomania*.

"I am glad to find you have read my recent publication, and have felt interested in it. Our lively friend, J. G. N., has had a critique perpetrated in the *undertaker's melancholy periodical*—I should think by some descendant of the Compiler of Foerbrooke's *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*: it is so muddy and stupid, it partakes of the *foes* in its stagnant qualities, and if the water of this book has any motion, it is not perceivable, and is lively only to its inhabitants, "the lively eels in the verdant mud." If you have not seen it, pray look at the number for this present March, p. 282, 2nd column, the criticism on Liguria, and then refer to the passage criticised in my 2nd volume, p. 249. You will find the critic could not read, nay did not know his letters. I never saw Sadi but on the occasion of our visit. Do you recollect my promising him a copy? I have no such mem. on my mind: the impression made then on me was anything but favourable to the veracity of his story, and I am now satisfied he never knew anything of the language he pretended to have heard spoken at Kilkenny, and gave much trouble by fabricating so groundless a story, and hoisting a false light. I much doubt he ever was among the Berbens at all. At all events they were not Phœnicians. Still, if I did promise him a copy he shall have it, but I do not think I did.

"I am glad the Noviomagi are flourishing: my intercourse with them is not likely to be very frequent. I am getting old, and unwilling to move about. I do not recollect the Kelly

Eclogue, except that I have some slight notion on my mind of the existence of such a thing. I am, however, glad you think it worth editing. Lady B. is still very invalid, but is somewhat recovered: she walked round the garden with me to-day, and desires her kindest regards to Mrs. G.—Ever truly, yours, "W. BETHAM."

"Dublin, 14th March, 1844.

"MY DEAR CROFTON,—I saw the account of the departure of Mr. Nicholson in the papers, and the just tribute to his character and talents. It is a fine trait you mention, of his wish to *brighten a dark cloud*, as the last act of his life. His cheerful spirit has left many a bright spot on the recollection of his survivors. Although I have not seen him very often I have a vivid recollection of him. The impression he made could not be effaced, his union of affectionate kindness with brilliant talents shewed him no ordinary man; he excelled in more than in elegant accomplishment.

Mrs. Croker's feelings, of course, are greatly shocked at her father's death; we are never content to part with those dear to us, even if we have had more of them than is vouchsafed to others—we unwillingly submit to the deprivation, however deferred.

I have lately received a fac-simile copy of an ancient Irish MS from the Royal Library at Stockholm. It is *very old*—I would say as early as the 7th or 8th century: it consists chiefly of *two poems*—one copied from an older MS., with a gloss upon it; the other, what is called a *Fenian Poem*, about *Monanan Mac Sir*, a great navigator of the Irish; and withal a *Fairy*, or *Tuath de doman*, who was the genius or spirit of the waters. I only received it the day before yesterday, and am having it copied, and will translate it; after which you shall have more. I have translated several hundred short Funereal Etruscan Inscriptions, which consist of moral aphorisms on death and the grave, very terse, and some very beautiful, exhibiting the finest principles of civilisation.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"W. BETHAM."

"Dublin Castle, 31st August, 1849.

"MY DEAR CROKER,—Many thanks for yours of the 29th. The find of Etruscan coins is very important, and I trust you will be able to identify the precise locality; for there were many (30 or 40) similar coins found in digging the foundation of a house on the Quay of the Liffey here, in Dublin, by the men employed by the proprietor, my friend Charles Haliday; but as he was not present when they were discovered, Dr. Todd objected stiffly against their being so found, and because they had been withheld by the men, from Mr. Haliday, for some time; and

he also made the same objections to those found in the King's County; of which you have the drawing mentioned in your letter; those, however, are merely coloured imitations of the true Etruscan coins. What you have sent me sketched are genuine Etruscan, as were those found by Mr. Haliday's people. I shall say nothing of yours till I have your permission. Our folks at the Academy are determined that the Celts were not Phenico-Etruscans, and that no evidence shall prove them to be so; but they must give up at last.

I hope you will prepare a paper on these coins and Celts. I hope they were found together, which will stagger our infidel academicians not a little. They may believe, in spite of them. We shall have such a body of testimony that we shall come evidence in spite of them. Every British Gaulish coin is but a poor imitation of the Etruscan, and demonstrates that the Celts copied them from their Etruscan ancestors. I have been working at this subject, and have been led into a very long and, to me, interesting investigation of the origin of the Phenicians themselves, which I am satisfied I have traced to the proper source. If you write a paper on these coins, after having clearly ascertained the locality, and circumstances of the finding, it will be most important.

Yours faithfully,
"W. BETHAM."

"Dublin Castle, 27th December, 1849.

"MY DEAR CROKER,—After our hearty congratulations and good wishes for the welfare of you and yours at this auspicious season, when peace on earth and good-will towards men should influence us all, I take up my pen to write to you a few lines. Without having anything worth communicating, except the aforementioned, I enclose you an impression of the gold seal ring of Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid, now in the possession of Dr. Abbot, of Cairo. I am told the inscription proves its genuine character. The impression was given to my nephew by Dr. Abbot himself, at Cairo, and from it I formed a matrix, from which I send you is taken * * * We are making a splendid museum at the Royal Irish Academy; it has been greatly enriched by the Shannon Commissioners with the antiquities found in that river, which have been liberally given by those gentlemen, and are so numerous and valuable that they would make a very respectable museum of themselves * * * I suppose your important official avocations occupy you so much that you have not time to attend much to literature. How goes on the Antiquaries? Do they evince signs of life and vigour, or are they still, still, still? I hear nothing of them, except occasionally a print of their proceedings, which indicates but little. I think you told me you expected something like a movement in the right way, and that the Society would take the initiatory of

matters from both the Association and the Institute. It would be well if it did so.

"I have not been altogether idle, but have not perpetrated anything, and therefore have nothing good to say of my unproductive exertions.

"Wishing every happiness to Mrs. C. & Dillon, believe me, dear Croker, faithfully yours,

"W. BETHAM."

"Dublin Castle, 16th March, 1850.

"MY DEAR CROFTON,—I am well pleased, my excellent friend, that your retirement is a matter of congratulation to your own mind; had it been otherwise it would have been a grievous thing to me; but I could not for a moment contemplate a result different from the minute of the Board of Admiralty, from the estimate of your worth, in my own mind. I shall store up this printed minute among my *Crokeriana* * * *

Your retirement will give you time for your literary objects.—Ever truly yours,

"W. BETHAM."

WOMAN IN ADVERSITY.—Women should be more trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and without always knowing why, read the present and future, read characters and acts, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage "mother wit," save that woman has a quicker perception and reader invention than man? How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it, and carries the home-ship through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin. Woman seldom, if ever, forsakes home thus. Woman never evaded mere temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his poverty gazetted, may blow out his brains, and leave wife and children to want, protectorless. Loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be counselled and confided in: it is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctly grasps at and clings to the truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he falls.

THE VILLAGE SCANDAL.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

CHAP. I.

In the front parlour of a shabby-looking house in one of the second-class streets of Cork, on one of those terribly wet nights for which that city is so famous, sat a woman who seemed to be the very impersonation of misery. She could have been little less than forty years of age, her dark hair (of which she had a profusion) being slightly streaked with grey. She sat on a low chair before the fireplace, her tall gaunt form bent forward, and her hands clasped upon her knees, utterly unconscious that the fire had completely died out, and that the wick of the candle burning beside her had fallen to one side, and was rapidly wasting it away.

She had sat thus for nearly an hour, in the same immovable sort of stony despair, and would probably have sat so until the morrow had she not been roused from her stupor by the sounds of the clock (every stroke of which fell sharp and clear on the silence), chiming eleven, when she started up, snatched a shawl and bonnet from a sofa at the other end of the room, and in a moment more was about to unbolt the street door, when a hand was laid on her arm, and a kind, motherly voice said—

"You must not go out to-night, Miss Brande. It is too late for any woman to be in the streets alone. There is something wrong with you. Come into my room, and tell me all about it."

"But I must go, Mrs. Dalton," cried she who had been called Miss Brande, fiercely; "I have business of life and death to engage in—something—some one," she added, hesitatingly, "to find."

"But where can you seek for anyone or anything at this time of night—and such a night?" was the rejoinder.

"Ah! where, indeed?" she repeated, in a voice of such utter wretchedness and despair that the person who had stayed her going forth now quickly locked the door, secured the key, and drew her unresistingly into the back parlour, opening off the little hall.

As they entered the room, in which a lamp and a clear fire were burning, it was seen that Mrs. Dalton was an elderly woman—a widow—with a kindly, handsome face and snow-white hair. Rather low and stout, her figure contrasted strongly with that of her friend, whose worn features and large grey eyes now wore an expression little short of insanity.

"Let me remove your bonnet, my dear, and this damp shawl," said the widow; "and I will get you a glass of hot negus. I fear you cannot escape a severe cold. How could you remain out in such rain? And to think of going out again! Dear! dear!"

The words of the good-natured woman, spoken as she hustled about the room, did not seem to reach the ear, far less the understanding, of the miserable being who sat rocking herself slowly to and fro—her hands, as before, clasped upon her knees; until, having prepared the negus, she drew a chair beside her, and, taking one of her large bony hands between her own soft plump ones, said—

"Come, I am a great deal older than you are; you know you can confide in me with safety—tell me what this trouble is. It will relieve you to speak of it. Come, Jane, tell me!"

Miss Brande looked at her vacantly for a moment, as if struggling to understand her, and then, after uttering the monosyllable "Yes," she relaxed into silence.

"Good Heaven!" thought the perplexed woman, "this must be the sullen silent madness I have heard spoken of. But how quickly it has come upon her! She was quite herself this morning." Then, speaking loudly, as to one deaf, she said—

"Jane, attend to me. You are to drink this, and to go to bed. In the morning your sister—"

"What of my sister—of little Annie?" interrupted Miss Brande, with white face and quivering lips. "What were you about to say of her?"

"Nothing," replied the amazed widow, "but that your sister could be written for to-morrow, if you were not better and wished to see her."

"You are quite sure that was all?" demanded Jane. "Or did anyone speak harshly of her? Anyone say—no," she continued, with sudden softening of manner, "perhaps, dear Mrs. Dalton, you had a note from her also? Perhaps she has written to you, to say she was merely jesting in her letter to Jane."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton, "I guess it all now! The little one is in some trouble. Shew me the letter you speak of, that we may consult about it. Poor sister! Poor child!"

Jane drew a small folded paper from her bosom, and handed it to Mrs. Dalton, her hands trembling, and her eyes fixed eagerly on the widow's face, as she whispered hoarsely—

"But she will come home, you know—home—back to me. Do you not think so?"

"I hope so, my dear; I hope so," answered her friend, as she opened the letter and read:

"MY DEAR, DEAR SISTER JANE,—Do not be angry with me, and yet I fear you will be. Do not be uneasy either about me, as I am very well, and O so happy! I thought I was never again to be happy when papa died, and I was obliged to leave you; but now—Only Philip says I am not to enter into any explanation; that he will write him-

self and tell you all when he can; but not just yet. He even promises you shall live with me entirely if you please. Imagine, Jane, no more drudgery of teaching for you! Do not be displeased with me for not saying more: indeed, I cannot do so for some time, only I am very happy. Remember, also, Mrs. Hewson was never harsh or exacting with me: on the contrary, she was most kind and patient. But, after all, I felt so lonely; and then Philip came; and his love made up for all. And he persuaded me to go with him, never to leave him more. I shall write to you frequently. Philip says I may, but will not, allow her to give you my address; yet, but, my darling sister, do not grieve about me. Give my love to dear Mrs. Dalton, and tell her I said she was to take care of you for me, until you see again.

Your own little fond sister,
ANNIE.

"God help you!" said Mrs. Dalton, as she finished reading this strange, unsatisfactory epistle. "No wonder you should be nearly mad. Have you no other information than this affords?"

"None," replied Miss Brande, except a short note from Mrs. Hewson, regretting her leaving, and speaking of her most kindly, but evidently written under the impression that she had come on to me without delay. She says Mr. Hewson saw her to the train, and hopes she got home safely. But I am wasting my time here," she exclaimed, starting up, "when I should be seeking for her."

"Oh, Mrs. Dalton, do not judge her too strictly: she is scarcely seventeen."

"Judge her, poor child," answered the widow. "God forbid! We must now only endeavour to discover where she is concealed, and rescue her from this bad man, who—"

"Yes," interrupted Jane, "that was what I was about to do when you prevented me from going out; but I will go now. Now you know all, you will not have the heart to prevent me?"

"But what do you propose doing?" At least tell me that," inquired Mrs. Dalton.

"To catch the last train to W—," was the answer; "and to make the strictest inquiries."

"It is impossible!"

"But some one there can tell me who this man she calls Philip is."

"My dear," said Mrs. Dalton, "the last train left at half-past ten; it is now half-past eleven; but, even if you could do as you say, your haste would defeat your own purpose. You have scarcely any money, and you know I am too poor to lend you any."

"Oh, I was paid to-day by Mrs. Russell—see, I have three pounds three," she said, eagerly opening a portemonnaie containing that sum.

"It will not be sufficient," persisted Mrs. Dalton; "besides, you have no choice: you must go to bed now. See Mrs. Conway in the morning, who has the care of your little board, and get a few more pounds; and then, when you are calmer, after the night's rest, start upon your journey."

"Yours is the best, nay, the only plan," said

Jane. "Yet, to wait until morning will be, I fear, to lose my reason. It must now be three days since she left the Hewson's; although the letters only reached me this evening. I must be doing something in the matter, or I shall go mad!"

"It will be doing a great deal in the matter to go to bed," said her friend. "Come, you were never selfish: for little Annie's sake do as I ask."

For little Annie's sake what would she not do? And so, silenced and subdued, she swallowed the drink prepared for her, went to bed, and deferred taking any further steps to discover her young sister until next morning. Poor thing! her means were indeed scanty to enter on such a search. The daughter of a poor clerk in a savings-bank, who had at his death (about a year before) left to her care the young half-sister, who was now the cause of so much anguish to her; thirty-eight years old, she had spent twenty years of that time in teaching, sometimes as a resident, but now, for a long time, as a visiting governess. She had always been able to support herself, and had many kind patrons and friends, but had never found it possible to save more than a few pounds, and even this she had been unable to do when Annie came to live with her. She had lodged at Mrs. Dalton's for some years, and had experienced much kindness from her, although the widow was but a poor woman herself, living principally by letting furnished lodgings. Very often during the long hours she was compelled to spend away from Annie, "labouring hard for the bread which perisheth," Jane Brande had felt a vague uneasiness at leaving her alone in a house where so many strangers came and went; until at length (when it occurred) she grasped gladly at the offer of a Mrs. Hewson, a former pupil of her own, to take her sister as nursery governess to her two little children, and to treat her more as a friend than a dependent. Miss Brande knew this lady thoroughly, and felt undoubting faith in what she said; so Annie went, and found Mrs. Hewson everything that was considerate and kind; but the kindness of mere strangers, albeit calling themselves friends, is but kindness after all, liable to change and fall away; and Annie pined, almost without knowing it, after the warm household love that used to surround her when her father and mother lived, and she had been their idol, and that of the dear sister, so much older than herself. Whoever this Philip was, then, he must have easily discovered how she felt, and have taken advantage of her extreme and artless simplicity to induce her to take the terrible step of going with him wherever he chose to bear her.

Strange as it may sound, once in bed, Jane Brande slept profoundly, and woke at a much later hour than usual next morning, but with a dull consciousness of misery, which made her turn loathingly from the light of day, and wish—if her wretchedness could form a wish—that for her it might be night for ever. With a strange reaction of feeling, too, all her last

night's eagerness for active measures was gone; and it was now Mrs. Dalton who had to force her to rise and dress, in order that she might call upon the lady who held her few pounds, and be in time to catch the midday train to W—, the town near which her sister had lately resided. Once up, however, all her energy returned, although it brought with it no ray of colour to the grey lips and ashy cheeks which she kept so closely concealed behind the thick folds of her crape veil.

That evening found her in Mrs. Hewson's drawing-room, asking the grieved and astonished lady for all the details of her sister's departure from her house. Great indeed was her friend's surprise to learn that Annie had not returned to her; although, now that she thought over it (Annie being a bad hypocrite), there was something strange and mysterious in her sudden resolution to go home, or at least in her manner of declaring her resolve.

Of Philip she could not give the slightest account—nor even guess who he might be; no one of her own, or her husband's acquaintance bore that name, for Mr. Hewson had been called into the conference. There had been no visitor staying at the house during the period Miss Brande had been with them; nor was there any gentleman missing from the neighbourhood.

Mr. Hewson, an active county magistrate, was for having the matter put at once into the hands of the police; but the unhappy sister begged so hard to be allowed to continue the search herself, for some time at least, to avoid the scandal of the whole thing getting into the newspapers, that he consented, much against his will, to keep the affair as secret as possible; although he told her his honest opinion was that she would never succeed without the help of a detective. For instance, could she tell him what she meant to do next.

"You say," replied Jane, "there has been no one staying with you and no one absent from his own home in the neighbourhood whom you could suspect. This is not a garrison town. Is there one anywhere near?"

"No, not within ten miles," said the magistrate.

"Ah! but military men," remarked Jane, "think little of walking that distance if they have any object in view."

"Used she walk much with the children?"

"Yes, latterly," said their mother. "Let us ask them if she was in the habit of meeting any gentleman."

But one just turned five, the other four, could give no definite information. They met many gentlemen: Mr. Taylor, Mr. Norton, and others, until, at length, the little girl remembered the gentleman with the fishing-rod like papa's, who gave them peaches, and once made Miss Brande cry. They used to meet him very often; they met him the day Artie (her little brother) was naughty, and wet his shoes in the river at the ford. That was all the little lady

could tell. It was no use questioning her more.

Well, at least something had been discovered. To meet Annie so often this person must have lodged somewhere near, perhaps even in the village. She would walk down to the little-frequented inn, and make enquiries. Mr. Hewson kindly offered to take that trouble off her hands; but no, she would do it herself; she fancied no one could enquire as she should; no one could, as it were, force them to recollect as she should do.

But she had no occasion to take this trouble, as the hostess, a clear-headed, intelligent woman, told her at once that a gentleman, for the sake of fishing, had been staying with them for some time, although she could not say he was very successful with his rod: his name was "Phillips", he had no servant with him, and he was not an officer. It was easy, she added, to know one; but she thought he had more the appearance of a country gentleman—a very fine-looking young man, who paid well and gave little trouble.

Miss Brande asked if she could see the rooms he had occupied during his stay, and was answered—certainly; they had not been used since.

If Jane did this in the hope of finding some stray envelope or forgotten book bearing his name (that "Phillips" was an assumed one she had no doubt; Annie had called him Philip) she was destined to be disappointed, the only trace of his late presence in the apartments being a handkerchief lying on the dressing-table, as if thrown hastily by, marked "P. W., No. 9."

She asked, and received, permission to take it. It was a sort of comfort to her to hold it in her hand, to look at it; it seemed something that was guiding her to her sister.

Vain hope! When she again saw her, that handkerchief had little to do with the meeting. She learned, also, at the inn, that he had left it the day before Annie left Mrs. Hewson's. The man usually employed for the purpose, who had taken his luggage to the train for him, had waited to see it start, and the gentleman went alone, he had not even spoken to anyone.

The fact of his going off in this manner Jane knew to be of little importance, as he could easily have arranged to meet Annie at some station next day. Her scheme therefore was to trace him along the line.

She had little difficulty in discovering that a gentleman, answering to the description given by the hostess, had joined a young lady in Dublin, and travelled with her down to Cork; they had passed through the very city, then, where she lived.

Little Annie had been almost within her grasp, yet she had lost her. What was she to do next? What but to return home—home! what a mockery of home—and try if she could trace her thence.

So far she had been successful in her pursuit, and the hope rose high that she should eventually discover her and rescue her from deeper sin and misery. During her journey

she was ever picturing to herself how they should meet, how tender she would be towards her, how lovingly she would try to win her from her great fault, and shelter her from shame—her father's young daughter, her little sister Annie.

Filled with these ideas, her disappointment was the more bitter when she found that in Cork all trace of the pair was lost. They had

never been there at all. With the bitterness of disappointment thus added to her former misery, the poor woman, with a sinking heart, found that she had to begin all over again, that her long journey had ended in nothing. Yet vainly did Mrs. Dalton implore her to engage a detective to assist her. She remained firm in her resolve—there should be no police officer set upon the track of little Annie.

(To be continued.)

DR. FALLOWELL.

(A County Story.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FEW OUT OF THOUSANDS."

Harriet Miller, lady's maid to Mrs. Martynn, came hurriedly one morning into the housekeeper's room at Marydeane Hall. Marydeane Hall, in Shropshire, was the residence of Squire Bellew; and Bellew of Marydeane was a well-known name in the county. Although but a single country gentleman, Mr. Bellew kept company with the best and highest in England, and Marydeane Hall was about one of the last old family residences remaining, in which old English hospitality (some call it now-a-days prodigality) was thoroughly maintained: open house, in short, was kept. The squire's fortune was immense. Wealth had poured into the Bellew family from every quarter. Anglo-Indians, who bore the old name, died and bequeathed their rupees to the head of the house: rich connexions in many other parts of the world did the same. There were none now, save the squire himself—who was an old bachelor—and his widowed sister. Caroline Bellew had been the *belle* of her county, and when she married a country gentleman, of good birth and large fortune, she was thought to have done well; but the blood of John Martynn must have had the taint of insanity, for he soon broke out into such eccentricities, that he made all Shropshire stare and talk. His beautiful young wife was his principal victim, and it was a happy day for her when, at last, in a mad fox-hunt, Martynn of Martynn broke his neck, and finished his career. Previously to that she had been compelled, by outrages such as no human being could submit to, to seek refuge with her brother—though perhaps, poor lady, she would have preferred availing herself of some other shelter; but that was impossible.

Squire Bellew was a dead shot, and, having sworn to shoot his brother-in-law if he molested his sister, John Martynn had so much cunning in his madness, that he spared, through fear,

what he would not have done from reason. Mrs. Martynn had, however, been a widow two or three years, and, barring that the squire her brother was too much addicted to fox-hunting and hard-drinking, to say nothing of the pastime of making love to every woman within his range, she was beginning to feel tolerably happy. Colonel Tremayne—an old suitor—had renewed his pretensions, for Caroline Martynn was even more beautiful than Caroline Bellew had been. The marriage was at last arranged, and, from the Colonel's high character, everyone predicted that Mrs. Martynn would taste happiness yet.

Harriet Miller, then, asked for the doctor. There was a regular practitioner, who formed part of the establishment at the Hall, as did also a chaplain, and very good company the squire found them.

"The doctor!" said Mrs. Bryndle, the housekeeper—"he's at breakfast, Harriet, with the squire: they are going to the meet directly: the helpers are bringing round the hunters, and there are the hounds baying like anything."

Harriet Miller looked vexed. "Mrs. Martynn," she said, "is very ill: Dr. Fallowell must come, meet or no meet, directly."

"Bless me!" said the portly housekeeper, "why, Mrs. Martynne was quite well last night! Whatever is the matter?"

"I don't know," said the lady's-maid, shortly; "but I do know how hard it is to make Dr. Fallowell attend to his duty when hunting is in the way."

"Go, then, to the breakfast-room yourself," said Mrs. Bryndle; "the squire won't be angry."

"I don't care for Mr. Bellew," the young woman said, her face flushing—"at least, not when anyone is by. Perhaps," she added, "it will be the best way; then the doctor dare not say he cannot come."

She went to the breakfast-room—a pleasant

apartment with a large oval window. There the squire was at breakfast with the doctor and Mr. Bull the chaplain. The table was a sight, with its sumptuous fare, and several men-servants were in attendance. Plain and homely himself, the squire still made a point of keeping up old customs and the state of his household.

The doctor was busy in making a hearty breakfast from the round of beef before him; and the squire was laughing heartily at some joke he had just perpetrated. Harriett stepped on the threshold of the door; but she was attracted to her mistress; so she went in, and, walking up to the table, she stooped her head towards Dr. Fallowell's ear, and said something in a low voice.

His face clouded over in an instant. "What's the matter now?" he said, sharply.

She repeated what she had just said.

"Hollo! little girl," said Mr. Bellow, fixing his rude eyes on Harriett, till her face and throat became as scarlet as the hunting-coat worn by Dr. Fallowell; in fact, whoever has seen any of those old prints, once in vogue, of Squire Western, can tell what sort of person Bellow of Marydeane looked like just then. He was a great many years older than his sister, in short a good fifty years old. "Hollo, little one," said the squire: "why, you are as blooming as a penny this morning. Come here!"

But Harriett Miller feigned deafness. She was strongly urging something on the doctor, to which he appeared much averse. "Won't evening do?" he said at last, with a muttered oath.

"No, sir, it will not," the girl said firmly. "My mistress seems seriously ill; and, if I am any judge, it is an illness that must be taken in time."

"Pooh, pooh, child; you know nothing about such matters. See, here's a morning! look, how glorious! And hark at the dogs."

The squire was looking and bellowing to his hounds from the oval window. Dr. Fallowell's passion was hunting: he ground his teeth, and swore outright.

"Well, sir, then I must speak to the squire?"

"I'm coming, I tell you—I suppose I can't go in this red coat! What a cursed business! Some women's vapours, I'll lay my life! Go along; I will be in Mrs. Martynn's room directly."

And Harriett was compelled to be content with this assurance, and was presently rejoiced to find the doctor as good as his word, though he was in a great hurry, and hardly asked his patient a question. "Come to the surgery," he said to Harriett, "and I will give you some medicine. . . . I shall come up with them yet!"

"Is there any danger?" said the *femme de chambre*, as she entered the low, dark room, called the surgery.

"None whatever: a bilious derangement—liver out of order, that's all. She will do very well." As he spoke he rapidly mixed the medi-

cine from various bottles. "I shall give you two bottles; that will last till I come home—till after dinner, in short."

Harriett Miller took the bottles doubtfully. She knew too well what the doctor's "after-dinner" practice was, to rely on his attention at that period. "Shall I read," she said, "to London for a doctor?"

He swore—"I tell you no: there is nothing at all to apprehend."

And, so saying, he thrust the bottles into Harriett's hands, put on his scarlet coat, and was off before she could say another word.

Half-an-hour after Mrs. Martynn had taken the mixture she called to Harriett—"I am a great deal worse since I took the medicine."

"Perhaps that is the right effect of it, madam," said the maid, looking anxious. "But, if you think it makes you worse, ma'am, don't take any more."

"Yes, Harriett, I will: give me another dose: perhaps that will settle the sickness."

"I wish you would not, Mrs. Martynn," said the girl.

"Why, of course Dr. Fallowell knows what he gives. I insist on having it!"

"Very well, ma'am," said Harriett, who had been examining the mixture, but who could only tell that it was of a pale, pink colour. She tasted it. "It is very bitter!" she remarked.

"Of course; all medicines for bile are so. There, now I shall be better: I will try to sleep."

She dozed for a time; presently she started up wildly, and begged Harriett to send for the doctor. The girl was obliged to confess he was not at home.

"I see," said the poor lady—"hunting! Harriett, you had better send to Shrewsbury for Dr. D——. Make haste, or perhaps it will be too late!"

She was obeyed; but it was even already too late. The Shrewsbury doctor was absent. Dr. Fallowell, who was a clever practitioner, was scouring the country after a fox. The alarmed household did all they could; but, just as the squire and his hunting retinue entered Marydeane Park-gates, Mrs. Martynn breathed her last, exhausted by constant vomiting and agonising pains.

Harriett, weeping violently, caught the doctor's arm as he entered, hot and tired with his day's sport. "She is gone!" were her words.

He stood aghast. "My God! impossible! Did you give her the medicine?"

"I did. She got worse and worse from that time. I did not wish her to take a second dose."

They had entered the room, by this time, where the departed lady lay. He turned fiercely when Harriett said this. "Oh, sir, the girl said, 'I hope there was no mistake!'"

His face was deadly white.

"Mistake, girl—do you think I was drunk? Show me the bottles." She did this. He smelt them, and turned whiter than before. "I had

better take them," he said, hurriedly, "into the surgery. I am always wanting bottles, and you never return any."

She was weeping by the bedside then, and wondering if doctors had any human feelings; but she did not heed him much. "Was the medicine quite right, sir?" she said.

"Of course it was," he replied; "but it has been very sudden—though I have known cases as quick."

"Oh, sir," said the girl, bitterly—"why did you leave the house? You should have stopped at home."

"There need be no coroner's inquest," he said. "She was under medical advice."

"My poor dear beautiful lady!" sobbed Har-

riet; "she lay down to rest on that bed as well as I am, and now—"

He hurried away with an exclamation of "Well, well, we are all mortal!"

He remained in the surgery some time. That day he did not go down to dinner.

The squire himself was deeply shocked, and grieved for his sister as much as a sensualist can grieve about anything. Two days after the funeral Dr. Fallowell resigned his situation, though no word of blame had reached him, save from the lips of the lady's maid. He went to Australia, and we with charitably hope made no more mistakes there. In the instance recorded here, fear and hesitation saved him from the ignominy and disgrace which must have awaited the consequences of his careless hurry.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE FLOWER FAIRIES.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

(From the German.)

"My darling," called the pleasant voice of Mrs. Shelbourne, up the stairs that led to an airy nursery, in a house in the suburbs of London; "my darling, come down quickly, and see what mamma has purchased for her little girl."

Soon a little voice was heard in reply; and light feet came pattering down the steps, and a slight form, airily attired in white muslin and blue ribbons, flew into the arms of "darling mamma."

The purchase was a lovely bouquet of flowers from Covent Garden; and great was the delight with which Lillian Shelbourne looked over the scented blossoms, caressing them with brow and lips as she did so.

Dear Lillian had many beautiful toys and other possessions; but from earliest babyhood she had been noted for her love of flowers. She was never tired of gazing upon their beautiful colours; nor of observing their tender leaves and stamens, and the other minute portions of their structure, which her father (an enthusiastic botanist) carefully pointed out to her. After a time the family went to live quite in the country, down in the county of Surrey. There they had a large and beautiful garden, and Lillian was in perpetual ecstasies of delight. But what was her gratification, when, on the morning of her birthday, her father led her into a small enclosure, fenced off from the rest, and planted with the rarest and most delicious flowers; and told her that it was her garden—her very own—to enjoy in the way that pleased her best! Lillian actually wept for joy!

From that moment, whenever the weather would allow her to go out, every spare hour was spent in her beloved garden. There she employed herself in a hundred ways, as every little florist knows how; and watched the bright-hued blossoms unfold their delicate petals beneath her loving care. It was a perpetual wonder to her how the plants came up out of the rich black soil, peeping with their tender green leaves from the mould, then growing tall and straight, or spreading in luxuriant foliage, until at length the little buds appeared, and gradually the rich-toned flower spread its fragrant bosom to the sunlight. How careful was Lillian to take her gardening-basket and scissors, and cut off every withered leaf and faded blossom, that, its duty done, declined its drooping head to a peaceful grave!

Thus the happy child went on from day to day, constantly discovering some new charm in her beloved garden. And especially did she regard with interest, and almost with a feeling of awe, how, as the sun declined and his long rays came slanting through the boughs of the trees that shaded one side of the enclosure, many of the flowers bowed their heads and closed their fragile cups, as if resigning themselves to nightly slumbers. Lillian imagined some mystery in this; and a stray wish gradually arose in her enthusiastic little heart, that she might spend one whole night alone in her garden. She persuaded herself that she should then hear and see extraordinary things.

Full of this wish, Lillian begged and prayed her parents to allow her to do as she desired. They objected strongly, as might have been expected; told her that she would catch her death of cold and so forth, but failed to convince the eager Lillian. With the instinctive cunning of a determined child, she ceased her en-

treaties, lest she should draw down upon herself a decided refusal; and formed a plan of her own.

It was a still, drowsy Midsummer evening, when little Lillian was left all snug and comfortable in her small white bed, with her mother's good-night blessing on her lips. For some time she lay quite still, feigning sleep, until she heard Nurse leave the apartment and proceed leisurely down-stairs to her supper. Then Lillian, knowing well that papa and mamma would be safe at their nightly game of chess in the back drawing-room, and that the servants were all assembled at their evening meal—then this daring little Lillian, full of her enthusiastic scheme, and not considering the practical disobedience of which she was about to be guilty, stole cautiously from her bed, and, slipping on some of her clothes, thrust her bare tiny feet into a pair of slippers, and crept quietly down the broad carpeted stairs. As she passed the drawing-room door, her heart went pit-a-pat, for fear that papa and mamma might hear, and come forth to impede her progress; but no such thing occurred. She heard them conversing together during a pause in their game—she distinguished sounds of mirth from the distant kitchen; and, somewhat re-assured, she stole onwards with a quicker pace, and, entering the breakfast-room, found the glass-door leading on to a terrace of the garden still unbarred. Passing noiselessly through this last obstacle, Lillian ran quickly down the steps of the terrace, and soon found herself in her beloved garden, where, in the still dewy twilight most of her flowers were tranquilly sleeping, although a few of them, as the night-scented stock, and two or three others, were giving forth their sweetest odours to the wandering breeze that scarcely stirred their delicate petals.

Lillian seated herself on a mossy bank, near the bed of roses in the centre of the garden, and held her breath for very delight. The evening shades grew deeper every moment; the dew trembled in light drops upon the flower-cups; and by-and-bye the stars peeped one by one from the purple heavens, and the moon soared brilliantly above the tall trees. Lillian arose from her seat, and went on tiptoe round the garden, looking at the sleeping flowers. They did not move, or utter any murmured tones to one another; they did not recognise their little mistress; in short, of all that she had vaguely expected, nothing whatever happened. So Lillian, feeling very chill and weary, crept quietly away to her mossy bank, and, folding her bare arms in the skirts of her frock, and leaning back her tired little head, was soon fast asleep. Ah! foolish Lillian, pale and cold beneath the moon and stars, drenched with the night-dews, how far better and safer you had been in the snug little bed at home!

Nurse was tired and sleepy when she had finished her supper; perhaps she had taken a little more than usual of the home-brewed ale. Mamma and papa finished a long and interesting game, and then went up at once

to their own bedroom, long after the rest of the household were in bed, trusting to Nurse to take a last look at their precious Lillian. And, as we have already said, Nurse was drowsy and weary after her supper, and, for once in her life, she omitted her nightly duty. And so Lillian was allowed to slumber on, undisturbed and unsuspected, on her damp mossy bank beneath the twinkling stars.

I cannot exactly tell you how long she had slept, for there was no floral clock to register the passing hours, when suddenly she fancied herself awakened by a strong but very sweet perfume. Rousing up a little, she thought she heard a singular whispering and humming, which proceeded from a bed of roses. Half unclosing her blue eyes, she remained still and breathless, gazing stealthily on the wonderful sight before her. For every flower in the garden, unfolding its dewy petals, revealed a tiny fairy no bigger than a humming-bird; yet shaped like a lovely lady, with long transparent wings growing from her graceful shoulders. From violets, lilies, pinks, and pansies, from heliotrope, mignonette, and starry-eyed forget-me-not, from tulip and hyacinth, and many another blossom, they rose lightly into the air, and floated towards the bed of roses in the centre of the garden. From thence streamed a delicious perfume; the beams of the moon, now high in the purple sky, glittered full upon the clustering roses of every sort and hue; and in the midst of this bewildering light and fragrance rose from the finest blossom a lovely fairy, somewhat taller than the others. Her rose-coloured dress was made of the tenderest web, and her long wings of the same brilliant yet delicate hue were transparent as crystal. On her tiny beautiful head she wore a crown woven of rosebuds as small as the motes that dance in the sunbeam; and from beneath this floral diadem, her hair hung in long locks upon her shoulders. In her hand she held a small gold thorn, and her belt was of fine curled moss. She stood erect in the centre of her natal flower, and the other fairies, joining hands, danced floating and swaying around her, singing with low sweet voices the following lines:

Lovely Rose, all hail to thee!
Thy sweet buds diffuse around
Odours as of Araby,
Wafted o'er the sunny sea,
Take our homage, Flower Queen!
Hail to thee!

How shall we, sweet sovereign say,
Use our working time each day?—
Thy servants gladly thee obey.
Send us where thy gracious will
Needed kindness would fulfil.
Hail to thee, Queen of Flowers!

The Queen rose, bowed her beautiful head, and waved the golden thorn. Immediately the whole assemblage became still; and one fairy after another obeyed the gesture of their Queen's little hand, and flew towards her. First of all

she signed to the Lily-fairy. "Thou," she said, "sweet Lily-Fairy, shalt fly away, and strew of thy seeds upon the grave of the little child whose mother cannot be comforted. When she sees thy white blossoms budding, she will think that her little one with its innocent soul still lives with God, and wears the snow-white robes of an angel."

The Lily-Fairy fled swiftly away over the heads of the bending flowers, with the moon-beams glittering upon her transparent robes. The Queen signed again, and the Violet-Fairy floated towards her.

"Thou, little Violet-Fairy, fly to the chamber-window in the nearest street of the neighbouring town, and throw a bunch of thy perfumed blossoms upon the bed of the sick boy, who has lain there so long, amid the smoke and din; who has had so little joy in the world, and yet whose pale, patient face has never worn a frown."

The Violet-Fairy fled away, and a portion of the mingled perfume went with her. The Queen spake again, and her voice, which had been saddened by pity for human woes, resumed its flute-like tones.

"For thee, my sweet-scented child of the Pink, I have destined a more cheerful office. I know a garden, some four miles hence, where a good little girl is working very hard to rear some flowers for her mother's birth-day. She does not rightly understand her task, and I command thee, cheerful Fairy, quickly and secretly, to place in that dutiful child's garden some healthy plants that will soon bear beautiful ruddy carnations."

The Pink-Fairy sped on her welcome errand: and a retired merchant, sleeping beneath his open window, dreamt of odours from the Spice Islands.

"Thou, friendly Hyacinth, shalt every morning lay some of thy blossoms upon the pillow of a lazy little boy of my acquaintance, who too often over-sleeps himself. Ring thy little bells soundly in his ears, then perhaps he will bethink himself that it is time to rise."

Away soared the Hyacinth-Fairy, ringing a silvery peal over the tall nodding shrubs. The Rose-Queen signed to the Forget-me-not-Fairy, who flew swiftly towards her.

"Lovely blue-eyed Forget-me-not! make haste to weave a beautiful wreath of thy friendly blossoms! There is a youth, whose heart is as good and as true as gold; and just now he is in sore trouble and grief, for he must travel far away from his dear betrothed. Thou, my delicate Fairy, must cleverly manage to place thy wreath in his hands at the moment of parting, so that it may seem the fair girl's gift to him! So will he often look upon it, and feel sure that she does not forget him."

And the Forget-me-not-Fairy flew away, her starry eyes gleaming with delight at the pretty task assigned her, to comfort the youthful lover.

The Queen waved her sceptre, and the Pansy Fairy advanced before the others.

"I have destined thee, Pansy-Fairy, whose dark-hued blossoms are in some countries

known by the name of 'step-mothers' to deliver an earnest warning. As often as I leave my flower-cup in the night, to look upon the doings of mankind, I meet a young foreign mother on her way to festivities, that tempt her constantly from her home. There are two little children left alone with their nurse; they are unhappy about seeing their mother so seldom, for matters do not always go well with them when she is away. Often they beseech her to remain more with them, to play with and instruct them; but she pays no attention to their pleadings. At some softer moment, when she is caressing her little ones, and her heart is tenderly inclined towards them, thou shalt lay in the hands of one of the two children thy purple blossom; then the other will ask, in its pretty foreign English, 'Where didst thou gather these stepmothers?' The young mother's ears may catch the name, and her heart beat unquietly; for in her conscience she knows that she is not doing well."

"For thee, thou tiny Mignonette-Fairy——" Here the Rose Queen paused in her intended speech; for a Tulip-Fairy, gaudily attired in crimson and yellow robes, and carrying her head high in the air, pressed suddenly forward, waving her yellow wings, and pushed aside the modest Mignonette.

"Is it my turn now?" squeaked the intruder, in a pert voice. "What am I to do? I can manage better than any of these poor quiet creatures."

The other fairies looked quite shocked at the boldness of their comrade. But the Flower Queen gazed calmly upon her for a moment; then said—with a musical little laugh—

"Thou canst go and strew some of thy yellow pollen on the eyes of the curious little girl yonder; that she may sleep soundly, and listen to us no longer."

When Lilian heard these words, she was not a little frightened. But she could not help peeping from beneath her long eyelashes, to watch the Tulip-Fairy; who, with a look of great vexation—for she thought she was worthy of a nobler task—flew swiftly towards the dreaming child.

Lilian would have crept quietly away, but she was too much alarmed to move. The Tulip-Fairy, hovering above her face, shook her long wings, out of which a little cloud of yellow flower-dust fell exactly into Lilian's eyes. The heavy orbs closed, and the little girl slept soundly.

When she awoke again, it was bright daylight. The sun shone, the birds twittered gaily; the flowers had opened their perfumed cups, and their fragrance filled the air. But Lilian no longer lay on the mossy bank; she was in her own little white bed. The birds twittered among the boughs of the trees outside her open chamber-window; through which came also the beams of the morning sun, and the fragrance of the flowers. Lilian felt stiff and chilly, and could scarcely remember what had happened.

Soon nurse came in with some nauseous

medicine, and bade her drink it up at once, and even scolded her a little.

She had slept in the cold dewy garden until day-break. Then nurse happened to awake with all her senses about her. Quickly missing her little charge from the bed in the other corner of the room, and knowing her infatuated love for her garden, she immediately put on some of her clothes, and went thither in search of her. She found Lilian cold and pale on the bank of moss, with her scanty attire saturated with dew, but nevertheless slumbering soundly. Quickly carrying her to the house, undressing her, and putting her to bed still asleep, the little girl lay all unconscious of the transition; and thanks to nurse's wise precautions, escaped with a severe cold.

Papa and mamma thought it only right to punish their child for her tacit disobedience; and of what do you think the punishment consisted? She was not allowed to enter her own little garden for a full month! By that time most of her favourites had departed; their transient bloom and beauty were all over, and their places were supplied by others, for the old gardener had been busy during Lilian's enforced absence. But although the little girl mourned them all, especially her beloved roses, I am sadly afraid that she was not quite so sorry as she ought to have been—that, without her parents' permission she had slept on a mossy bank, and become witness to the nightly assemblage of the Flower Fairies.

THE HUMAN HAND.

Issuing from the wrist is that wonderful organ, the human hand. "In a French book, intended," says Sir Charles Bell, "to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length. The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal. It would have been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, pencil, or engraving-tool, in all which secure hold and freedom of action are admirably combined." On the length, strength, and perfectly free movements of the thumbs depends, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given the special name, *Pollex*; from a Latin verb, meaning to be able, strong, mighty, because of its strength—a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the special mark of the human hand, and particularly that of a clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand. Conscripts, unwilling to serve in the army of France, have been known to disable themselves effectually by cutting off the thumb of the right hand. The loss of both thumbs would reduce a man to a miserable dependence.

Nor should we overlook another peculiarity: Were the tips of the fingers and the thumbs bony instead of being covered with flesh, many things we readily do would be absolutely impossible. We now can take up what is small, soft, and round, as a millet-seed, or even a particle of human hair, so exquisitely prehensile are the human fingers. The nails are often of special service; perhaps always in works of art which require nicety of execution. Their substance is just what is needed; they are easily kept at the precise length which answers every purpose. Had they been placed on the tips of the fingers there would have been a loss of power; but their position ensures their highest efficiency.

An interchange of power for velocity which takes place in the arm adapts the hand and fingers to a thousand arts requiring quick or lively motions. In setting up the type of this page, there have been movements on the part of the compositor of surprising rapidity to any ordinary observer, and the execution of performers on the pianoforte, as well as on many wind instruments, is often astonishing; and to the nimble compliance of the fingers to accomplish the purposes of the prestigator are to be chiefly attributed those wonderful feats of jugglery which succeed in eluding the most penetrating glance, in the rapidity of their execution.

These are among many instances of the advantage gained by this sacrifice of force for velocity of movement.

OUR DOGS

SPARE HOURS. By John Brown, M.D., Author of "Rab and his Friends," (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 16mo.) This is an American edition of a charming work by the author of "Our Dogs," which we had the pleasure of noticing some weeks back in these pages. A contemporary critic, reviewing it, observed, "It has not yet been satisfactorily explained why doctors are such shrewd and genial men, and when they appear in the literary field, such charming writers. This is one of the curious problems of the day, and undoubtedly holds its own answer in solution, but has not yet seen fit to make an observable precipitate. Perhaps this is because the times are stirring, and the facts cannot settle. A delightful exhibition is made of something extremely good to take, which we swallow unscrupulously: in other words, we can only guess how many scruples, and of what, this blessed medicine for the mind contains. As it is eminently fit to have an hypothesis upon every subject, we might now, with proper recklessness, rush into print with a few unhesitating suggestions upon this singular phenomenon of doctors gifted and graceful with the pen. We observe, at any rate, that it is something independent of climate and locality, and not at all endemic. For they write books in England and Scotland, in France and temperate Germany, in every latitude and with a good deal; they are, however, defective in longitude, which is remarkable, when we consider how they will protract their cases. With their pens they are prompt, clean, humane in the matter of ink, their first intention almost always successful, their thought expelled by natural cerebral contraction without stimulus (we speak of ergot, but of "old rye" we know nothing,) their passion running to its crisis in the minimum of time, and their affections altogether pleasanter than anything of the kind they accuse us of having, as well as less lingering. But with their pills—well, we all know how our ills are nursed by medicine. Is it a relief that their precept is less tedious than their practice? It is good policy for us, perhaps, if our minds are to be under treatment from their books—and it grows plainer ever day that no person of mind can well escape from them—that our bodies should continue subject to their boluses. Thus we may die daily, but our incorporeal part is better acclimated in the invisible world of truths and realities. No, the doctors owe nothing to climate or race. The intelligent ones are everywhere broad, acute, tender, and religious. They uniformly see what is natural and what is morbid, what is fact and what is fancy, what is cutaneous and what is vital, in men and women. They stand on unreal, conventional terms with nothing. They know healthy from inflamed tissues, and run down grab, and give one dextrous fatal shake to a tissue of lies. One of

Dr. Brown's terriers is not more swift, exact, and uncompromising, after vermin. This excellent sense for unvarnished realities has been attributed by some to their habit of visiting so many interiors—of men and of their houses—whose swell-fronts are pervious to the sincerity of pain. We never see a doctor's chaise anchored at a door but we imagine the doctor taking in freight up-stairs. In these days he is beginning to receive more than he gives. Let no sarcastic person allude to doctor's fees. We mean that the physician, whose humanity and intelligence are broad diplomas, on presenting which the doors of hearts and houses open with a welcome, enters into the choicest field of his education and research, where his tender observation walks the wards of thought, feeling, and motive, to amass the facts of health and suffering, to be refined at the true drama of pathos, to be ennobled by the spectacle of fair and lofty spiritual traits, to be advised of the weaknesses which he learns to touch lightly with his caustic, while his knowing and friendly look deprecates all excess of pain. It is a school of shrewdness, gentleness, and faith. But a rich subject is here, altogether too wide for a book-notice, and worthy of deliberate, but enthusiastic treatment. Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh has consulted his own interior, and frequented those of his diocese, to some purpose. The pieces in this volume, which the publishers have selected from the two volumes of 'Hors Subsecræ,' omitting the more professional papers, are full of humour, tenderness, and common sense. They betray only occasionally, in a technical way, that the author is a disciple, as well as admirer, of Sydenham, and his own countryman, Cullen. But they overflow with the best specifics of the healing art, shrewdness, independence, nice observation; they have a woman's kindness and a man's sturdiness. They honour human nature not the less because the writer knows how to manage it, to raise a smile at its absurdities, to rally, pique, and guide it into health and good-humour. He is very clever with the edge-tools in his surgeon's-case; he whips you out an excrescence before you are quite aware that he had meditated an operation, and you find that he had chloroformed you with a shrewd man's best anæsthetic, a humorous and genial temper. There is a great deal of nice writing here. Happy words come at a call, and occupy their inevitable places. Now and then a Scotch word, with a real terrier phiz and the best qualities of 'black and tan,' gives the page a local flavour which we should not like to miss. But the writing is not provincial. There is a Scotch character everywhere: the keenness, intensity, reverence, shaggy humour, sly fun, and just a touch of the intolerance. The somewhat literal regard for scripture, the awe, and the unquestioning, childlike way of being religious,

with the independence of Kirk and Sessions and National Establishments, all belong to the best intelligence of Edinburgh. But the literary felicity, the scholarship, the various reading, the cultivated appreciation of books, men, and systems, while they make us admire—as a good many bright volumes printed in Edinburgh have done before—the mental power and refinement which that most picturesque of Northern cities nourishes, do still belong to the great commonwealth of letters, remind us not of wynds and closes, and run away from the littleness of time and place. If the reader would understand the difference between the sentimental and the pathetic treatment of a subject, let him see in 'Rab and his Friends' how the pen of Dr. Brown follows the essential lines of that most pure and tender of all stories. In doing so he has given us a new creation in Ailie Noble. Not a line can be effectively added to that ideal narrative of a true history, not a word can be pushed from its place. The whole treatment is at once delicate, incisive, tender, reserved, and dramatic. And after reading it—with or without tears, according to your capacity for dogged resistance to a distended lachrymal duct—you will be conscious of bearing away a sweet and subduing impression, like that which a rare friend can sometimes give, which lingers many days. Let nobody omit to read the 'Letter to John Cairns, D.D.,' because he does not care for J. C. or know who he is. It contains some reminiscences by Dr. Brown of his father, a noted clergyman, of whose life and character Dr. Cairns had prepared a memoir. In this, and in the Essay upon Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Brown shows his capacity to observe and portray human moods and characteristics. These are his usual literary excellences, brought to the service of a keen and faithfully reporting eye, and his fine humane qualities, his tenderness, reverence, and humour. This volume is one of the best ventures of the literary year."

PERIODICALS.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. (19, Langham-place, Regent-street. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row).—The Editor concludes in the July number her analyses of M. Trelat's interesting work, "La Folie Lucide," which leaves the reader in a rather uncomfortable state of mind touching the abolition of his own sanity. Lady Hester Stanhope's memoir, which follows very appositely—for no one out of St. Luke's could have been madder than her haughty and frivolous ladyship—is also completed. A very pleasing paper on the "Cultivation of Female Employment" in Ireland follows: full of hope and promise, and it is singular to find the women of the humblest classes, inured in by-gone years to the very coarsest out-of-doors labour, excelling in the most exquisite illustrations of needle-work—*Laccet lace* and *Irish point*. 300,000 are said to be employed on sewed muslin-work and 20,000 in the making of native lace. Under a head of "German Literature" we have a

résumé of some German works. Miss Parkes' paper, read at the Social Congress Meeting at the Guildhall, "On the Balance of Public Opinion in regard to Women's Work" is given *in extenso*. There is, also, a paper deserving of attention "On the Education of Pauper Girls," by Miss Carpenter and the usual notices.

PRYSE'S GUIDE TO THE SIGHTS OF LONDON. (John Pryse, Llanidloes).—At the present period, when every country town and village is sending its quota of visitors to the "World's Fair," the little work before us is valuable, not only in the locality of its publication, but in every other into which it may make its way. Cheap, and light enough for the pocket, it is carefully prepared, and as carefully printed, and contains, for its size, a wonderful amount of information. The plan of its arrangement is also excellent, giving at a glance "The Religious Edifices," "Learned Institutions," "Hospitals, &c.," "Charitable Institutions," "Places of Amusement," &c., &c., with a succinct account of each. Nor are the suburbs forgotten in this useful brochure, which will be found a very capable guide, and portable companion.

ODD FELLOWS' QUARTERLY (MANCHESTER). (London: Judd and Glass, New Bridge-street).—A pleasant number, in which the interest, amusement, and information of readers have been judiciously cared for. We can well understand the value of such memoirs as that of Vincent Robert Burgess, in the present part: their influence can be little less powerful than that of the living subjects of them in the localities in which their honourable and active lives are passed. A clever paper, entitled "Vital Statistics," by the Editor, on the subject of Friendly Societies, one on which we need scarce say that Mr. Hardwick is intimately at home, will be read with interest by vast numbers interested in them. We are glad to find in these pages evidences of the vitality of Eliza Cook's familiar, but long-missed pen. "Doing too Much" reminds us of the essays which occasionally appeared in the literary bark that bore her name, and in which we sometimes took an oar under her guidance. Mr. Hardwick also contributes a second article, entitled "Genius and Talent," and Andrew Halliday one on "Finger-rings and Jewels." A clever and truthful sketch ("Almsgiving"), by Henry Owgan, is well deserving of attention. Other papers by Miss Munro and Mrs. Caroline A. White are followed by a *résumé* of the proceedings and contents of the International Exhibition of 1862, and notices in connection with the meetings, and doings of the fraternity under whose auspices the magazine has its being, completes the part, which will be found a very cheap and readable publication outside the hands of Odd Fellowship.

JOURNAL OF THE WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY (July). (London: Longman, Green & Co.).—No one who takes note of the radical changes being made in the condition and management of juvenile, sick, and aged paupers' can doubt the important services rendered to society by the Association (and its various rami-

seasons) of which this little publication is the mouth-piece. We especially draw attention to the fact, that in various localities a fund has been raised by the workhouse visitors to purchase extra comforts for the sick. In others, Miss Cobbe's admirable scheme has been adopted for the relief of incurables—those helpless, aged beings, who have hitherto been doomed to wear away the remains of life in the cheerless, rigid workhouse wards, apart from all those little sympathies, and attentions, and slight reliefs that the visits of kind neighbours, the lookings-in of little children, and of relatives with hopeful talk, and a change of position, and shakings up of a hot pillow can confer. By this means, better beds, arm-chairs, air-cushions, footstools—even a water-bed in one district has been purchased; and local societies are following out the plan of operation commenced by the central one in the metropolis. But the most hopeful and important change is that which is being effected with regard to pauper-children, by removing them, where possible, from the precincts of the workhouses and communion with adult paupers. The "Home," too, which has been established in Great Ormond Street, and to which we drew the attention of our readers in a recent number, bids fair to bring about a great moral change in the condition of pauper girls, by training them regularly for domestic service, and creating in them a sense of self-respect and self-dependence. Of the utility of this "Home" the guardians themselves are so fully impressed, that a small weekly sum is paid by them for the support of young women passing through the "Industrial Home" to decent service. Here they can return when out of place; and here, also, superannuated servants and aged persons, whose friends have not the means of conveniently caring for them in their own homes, can be received and tended, upon the payment of a small stipend for their support. The idea, we believe, emanated with the present Lady Superior (Miss L. Twining), who has taken a most active and intelligent part in all matters relating to the healthful management and needed reforms in workhouses.

MAGNET STORIES: AN ADVENTURE ON THE BLACK MOUNTAIN. By Francis M. Willbraham. (London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.)—A romance in *petto*, very sweetly told, and full of incident and adventure. The scene alternates from the City of Cattaro to the stronghold of the Montenegrins in the heart of the Black Mountain; and the costumes, manners and homes of the mountaineers are graphically described. The authoress takes us to the market-place of the former city, where the hill-people make their appearance in their gayest costumes, the men armed to the teeth with long guns and silver-hilted daggers, and the bright striped scarf or *strucca* girt about them. The women in their way are not less brilliant in scarlet vests and jewelled girdles, presenting a striking contrast to the sombre black cloth or velvet jackets, small black caps, baggy breeches, and stockings also black, which completes the

grave-looking garbs of the citizens of Cattaro, the only relief to which is the red sash worn round the waist. We have much pleasure in recommending this well-written and really stirring story to our youthful readers—confessing that we ourselves have read it with delight.

THE LIFE BOAT: A JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL LIFE BOAT INSTITUTION.—(London: Clowes & Sons, Stamford Street.)—The July part of the journal opens with a highly interesting article by Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, F.R.S., entitled, "Weather Reports, and Forecasts in the Daily Newspapers." Showing the basis and nature of the forecasts, and occasional warnings which are given by the meteorological departments. "These forecasts," the Admiral observes, "are not prophecies—they are carefully drawn estimates of average probabilities, obtained by intercomparison of facts, observed, telegraphed, and duly weighed according to known laws." The results are, that, having daily knowledge of the weather, including ordinary facts of a meteorological nature, at the extreme limits and centre of our British Islands, we are warned of any great change taking place; the greater atmospherical changes being measured by days rather than by hours. This article, accompanied by illustrations of the day and night storm-signals, is promised to be continued in the next number. The chapter on the "Services of Life Boats" is as full as ever of instances of self-forgetting heroism, and noble courage on the part of the brave crews who man them. Everywhere, upon the coasts of these isles of England, Scotland, Ireland, there is no difference in the conduct of the life-boat crews. Through heavy gales, high surf, amongst the breakers, on a treacherous sand, wherever the signal of distress was seen flying, or rocket, or blue-light shone through the darkness on the fearful sea, with which the drifting wreck or disabled ship was labouring—there sped the succourers in their gallant boat. The scene may be Lowestoft, Dundrum Bay, Cardigan, or Dundee, the performance of the men are everywhere the same—fearless, resolved, unanimous in the carrying out of their dangerous, but glorious services, the nature of which is well illustrated in the following paragraph from the Journal:

"Calster, Norfolk.—On the night of the 26th February, the brig *Sisters*, of Whitby, laden with coals, was driven on shore on the South Barber Sand, off Calster. Her signals of distress being seen from the shore, the Calster boatmen proceeded to launch the life-boat there, through a tremendous surf, the wind blowing a heavy gale from the E. at the time, and the night being intensely dark. Under these difficult circumstances, although more than 100 persons were engaged in helping to launch the boat an hour elapsed before she could be got off the beach and warped to the hauling off anchor laid down outside the surf; sail being then made on her, she worked to windward to the scene of the wreck, when the anchor being let go, she was veered down; but owing to the darkness, and the fearful sea breaking over the vessel, it then took an hour to get the crew of nine men into the boat, and

that at a very great risk, as she was often lifted by the sea high above the vessel's sides, and several times dashed violently against her and on the wand, thereby incurring considerable damage, also losing one hundred fathoms of her rope gear, which had to be cut away on hauling off from the wreck. The wrecked crew were ultimately got safely in, and landed through a heavy surf. This was a splendid service, and may serve as a suitable illustration of the dangers that have to be encountered by the skill, courage, and endurance that are often required of the brave fellows who man our life-boat fleet. Forty-five pounds were paid by the National Life-boat Institution for this service."

For the nineteen cases which are given in the current report, and in the course of which 101 lives were saved, the cost to the Life-boat Institution amounted to £289. The voluntary system by which this noble Institution is supported calls for continuous aid, and at no time was help more needed than at the present, when, through the extraordinary exertions of the Society, it has *one hundred and twenty-two* life-boats under its management, for the maintenance of which in a state of thorough efficiency a large permanent annual income is required:

C. W.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

DRURY LANE,

With "The Colleen Bawn," and Mr. Boucicault and Madame Celeste as the hero and the heroine, has been enjoying crowded audiences. The cast of the piece is strong, and the scenery and mounting beyond praise. A couple of favourite farces complete the bill, which is in all respects an attractive one. Of the merits of "The Colleen Bawn" as a "sensation" drama there is no need to speak now, and we have only to say that it bids fair to be as potent in "drawing" at "The Lane" as it was at its former location. Mr. Boucicault sings two new songs, with that quaint drollery and perfect assumption of the Irish *patois* that he is so completely master of. Certainly no country night-seers will have "done" the amusements of the metropolis thoroughly if they leave without having paid a visit to Drury Lane. The minor characters are efficiently filled by Messrs. Vandenhoff, Robinson, &c., and altogether the drama is admirably placed on the stage. At

THE OLYMPIC,

Mr. Robson has been drawing good houses in "The Porter's Knot," in which, as *Sampson Burr*, he plays with his old humour and pathos, melting the fair portion of the audience into tears during the second act, and especially by the exquisite intermingling of sobs and laughs in the jetté scene. The comedy of "The Dowager," in which Mr. Neville sustains the character of *Lord Alfred Lyndsay* with great success, commences the evening.

THE PRINCESS'S

Offers a *bonne bouche* in the shape of a revival of "Henry VIII.," wherein Mr. Kean plays *Wolsey*, and Mrs. Kean *Katharine*, with their accustomed power, pathos, and refinement. The magnificent *coups d'œil* in the way of spectacles during the play are beyond praise.

SADLER'S WELLS

Still continues the burlesque (*revue*) "Pun'ch and 'Fun," varied with a succession of light pieces. Miss Lucette's piquant acting and singing

attract well, and, as the season gets later, will no doubt draw crowds. A new and original burlesque will ere long be produced; and in the way of novelty as regards short pieces, the management of this pretty little theatre cater well for the amusement of their patrons. Turning to

THE ADELPHI,

We see "The Dead Heart" has reappeared, wherein Mr. Webster's fine acting, Miss Woolgar's pathos and grace, and the admirable stage arrangements, all combine to make a brilliant success.

THE HAYMARKET

Continues crowded to the roof by *Lord Dunscreary's* myriad admirers.

W. R.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

ZOLLERNIN, No. 312.

In the compartment indicated above, we have enjoyed a feast of photographic art, such as we have not met with elsewhere throughout the Exhibition. The pictures comprise *fac similes* of Kaulbach's Goethe gallery of female characters, photographed by J. Albert, of Munich, and are scarcely to be known from engravings, all the clearness and vigour of which they retain with a softness of which the graver is incapable. The photographs are of the largest size, and may be had separately, or in parts, at very moderate prices.

PHRENOLOGICAL ROOMS, 147, STRAND.

MESSRS. FOWLER AND WELLS.

Those of our readers who are curious with regard to their phrenological characteristics should not lose the opportunity of visiting these clever professors, who have startled us by the accuracy of their readings. Hitherto we have had our reservations with regard to phrenology and its right to be included within the exact boundaries of science. We have them still, and yet are bound to confess, that though possibly more has been built upon them than the premises

warrant, we have no doubt of the truth of the basis of Phrenology—that the active organs of the brain map themselves outwardly upon the cranium is not more surprising than that the facial features take expression from the governing feelings or passions of the soul they mask. The last public lecture in London by Messrs. Fowler and Wells takes place this evening August 1st, in Portman Hall, Carlisle-street, Edgware Road.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The Annual Conversations of this Association has become one of the special events of each recurring season, and, in spite of the various attractions with which London at present overflows, was gaily and well attended. The appearance of the Hall, always beautiful, was rendered still more so by the numerous works of art with which it was decorated. Pictures (lent for the occasion) surrounded the gallery, while tables arranged in the hall exhibited beautiful specimens of plate, jewels, ceramic-ware, photographs, statuary, musical curiosities, microscopes, chromoscopes, and a variety of other interesting objects. We noticed some choice works of art contributed by W. S. Burton, Esq., of Oxford-street, and valuable antiquities lent by Messrs. Annott and Gale, Old Bond-street. The clear light of the gas-stars, pendent from the ornate ceiling, fell on all sorts of glittering articles of *verts* and costly specimens. Here was a service of rich plate from Hunt and Roskell's; there a display of jewellery the offering of Messrs. Hancock. M. Claudet sent specimens of photography, and Messrs. Hanart chromo-lithographs and pictures. Here were *parures* from Rimmel's; and, not far off, M. Piessé giving an oral lecture on his theory of an octave of flower-scents, exemplified by notes of odour, so to speak, around which the ladies buzzed like bees about flowers, requiring, it must be confessed, repeated illustrations from the bottled sharps and flats, which they endeavoured to retain upon their handkerchiefs. Music, of course, made one of the principal events of the evening; and Maddie, Guerrabella, Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, Miss Lascelles, and Signor Ferranti, assisted the members of the Association and their talented conductor (the donors of the entertainment), to delight the audience. Amongst the musical gems of the evening we must particularize the Welsh melodies, accompanied by a band of harps, the effect of which was electrical. Nothing could be more satisfying than the precision of the choir, and the exquisite playing of the accompanists, who seemed themselves inspired by the beauty and fire of the bardic music. Mr. Levy's performance of the canzonet from "Dinorah," on the cornet-à-piston, was an immense treat. The playing of Herr Rubinstein (pianoforte) also merited, and received, applause; and the evening was brought to a charming close by the spirited execution, on the part of the choir and the accomplished harpists, of the beautiful Welsh

melody, "The March of the Men of Harlech." Nor was the physical refreshment of the guests neglected during this very agreeable *réunion*. Coffee, tea, &c., were provided, and the evening was one to be remembered and appreciated by the many present.—C. A. W.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. THE MARTYRDOM OF HUSS. BY LESSING.

Amongst the numerous works of art which at present enrich the London galleries, Lessing's remarkable picture should not be overlooked. Whether we regard the composition, or colouring, the grouping of the numerous figures, the vigour with which they are drawn, or the perfected execution of the picture in its entirety, it merits the attention of all who are interested in the encouragement and cultivation of pictorial art. Painful as is the subject, the artist's bold and grandly pathetic treatment of it elevates the spectator's mind with something analogous to the high-wrought feeling which illuminates the countenance of the kneeling martyr, and we overlook the stake and torches in admiration of the more harmonious details of the noble picture.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

Professor Pepper is doing good service to his audiences and to the "Internationale Exhibition" by drawing their attention to the various objects in arts, machinery, &c., to be found in the various courts of the Industrial Palace at South Kensington.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY INSTITUTION.

J. Sale Barker, Esq., has given two lectures, in aid of the Garibaldi Fund, "On the Rise and Progress of the National Movement in Italy." The lecturer, who appeared to have carefully studied his subject, gave a new reading of Mazzini's character and conduct, from an original point of view. Going back to Dante's dream or prophecy of Italian unity and freedom five hundred years, since as the germ from whence had sprung Mazzini's desire for the independence of his country, the lecturer drew an eloquent picture of the prison by the sea, on the gulf of Gene, in which the maligned patriot, whom he represented as the literary exponent of those views which Garibaldi illustrated in action, and on the battle field, was imprisoned in '31. An upper chamber in the tall tower, where only the Alps and the sea were visible to him, types of eternity and liberty, they nursed in him faith in the prophetic lines of Dante, till it became to him—as they have since done to his followers—a religion, of which, according to Mr. Barker's theory, Mazzini is the apostle. In many parts of the lecture—which was far above the average quality of such entertainments—Mr. Barker exhibited considerable eloquence. His unnecessary strictures on the conduct of Charles Albert (considering the sacrifices which that unfortunate monarch made for the cause of Italy) were scarcely just.

LADIES' PAGE.

A NETTED COUVERETTE FOR FRUIT, CAKE, &c.

MATERIALS:—One reel each of No. 20 scarlet, No. 20 white, and No. 18 Bear's Head Crochet Cotton, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby. Two knitting-needles, each seven inches in length; and two meshes, a flat one to measure round five-eighths of an inch, and one round to measure three-eighths of an inch. By placing a ribbon measure round each mesh, the size can be ascertained.

This piece of ornamental netting is both useful and elegant, as, when fruit or sweets of any kind are left uncovered, the flies instantly settle upon them; from this unwelcome intrusion, the couverette will be a sufficient guard. It is also useful for other purposes. If laid on a dinner-plate, it will serve to hold cake, fruit, &c. It may also be made large enough for a chair-tidy, by increasing every row in the same manner as the last row of scarlet, only taking care to have an equal number of stitches.

Smallest mesh, white cotton.—Net on a straight foundation 16 stitches; turn back, net 16 more, twist the needle through the 1st loop of the 16 (which will unite the stitches); net 3 more rows; now cut off from the foundation all but these 3 last rows; draw these loops up and tie them very tight; leave an end on, and tie this end to a netting string. By netting the commencement in this manner, the centre will be more perfect. Now net till there are 5 rows of knots, not reckoning the centre, which is drawn up.

Large mesh, scarlet cotton.—2 stitches in each loop.

Small mesh, white cotton.—2 rows, or 1 diamond.

Large mesh, scarlet cotton.—2 stitches in each loop.

Small mesh, white cotton.—1 row (64 stitches).

FOR THE WHITE POINTS.—Net 8 stitches; T (or turn on reverse side) net 8; T net 7, by omitting to net into the last loop; T net 6; T net 5; T net 4; T net 3; T net 2; T net 1; T and net into this last stitch, thus having 4 edge stitches on each side, and 1 at the point.

Second point.—With the first point at the left hand, tie the cotton securely into the first edge stitch, but slip the knot up the side of the stitch so as to become level with the row of knots, and to form a perfect diamond with the next loop; place the mesh in the corresponding row with the edge stitch; net 8 loops; T net 8; now net and decrease to a point as before; continue making these points till there are 8, but when netting the last, after the first 8 loops, turn, pass the needle through first edge stitch of point first made, then complete the point as the others.

FOR THE RED POINTS.—Tie the scarlet cotton into the stitch which is at the bottom and between the points; observe that the knot with the end of cotton at the side of this stitch is on the left hand; pass the needle up through the edge stitch on left hand side, place the mesh in this edge stitch, and net into the loop where the cotton was tied; * T, pass the needle up through left hand edge stitch; net into the

red loop and into edge stitch on right hand side, through which the cotton has been already drawn; repeat from *, but of course the scarlet stitches will increase. Continue to work this till 8 loops are on the needle; then cut off the cotton, and proceed to the next. Where the last point of white was made is where the 2 loops are twisted together; tie the cotton there into the left hand loop of the two; net a stitch into next loop; repeat from first *. On counting the stitches they will be found to have increased to 72.

Same mesh and cotton.—1 plain row.

Large mesh, same cotton.—2 stitches in every loop.

Small mesh.—1 row plain (144 stitches in this row).

Same mesh.—Now make 18 scarlet points of 8 stitches in each, the same as directed for the white points.

Now 18 points exactly as the first 8 red points were made.

There is now an increase of 18 stitches, making 162 stitches.

Same mesh and cotton.—2 plain rows.

Now make 18 white points the same as at first, but observe that at the terminations of each red point there is now a perfect diamond, and that this diamond must not be netted into, it being the ninth diamond, and only 8 stitches are required for each of the points. The last row will end with the stitch immediately before this diamond at the end of red point; net into this diamond; now net 8 loops, the eighth loop will be exactly before the diamond at termination of scarlet loop; now T, net 8 loops, then decrease to a point. For the second point tie the cotton into the loop at end of scarlet point; leave a short end on; now work the point as last, and continue all round.

FOR THE RED POINTS.—Have the knot with the end of cotton on the right hand side; tie the scarlet cotton on to this end of thread, but so that the knot comes close to the point of diamond; pass the needle up through left hand edge stitch; net 2 stitches into that loop where the cotton is tied; T, pass the needle up through edge stitch; net into each of the two scarlet loops and into edge stitch through which the cotton has been drawn; now finish the point as before, only this point will have increased to ten loops on the mesh instead of eight.

Same mesh and cotton.—2 plain rows.

There are now 198 stitches.

Cut off the red cotton after the last perfect diamond of netting, which is at the termination of white point; join on the white, and with

same mesh net 10 stitches and T; net 10, T, and reduce to a point, but not net again into the last loop. Thus, there will be only five edge stitches on each side. For the second point, join the cotton into the perfect diamond of netting, which is at the termination of white diamond, pass the needle up through first edge stitch on left hand point, and net 10 loops, but not net into where the cotton was joined; T, net 10; now reduce to a point as before. After netting all the points but the last, 11 red stitches will be found instead of 10; net the two last

red loops together, which will make 10; T, pass the needle through edge stitch of point on left hand; net 10 more loops; now reduce as before.

Cut off the netting string and foundations to within one diamond of the first increased row; draw this row up by passing a needle and doubled cotton through each loop; draw it up tight, and fasten the cotton in a tight knot.

If desired, the points may be darned with No. 12 white cotton, in dots or diamonds, very thickly but evenly.

THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

COUNTRY TOILETS.

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of grey Chambery gauze, ornamented up each seam in the skirt with a puffing of the same material, confined at intervals by clasps formed of a bias piece of capucine silk. A deep and headed flounce of gauze laid in wide plaits, and bordered top and bottom by a bias piece of capucine silk, is placed at the bottom of the skirt. *Rasée* body. The stuff forming the middle of the back is cut so as not to require a seam on the shoulder, over which it continues down the front, and forms a *fiche*, with short ends crossing one over the other. This is ornamented with a frill, which turns on the shoulder, round a slit 2½-inches long, intended to give freedom to the movements of the arm, and to make the *fiche* fall well over the top of the sleeve. This last is cut narrow at the top, and wide at the bottom, and trimmed with puffings like those on the skirt. The under-sleeves are of muslin, and are terminated at the wrist by two insertions, laced with bright yellow ribbon velvet. Each insertion is edged all round with Valenciennes. The hat is of the *bachelère* shape, trimmed with bunches of wild broom-flowers mounted on black velvet, with foliage. A scarf of Chantilly lace, tied behind with long ends, hangs down the neck. Parasol of capucine silk.

SECOND FIGURE.—WALKING TOILET.—Robe of emerald green silk, trimmed at the

bottom of the skirt with two puffings, separated by a row of green velvet, and surmounted by five rows of the same. Body with Figaro jacket, simulated by a band of the stuff sewed in the seam of the body, covered by a velvet. Three other rows of velvet ornament the jacket. Figaro sleeve, with an elbow, rounded at bottom and slit up. Three rows of velvet also go round the end and run up to the shoulder. An Algerian *burnous* of Chantilly lace is worn with this dress. The under-sleeves are made of Turlatan, and terminate at the wrists with three small puffings. Plain bracelets. Marquise parasol. Bonnet of *tulle illusion*, trimmed on the front with a tuft of lilac-blossom, veiled by a *tulle scarf*. Inside the front the same flowers, with loops of ribbon.

Collars are worn particularly small. For demi-toilet those of fine *piqué* are *très comme il faut*. The newest model is composed of a straight band of fine linen, the corners of which stand up like those of a man's shirt-collar, and are supported by a cravat of *batiste*, folded in a great plait in the middle, that diminishes towards the ends, which are pointed and edged with Valenciennes.

The sleeves are made to match the collar, and are cut with an elbow and ornamented at the wrist by a bias of plaited muslin, terminated by a single ear or point falling at the side, and finished, like the ends of the cravat, with Valenciennes.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

A few weeks since a letter appeared in the Times, with reference to the ruined "hands" in Lancashire, suggesting, as a means of alleviating the distress, that every family that could should receive one of the "pauvresses," thrown (by no fault of her own) out of work, and give her food and shelter in return for her household services, until such times as the mill wheels move again, and the labours of the factory "hands" are once more in requisition. The plan was seemingly, and, I believe, practically feasible; it was so reasonable

to believe that many decent families, who can only afford a single servant's wages, would, for compassion's sake, give shelter and her meals to a destitute girl, in order to tide her over present suffering, and the temptations to wrong which suffering exposes the young and helpless to, that it was with grief for the mistaken munificence of her views, that we perceived the whole scheme suddenly quashed by the subsequent appearance of "L. P.'s letter. In that letter, as I read it, there appeared a contemptuous setting aside of the former modest proposition. The

home and the food were not sufficient. Wages equivalent to those paid in tradesmen's families to girls brought up to domestic service were thought little enough in addition; and the fact that the poor factory lass is, in too many instances, wholly ignorant of housewifely offices, that in many houses she would be supernumerary to the usual household, with everything to learn, and of little present use, was entirely lost sight of. The first proposal would have opened the doors of many hundreds of homes to girls of good character: the other narrows the scheme, if it does not entirely frustrate it, to those families who can afford the wages of an extra servant without feeling it. In the first instance, the necessary economies of their protectors would have afforded these young women practical lessons of after-usefulness to themselves; in the latter, the habits of other servants are more likely to initiate them in extravagance and unthrift. In the meanwhile we have, in the background of the metropolitan *gala*, the spectacle of nearly a million of men and women, who have hitherto been not only self-supporting, but the chief support of the tradesmen in their various parishes, reduced to absolute pauperism; their modest savings, and provident attempts to lay by a little store for age or sickness absorbed in the vain attempt to meet their present need; their homes stripped of whatever was money's worth in them, their clothes in pawn, and no hope left, save at the hands of public charity, or the half-closed ones of the relieving officer. One good person suggests begging boxes at the doors of the International Exhibition, a course as little palatable to English people out for a day's pleasure, as a death's head would be at a festal banquet; or, as is the inevitable beggar's face at Farrence's window, staring reproachfully at you while you eat your bun. But within it, Mr. Linton's device is worthy of all praise, who, in exhibiting the musical powers of his wonderful automatic bird, has made its popularity subservient to the cause of the poor Lancashire factory "hands." Pipe away little Bullfinch, in that pleasant Court where the sweetness of thy imitative notes are rewarded by relays of listeners. May your five-shilling audiences increase, and your charitable song awaken outside their circle pitiful thoughts of the living throats pinched with hunger, and the willing hands wasting for want of work.

This glance at the Exhibition reminds us that the chief public event of the past month

has been the State Ceremonial in connection with it, on the occasion of conferring the awards. To those who witnessed the bannered glory of that long procession, glittering and scintillating down the centre avenue between the fresh greenness of orange and palm tree, and the white gleaming of the statuary under the arched and tinted roof; who heard the stirring trumpet notes that at every station proclaimed the peaceful triumph of industry and art—witnessed men of all colours, the representatives of all climes, from the fair Saxon to the swart Egyptian and dusky Hindoo, and of every social order—princes and poets, soldiers and civilians, admirals, artists, inventors, lawyers, doctors, philanthropists, and churchmen—all meeting and sharing in the ovation to the genius and toil of the nations—who watched the earnest, often exultant looks of the spectators, the eyes suffused with more than the softened light of present pleasure—it was a sight impressively beautiful enough to remain for ever graven upon remembrance.

In the Horticultural Gardens, amidst Watteau-like groups scattered upon the green sward, crowding the path to the dais, and standing fifty deep, about the margin of the ornamental water, the show was equally brilliant and magnificent; but as we could by no possibility be in both places at once, we solaced ourselves that the formula was more appropriate within the building, itself the shrine of all the power, genius, craftsmanship, which the procession glorified. Medals, all of one description, whether the most exquisite productions of the fine arts are concerned, or the manufacture of the best kind of the most common-place articles—say *brooms*—constitute the first-class prize; honorary mention is the only second-rate award; and though an attempt has been made to soften all the asperities of dissatisfaction, by bestowing both in the most liberal way, it is felt that prizes, to be of any real value to exhibitors, should be dealt out more sparingly, and with a finer and more exacting sense of comparative excellence.

Heavy indeed is the score of faultiness with which the public have reviled Her Majesty's Commissioners, and now this weight of superabundant bronze is added to the rest.

It is with great pleasure that we observe that a prize of the highest class has been awarded to Her Majesty's printer in ordinary, Miss Emily Faithful.. C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY *accepted, with thanks.*—"The Spirit of Gold;" "The Neighbours;" "On the Shore."

POETRY *declined, with thanks.*—"On a Lady's Photograph;" "Sunlight Reflections;" "To Mary;" "The Lover's Leap."

PROSE *received, with thanks.*—J. B. S., Greenock; "A Venetian Sketch;" "Bad English."

"On the Derwent," "Darley Mills," &c., under consideration.

"The Sentinal Islands."—Not more than three papers.

Declined, with thanks.—"And yet;" "All for Love;" "The Asize Ball."

The Editor declines to return MSS., unless stamps are forwarded for the purpose.



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THE END OF THE WORLD

V I R T U E L E M O Y N E .

BY J. B. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF "RUTSON MORLEY."

CHAP. XX.

It fills one's heart with sunshine even to *think* of an Italian villa far up in bright hills—of terraced gardens all aglow with orange-trees, purple with grapes, and peopled with the white imagery of classic eld—of shady balconies in soothing vicinity to the music of fountains—of cool belvederes opening commandingly on wide circuits of beauty, glorious in vastness of mountain outline, charming in detail of forest, stream, towered city, and sunny white hamlet—of skies serenely cloudless, and the dreamy whispers of the love-laden winds of the South. To read of them is to long for them, to see them is to covet them, to live in them is sweet lotus-languishment, to remember them is to regret.

At a window opening on such a balcony overlooking such a scene sat two ladies: hour, two in the afternoon; month, April; year, late in the last decade. The elder, the mistress of the mansion, was by name Lady Mayfield. She was considerably over forty years of age; but neither the tears of widowhood, nor the long anxiety of a mother whose only son had but recently returned from years of daily danger in his country's service, had traced the slightest wrinkle on her brow, or the faintest silver in her hair. She had been a beautiful woman, and was so still. If there was any defect in her beauty at all, it lay perhaps in its being a little too decided; the features being, from their strongly-marked isolation, too susceptible of analysis to allow full scope to that idealizing tendency which forms more than half of our perception of beauty, and which builds more upon general expression than upon individual lineament. Still there was nothing harsh or repulsive about Lady Mayfield's face; and when she spoke, her eye lit up with such bright good-nature, and her tone indicated such honesty in the speaker and such trust towards the hearer as completely softened down any impression of severity that her features when still might have been apt to convey.

Her companion was a young lady apparently about twenty-three years of age. Like Lady

Mayfield she was beautiful, but her beauty was of a more feminine and pleasing cast. Yet there was that in her face which saddened as well as pleased. The lightsome loveliness—of whose character, bright blue eyes and long golden hair were the chief arbiters—was almost neutralized by a deep thoughtful earnestness that somehow told its own tale of long and severe suffering, past but unforgotten. As she stood leaning with her hand upon her forehead against the half-open fold of the window, her tall slender figure drooping slightly forward as if with somewhat of weariness, she might well have suggested the idea of poor Mariana watching with painful longing for him who came not, only that all before and beneath her was joyous and beautiful. Her eye traversed a great sweep of green mountains surrounding a spacious basin, in the heart of which, dome and turret, campanile and baptistry, palace and garden, stately square and festive street, all fair in form and palpitating with living sunshine, stood Florence, a very vision of joy.

But however strongly optical laws might assert themselves, and insist on imprinting the beautiful image of all this on the retina belonging to the young lady in question, her thoughts were plainly in a region beyond optical laws. One could read in the limpid depth of her eye far distant things, of which all the beauty before her was but faint symbolism.

There is a time when natural beauty is its own end, its own fruition, its own enjoyment. Before sorrow has touched the soul, ere yet it has become necessary to struggle and to conquer, the sunshine, and the green leaf, and the sparkling brook are beautiful, because they are very part and parcel of ourselves. But when the isolating power of sorrow has separated our souls from things inanimate, coldly individualizing our separate being, and teaching us, undeniably, that we are suffering spirits, struggling to conquest—then does outer beauty become essentially *suggestive*, pointing to something beyond itself, something more godlike than form, more ethereal than colour, more spiritual than sound, and yet more richly satia-

fyng, and more royally bounteous than all combined—then does beauty, hitherto unquestioningly loved for its own sweet sake, begin to demand an explanation of itself, of its origin, of its power, of its tendency, of its end; until it finds that with all its preciousness and all its wonder of delight, it is but a feeble index trembling towards an unknown pole. Was it thus with her?—that earthly loveliness was not an idol blindly worshipped, but a suggestive similitude that lifted the soul above it, to regions peopled with dear memories, and dearer hopes?

Yet flesh is flesh; and there is a certain gate in Florence called the Porta San Gallo, and it would be hard to say what it symbolizes in the spiritual world. Though two miles distant, it was full in view of the balcony above-mentioned. For a moment or two the young lady's gaze had rested vacantly upon it, when she suddenly started, and awaking as if from a reverie, turned abruptly into the drawing-room, and, with her back to Lady Mayfield, began to arrange, or to make a pretence of arranging, a bouquet of flowers, already tastefully disposed in a vase on one of the tables. Lady Mayfield observed the sudden movement of her companion, and, looking from her work out of the open window, saw a horseman threading his way along the winding road that led from the Porta San Gallo to the heights on which the villa Fiorini was situated.

"There is Sir Arthur, at last," said she; "I'll never send him for the letters again. Giuglio would have been here two hours ago. I have been wearying for my budget sadly."

There was a pause, during which the younger lady continued to arrange the flowers upon most arbitrary principles of taste.

"No response from the signorina. Ah! that is because you never get any letters from England. Now, what will you say if there should be one to-day?"

The young lady seemed suddenly to discover that the stalks of the flowers were too long, and began nervously to tear away the offending superfluity.

"Come hither, Mary," said Lady Mayfield, after another pause.

Her companion turned round, and in so doing betrayed a face bewitchingly sad with tears, which she rushed to hide, kneeling by the side of her friend, and laying her head on her knee.

"You are not happy here, Mary. Have I not been kind to you?"

"Oh yes, Lady Mayfield," answered she, looking up, and smiling gratefully through her tears; "you have been kind indeed."

"Then is it not time, Mary dear, that you should let me know this secret of yours. I have trusted you out-and-out for nearly two years, and you have become dear to me as my own daughter. Will you not trust me in turn?"

"Not yet, Lady Mayfield," said the kneeling girl. "Forgive me, but not yet."

"Listen, Mary, once more. When I overheard you, two years ago, in the act of being refused entrance into the Governess's Institution at Laverham, on the ground of your having no

recommendation, you remember how I followed you to your poor lodging, and introduced myself as wishing to obtain, not a governess, but a companion to my lonesome widowhood. I had fallen in love with your face and your voice; and trusting to my own power of reading physiognomy, I only asked you one question; and your answer, though it was but one word, satisfied me; for I think I know the tone of truth. I told you what I wished, and that if you would come with me I would take you unreservedly. Then you told me that you had left your home secretly. You told me, moreover, that Mary Johnston was not your real name, and that you might be liable at a moment's notice to be compelled to return to Scotland. With any other than myself I am sure that these statements would have been received with suspicion and dissatisfaction. I was satisfied, and you are here. While you have been with me I have watched you, not as a spy, but as an admiring friend; and you have more than surpassed my first impressions of your character. Besides character, you have surprised me by the extent of your education, which includes accomplishments that even the most liberally educated of our sex seldom even attempt to acquire. I have discovered in your manner some traces of birth and breeding, such as are almost unknown to any but those who have blood to boast of, as well as training. I have mastered your whole character, but you deny me your history. Oh, Mary! it grieves me to know that you have a secret from me, not because you fret my curiosity by concealing it, but because I see that whatever it is, it is a source of grief to you, which possibly I might be able to alleviate. Will you at least let me know the nature of it? Is it money, Mary?"

"No."

"Blighted love?"

"No."

"I have a right to know it, Mary."

"If kindness gives you a right—oh yes, you have a right, indeed; yet I cannot, cannot reveal it!"

"I did not mean that any little kindness of mine gave me a positive right to extort it from you; but I have a right quite apart from that."

"What do you refer to, Lady Mayfield?" asked the *soi-disante* Miss Johnston, looking up curiously.

"The best right in the world—my son Sir Arthur loves you!"

The girl started, rose to her feet, and, looking Lady Mayfield full in the face, faltered out—

"I understand your meaning: you mean that it is time for me to leave your house?"

"I had no such meaning," said Lady Mayfield, gently, but firmly; and drawing her again towards her, she continued—"Come, now, kneel down as before, fair offender, and confess. Look up, now: were you not aware of this already?"

"As I live I was not."

"And did you not suspect it? During the three months he has spent with us since his return from India, has he sought any other so-

duty than yours? When he might have been staid in Florence as a rich Englishman and a renowned soldier, has he not persistently refused every invitation just that he might pass his whole time near you?"

"You forget, Lady Mayfield, that his mother's society is especially dear to him after his long absence and his many dangers."

"How comes it, then," asked Lady Mayfield, laughing, "that he always remembers some engagement in the house when I enter the garden and find him with you? or some other engagement in the garden when I enter the house and find him with you? Come, now, Mary dear, have you not suspected it?"

"The idea of it had certainly crossed my mind, but only to be dismissed as foolish on my part. I grieve to learn that it is true."

"Grieve! why grieve! Perhaps," said Lady Mayfield, a little scornfully, "you think the loss of an arm in the service of his country an insuperable objection!"

"Nay, nay, dear Lady Mayfield! I grieve to learn that it is true because it puts an end to the dear days I have spent with you. It must not be; and to end it, what remains for me but to leave you, my kind, kind friend?" and the young lady again hid her face in Lady Mayfield's dress, and wept audibly.

"That is what I cannot understand," said the latter, somewhat sharply. "My son loves you, *therefore* you must leave me. Something to do with that horrid secret again! Or perhaps simply that you do not love him; is that it, Mary?"

"I did not say so. I have no right to love any one!"

"The secret again! Now, plainly and seriously, Mary, if you tell me your history, and I hear from your own lips that, whatever untoward circumstance may have compelled you to leave your home secretly, it is not such as would make it a dishonour to call you daughter, though you turn out to be a penniless girl, I love you so much, that I could wish no other wife for my son. Did ever true love present so smooth a course? But here comes Sir Arthur: we shall speak of this again. Get up and dry your eyes," said she, fondly, smoothing the young lady's hair. "There, now you look as composed as Minerva out there. By-the-bye, Sir Arthur insists that that form and figure have been stolen from you!"

At this moment a tall, handsome young man entered the room, carrying a bag containing a budget of letters. His face was quite the ideal of manly, English beauty, though it was slightly orientalized by the trace of the Indian sun: moreover, it was of the military type, which somehow forms a cast by itself; so that one could almost recognise an English officer even under the garb of priesthood. It was a fine open face, flushed with health and radiant with kindly humour—a face on good terms with all the world, and yet exhibiting all the delicacy of lineament that appertains to noble birth: The dark hair made the large white forehead appear

all the whiter; and if long dark whiskers are really—as we have heard—loved of ladies, we may as well mention them too as among the personal gifts of Sir Arthur Mayfield. As we have said before, he was tall, and though upon the whole of a slender figure, his breadth of chest gave him all the appearance of what he really was—a powerful man. He had but one defect—that which his mother has already mentioned. The sleeve which his left arm should have filled was attached to the breast of his coat; yet somehow it did not seem a defect at all to those who knew how the loss had been met with; and if Beauty, as many teach us, is but a thing of association, the very void could not fail to be associated with such perceptions as honour and admiring regret. We complete his passport into our reader's society by setting him down for twenty-three years of age.

"The newspapers said you made a good soldier, Arthur," said Lady Mayfield, as he entered the room; "but as for a postman, that is evidently beyond you."

"I beg a thousand pardons, mamma," replied the young soldier; "but the fact is—the fact is, I had a commission to execute for Miss Johnston, and I forgot before I left to get her to tell me the Italian for 'cambric frilling.' Now, I have been in at least a dozen *modiste's* shops in town, and not one could I get to understand what 'cambric frilling' meant. By the way, I see: I might have remembered that this is the first of the month. Well, really, Miss Johnston, it is too bad to be playing English tricks in a foreign country. Now confess it; is there such a thing as 'cambric frilling'?"

"Indeed there is, Sir Arthur," answered Miss Johnston, laughing and blushing; while Lady Mayfield, laughing also, declared that he was about as good as an errand-boy as he was as a postman.

"But come, my son," said she, "give me my letters, and let me be off. I like to devour them in secret."

"Ten for Lady Mayfield," said he, counting them out one by one; "and for Sir Arthur Mayfield nothing but a miserable newspaper!"

"Anything for Miss Johnston?" asked his mother, looking searchingly at the young lady.

"Nothing! Why, Miss Johnston, your friends are surely all dead, or ashamed of you, or—I beg your pardon, I did not mean to hurt you."

Miss Johnston had turned even paler than usual at this reference to her friends. The young officer remarked it at once, and as his mother retired from the room and closed the door, he sat down beside her, turning his unopened newspaper round and round, and evidently not knowing what to say.

"What is the matter, Miss Johnston? Have I hurt your feelings?"

"Oh no, Sir Arthur. Please read your paper," said she, taking up a piece of work. "Lady Mayfield wants me to be very busy at this today."

"And can you not talk while you work? Oh,

I see it all; you are angry with me for not getting you that cambric frilling."

Miss Johnston laughed, in spite of her evident desire to place Sir Arthur on as distant a footing as possible. She thought of rising, or leaving the room; but that might have implied that something unusual had happened, or might have looked as if she wished to bring matters to a crisis. So she sat still, and merely held her peace. At length, when, after sitting some time in silence, she heard Sir Arthur draw a long breath and clear his throat, as if about to commence a formal speech, it suddenly occurred to her that silence was bad policy, and that her safest plan was to keep him going until Lady Mayfield returned. So, just as he was about to speak, she anticipated him.

"Well, what is the leading article about, Sir Arthur? Drainage, I suppose, or poor-rates, or suffrage extension, or some other interesting subject?"

Sir Arthur slowly took off the cover, unfolded the newspaper, and looked at the leading article.

"It seems to be," said he, after glancing over it, "a series of strictures on Scotch verdicts, and, as usual, that old story of Virtue Le Moyne is raked up."

Miss Johnston's work fell from her hands, and she herself sunk back in her chair, pale and trembling.

"For heaven's sake, Miss Johnston, what have I done now? Are you ill? Shall I fetch mamma? . . . Ah, I think I understand—mamma has told you, and my presence only agitates you; but what meaning am I to put upon your agitation? Ah, tell me, do you think you can love me, Mary?"

"Sir Arthur Mayfield," said the young lady, with as much firmness as she could command, "this is the only unkindness I have ever experienced under this roof."

"Nay, Miss Johnston," cried he, springing up, "pray do not rise. If either of us *must* leave the room, I will: but first let me explain. It might have been unkindness, had I presumed so far on your position as to have asked your hand secretly. But what have I done? I have gone openly to Lady Mayfield, and have told her that I love you; and now, with her willing consent, I come honourably and openly to yourself, and tell you the same tale. You may refuse me, Miss Johnston—that is your undoubted right—but surely you cannot cut me to the heart by accusing me of unkindness?"

"Pardon the word, Sir Arthur; but the consequences of this may be very cruel to me."

"I will pardon the word, but repeat the offence," said Sir Arthur, lifting her fallen work. "You have not answered me—could you love me, Mary?"

"Sir Arthur, this must not be. In kindness spare me!"

"You do not love me, then?" said the young man, as he leant his head upon the open window, and looked down lovingly and despairingly upon the rich gift that refused to be his.

"But I cannot give you up thus easily. Why reject me? I have birth, wealth, health, an honourable name, a mother who loves you as a daughter; and I had concluded, from your behaviour towards me during the last three months, that I was not disagreeable to you. What should there be between us? I will not give you up, Mary, unless you tell me point-blank that you cannot love me!" Miss Johnston worked on, silently and nervously. "You do not say No. Ah, Mary," cried he, flinging himself beside her, and taking her hands in his, "you must, you must accept my love; unless," said he, again relinquishing her hands as a sudden thought occurred to him—"unless you have passed your word to another. Is it so?"

"It is not so, and yet, as before, I tell you, Sir Arthur Mayfield, that this cannot be. Ah, well I know that by one word I could turn all your love into coldness, and all your admiration into horror! Take my word for it, and ask no more. Try to forget me. I leave this house to-morrow. I believe in your love, Sir Arthur, and that it will wound you to see me pass from your sight; but even that wound Time will heal."

"What does this signify?" said Sir Arthur, rising, and looking down at her in astonishment. "Nay, unless you tell me all, I shall think it is only a clever stratagem to stay my importunity. Tell me, now," and he knelt down before her, and again took her hands in his, "I ask you yet again, Mary, do you love me, and will you be my wife?"

"You know not what you ask. Listen: you force it from me. Would you marry a woman whose name is not free from the charge of . . . ?"

But her lips whitened, and her whole face changed to so fearful an expression, that, as he looked, the young soldier trembled as he had never trembled in bloody charge or deadly breach.

"Of what! for God's sake speak Miss Johnston!"

"Of murder!"

CHAP. XXI.

When Lady Mayfield returned to the drawing-room, she saw at once that words potent for good or evil had passed between Miss Johnston and her son. The former was just in the position in which she had left her; but Sir Arthur was seated on a couch at some distance from her. Nothing further had passed between them from the time of Miss Johnston's disclosure. Sir Arthur had simply risen from his knees and retired to a distance, not so much horror-struck as morally and intellectually paralyzed. He had clutched at his newspaper and resumed his seat, when he heard his mother approaching; but by no effort of will could he recal the colour to his cheeks, or stay the convulsive heaving of his

breast. Miss Johnston was apparently working, but betrayed her emotion in the very act of lowering her head, more than the exigencies of her work required, so as to conceal her face. Lady Mayfield divined at once that her son had proposed and had been refused, and thought it best not to add to their embarrassment by any allusion to the subject, though she felt herself in the position of being the confidant of both.

"Anything worthy of note in the newspaper, Arthur?" said she, by way of putting them at their ease; but at the same time she was malicious enough to add—"Did they teach you to read upside down at school?"

Sir Arthur laughed a melancholy laugh, and turned his paper the proper way. "Nothing very particular," said he, rousing himself, and trying to assume his ordinary tone. "Let me see, though, I have not looked at 'Scotland' yet. Perhaps there is something interesting going on in the dear old country."

"Had you given the paper to Miss Johnston, she would have looked under that heading first of all. I think she has left her heart there."

It was Miss Johnston's turn to laugh a melancholy laugh, and Sir Arthur's face twitched painfully: at length something in the newspaper seemed to arrest his attention.

"Charge of Heresy, and Deposition from the Ministry'. Let us have a look at that. I have a great leaning towards heresy myself. . . . But, I say, mamma—"

However, he did not say, but read on in silence for a minute or two.

"Don't be selfish, Arthur. If it would interest us let us hear it."

"You'll be sorry to hear it, mamma. Personally speaking, I am glad of it."

"Come, out with it. Is it any of our friends?"

"Yes: it is your old favourite, and my old tutor, Mr. Angus!"

Miss Johnston's work dropped again, and both Lady Mayfield and Sir Arthur looked hard at her.

"What is the charge brought against him, Arthur?"

"Heresy of some kind or other. It seems a long story; but I'll read it to you. If he was a jolly fellow before, when he was one of the orthodox, he'll be much jollier now, I should think, as a heretic!"

In the long account which Sir Arthur then read of the trial of the Reverend Henry Angus before the highest court of the church to which he belonged, nothing could be laid hold upon by the reader as distinctly amounting to heresy. It was plain, however, that the general tone of his preaching had not been in accordance with that of his brethren—that, like another who had gone through the same trial as himself, he had exclaimed vehemently against the Scottish "scepticism of all things that cannot be expressed with logical precision," and that he had at various times enlarged on the progressive nature of Christianity in such a manner as showed that he did not rightly apprehend the permanent

nature of the standards of his church. Into such subjects it is not our province here to enter. Suffice it to say, that, having announced his determination, if restored to his flock, to preach to them, not so much as the missionary of a church, but as a minister of the truth, he was deposed from his office, amid the tears of his brethren, against whom, as members of a body who had sworn to certain standards, no cruelty could be urged.

"Poor Mr. Angus," said Lady Mayfield, when her son had finished reading, "I wonder what he will do now!"

"In the first place we must have him here," replied Sir Arthur. "I am sure it would delight him to have a spell of Italian scenery after all that horrid divinity. What say you, mamma? Shall I write to him at once, before he shall have evacuated his manse, in case we should lose sight of him?"

"That might do for a few weeks, or months; but I wonder what he will do ultimately! If the English church would receive him, he might have that little living of ours in Wales."

"But mamma," cried Sir Arthur, "you are forgetting that Mr. Angus is not destitute. I always understood that he left us because he had received a legacy from some relative or other?"

"He did; not a very considerable one, however; but even that he has spent."

"Already! I had no idea he had been extravagant."

"He spent it, my son, in a way which did him honour. I heard the story of it from a friend of his not very long ago; but I was requested to keep it secret."

"Well, but you'll tell us, you know. I'm sure we won't let it out of the family. Miss Johnston knows how to keep a secret."

He spoke the words severely, and Lady Mayfield understood that there had been talk of her secret between the young lady and her son. Miss Johnston's face was still hid over her work, but her breathing was painfully audible.

"Well, then," said Lady Mayfield, "if you promise me it will go no further, I will tell you. Mr. Angus spent all his little fortune on the lawyers who pleaded the cause of Virtue Le Moyne."

Miss Johnston uttered the slightest possible scream, rose to her feet, but instantly fell back into her chair. Lady Mayfield and Sir Arthur rushed to her assistance.

"Ring, Arthur," said Lady Mayfield, quietly: "Hessy and I will manage between us. I see it all now. Poor, poor girl!" * * *

That night a dark figure glided noiselessly from the Villa Fiorini, and down the winding path that led to Florence. A brigand, meeting it by the way, and clutching the ready knife to secure his plunder, started, as even through the darkness the pale face and strange bright eyes struck terror into his soul, and sent him trembling to the nearest cross—years afterwards to tell how, on the first night that hunger had driven him to contemplate deeds of crime, the

Holy Virgin had met him, and stayed him in the path of ill! All night it wandered hither and thither. The sentinel at the gate crossed himself as it entered the awaking city. Italian barbers—earliest of men—took note of it as something worthy to be spoken of to the customers of the day. Women hurrying to early mass stopped and gazed, and at night remembered and prayed for the strangely sorrowful woman, who, by that time out on the great sea, had left all the voluminous beauty of Italy far, far behind.

THE SPIRIT OF GOLD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! Spirit of Gold, thy bright aspect I shun;
My soul sadly shrinks from the ill thou hast done;
In Memory's mirror pale phantoms arise,
Thy slaves and thy victims start forth to my eyes:
I think on high principles stained and disgraced,
On genius perverted, and virtue debased;
On kind hearts grown callous, and warm ones
grown cold,
Seduced by the sway of the Spirit of Gold.

From childhood to manhood two brothers had spent
Their days in a course of calm, even content:
Together they shared in Life's pleasures and cares,
Pursued the same duties, and breathed the same
prayers.

But *thou*, restless Spirit, wast biding thine hour:
Each struggled for gain, each contended for power;
They parted—they left their dear home of repose,
And the world only knows them as rivals and foes.

A girl, in the soft, dawning spring-time of youth,
Had pledged to a fond, ardent lover her truth;
But a sutor came forth to implore for her hand,
Whose eloquence lay in gems, mansions, and land.
He was feeble, infirm, old in years and in heart,
But coldly she bade her young lover depart,
And scorned her past vows in remembrance to hold,
When bribed from her faith by the Spirit of Gold.

A youth had derived from his sire a good name,
And long he preserved it, unblemished by shame:
A charge was in secret assigned to his trust,
Thy tempting prevailed—he proved base and
unjust!

The widow and fatherless know not their wrong,
And the spoiler is honoured and sought by the
throng;

But conscience pours forth stern reproofs from
within,
And he shudders to think he is walking with Sin!

A miser's vast coffers with riches were stored,
But he bade not his neighbours and friends to his
board:

He coldly and cruelly drove from his door
The homeless and helpless, the aged and poor;
And ever he gazed with eyes straining and dim
On the hoards that were useless to others and him;
Till in fancy he seemed his gay heir to behold,
And he wept o'er the gifts of the Spirit of Gold.

In the world's most sequestered or busiest part,
In the court and the cottage, the camp and the
mart,

Thy power can dissension and enmity bring,
Thy influence poisons each joy at its spring;

At a wave of thy sceptre the unity ends
Of parents and children, of lovers and friends;
Truth fails, life is risked, justice bartered, heart
sold,
At the direful behest of the Spirit of Gold!

Methought on the silence a voice softly came,
And the Spirit of Gold thus replied to my blame:
"Why chide me thus harshly? why trace the abuse
Of my gifts? why not dwell on their value and
use?"

To thy weak, erring mind, I will strive to convey
A sense of the blessings I spread in my way:
The peace and the plenty thou lovest to see
Are lavished with generous bounty by me.

"A youth strove the means of existence to gain
By the ceaseless and wearying toil of the brain;
He drooped, slowly drooped amid Fame's laurel
bowers,

Till my gifts fell around him in plentiful showers;
Now, firm, able energy governs his pen,
He writes to improve and to benefit men,
From Poverty's grasp, crushing, blighting, and
cold,

He was snatched by the hand of the Spirit of Gold!

"Yet scenes more subduing, more sad can I paint—
A group of pale sufferers, feeble and faint,
Deserted, unheeded, in helplessness lay,
While Famine stood ready to seize on its prey.
To save and to shield them kind Charity sped;
They are comforted, sheltered, protected, and fed;
But worthless and weak had been Sympathy's sigh,
If the means of relief I had failed to supply.

"Behold, just completed, a fostering dome,
Where the desolate orphan may turn for a home;
And mark yonder path, by glad worshippers trod—
That Church has been newly devoted to God.
The good and the pious long earnestly strove
To plan and to perfect these labours of love;
But the fruits of their zeal they had failed to
behold,
Had they won not the aid of the Spirit of Gold.

"Brave ships richly laden skim over the main,
The Commerce of England I prompt and sustain;
Bards sing, sages moralize, orators shine—
The action is theirs, but the impulse is mine.
All bow at my throne; yet from none do I crave
The servile submission that speaks of the slave.
INDEPENDENCE—that bright, blessed boon of the
free—
Is sought by my subjects, and granted by me.

"If men were to woo and to welcome me loth,
They soon would succumb to the Spirit of Sloth;
Contented to plod in a dull, narrow line,
Invention would cease, Emulation decline;
The Progress of Mind would be cumbered and
checked,
Art, Science, and Learning would fall to neglect,
And England would cease among nations to hold
The way that she owes to the Spirit of Gold!"

"Oh, Spirit!"—methought in my vision I spoke—
"I give thee not praise, yet my blame I revoke.
Of thyself thou art powerless for harm or for love,
And thy course is impelled by a Power from above.
To Him let us turn, let us pray to be led
In the path where He graciously wills us to tread,
Till by Piety strengthened, by Reason controlled,
We greet without fear the bright Spirit of Gold!"

THE POETRY OF THE DEEP SEA WATERS.

PART II.

We have now to inquire what are the laws by which God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to provide for the maintenance of this gigantic system of circulation in the oceanic waters, and the regulations of the currents which as veins and arteries serve to convey the waters from one part of the world to another, thus equalizing their quality, and ameliorating the climates of the habitable portions of the globe.

It is an acknowledged fact that the hottest water is the lightest, for heat expands water; fresh water is also lighter than salt, and consequently floats on it, so that it is a common thing to see cattle drinking water that *appears* to have been brought up direct from the sea by the tide, whilst, in fact, they are drinking that of the river, which, flowing towards the sea, has had its waters lifted, in consequence of their less specific gravity, by the salt waters that have been brought up by the tidal flux. The causes then which lighten the surface waters of the sea, and cause them to float, are heat, precipitation, and the supplies of fresh water which are poured into them by tributary streams. Because heat not only warms the water, but evaporates from it a portion of its fresh-water particles, leaving behind all, save a mere fractional part of the solid matter that is in solution in sea water, and which in ordinary cases amount to about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of its weight. The saltiness, and consequently the weight, of the surface water is by the results of evaporation greatly increased; and thus becoming heavier than that which lies below it, it sinks and the lower particles rise. Of course the process of evaporation goes on with greater rapidity under tropical suns, than in colder regions, and the particles of water that have suffered from it sink with greater rapidity than any where else and go more speedily to the bottom. And at the bottom they might and would remain, lying in dead and heavy stillness, unfit for maintaining the life of any of the myriad variety of animal or vegetable life with which the Great Creator has furnished the depths of ocean, had He not in His prescience perfected his work, and provided means for relieving the laden waters from their surplus burden, and fitting them again to rise, and take their place in the higher regions of old ocean.

The agents, on whom devolves the office of extracting the surplus solids from these over-laden waters, are sea shell-fish, coral insects, and a host of other lime-secreting mollusks, zoophytes, crustaceans, &c., which crowd the lower sea regions, especially in the tropics. I must now quote at considerable length from my text book, Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea." Take for example the coral islands reefs,

beds, and rocks with which the Pacific ocean is studded and garnished. They were built up of materials which a certain sort of sea insect quarried from the sea water. The currents of the sea ministered to this little insect—they were its hod-carriers. When fresh supplies of solid matter were wanted for the coral rock on which the foundation of the Polynesian Islands were laid, they brought them; the obedient currents stood ready with fresh supplies in unfailling streams of sea water from which the solid ingredients had not been secreted. Now unless the currents of the sea had been employed to carry off from this insect the waters that had been emptied by it of their lime, and to bring to it others charged with more, it is evident that the little creature would have perished for want of food, long before its task was half completed. But for currents, it would have been impaled in a nook of the very drop of water in which it was spawned; for it would soon have secreted the lime contained in this drop of water, and then, without the ministering aid of currents to bring it more, it would have perished for want of food for itself, and material for its edifice; and thus but for the benign currents that took this exhausted water away, there we perceive would this emptied drop have remained, not only as the grave of the little architect, but as a monument in attestation of the shocking monstrosity that there had been a failure in the sublime system of terrestrial adaptation—that the sea had not been adapted by its Creator to the well-being of its inhabitants. Now we do know that its adaptations are suited to all the wants of every one of its inhabitants—to the wants of the coral insect, as well as to those of the whale. Hence we say *we know* that the sea has its system of circulation, for it transports material for the coral rock from one part of the world to another; its currents receive them from the rivers, and hand them over to the little mason for the structure of the most stupendous works of solid masonry that man has ever seen—the coral islands of the sea.

But besides the coral insect there are very many other marine animals at work in separating the lime from the waters of the ocean. The shells of oysters, cockles, and other mollusks including those enormous conch and other shells that are found in tropical seas; the armour of all crustaceans, crabs, lobsters, and cray-fish, as well as shrimps, prawns, and multitudes of others, are all formed from lime thus secreted from the waters of the sea by the living animal. Maury illustrates the importance of the smallest individual worker on the whole of the mighty ocean. He conceives that for a period all and every lime-secreter has suspended

its operations; that winds and tides, and every other agent that might disturb the perfect equilibrium of the waters are for a time withdrawn, and the sea in perfect unbroken quietude and rest. Then one single mollusk or other animal begins to work, and secretes lime for its shell, or cell. "In that act this animal has destroyed the equilibrium of the whole ocean; for the specific gravity of that portion of water from which this solid matter has been abstracted is altered. Having lost a portion of its solid contents, it has become specifically lighter than it was before; it must therefore give place to the pressure which the heavier water exerts to push it aside, and to occupy its place; and it must consequently travel about, and mingle with the waters of the other parts of the ocean, until its proportion of solid matter is returned to it, and until it attains the exact degree of specific gravity due to sea-water generally."

We may thus in some degree see the causes of currents, and the principles or laws on which they act. We have seen that sea-water is charged with different solid matters, common salt, lime, magnesia, soda, potash, and iron, to the amount of $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. in every hundred. The sea breeze, the rays of the sun, and other influences, cause the fresh water which is combined with these solids to evaporate, leaving the surface waters heavier than those below them. This increase of specific gravity then carries them down into the depths of the sea, and lighter particles rise from below to supply the place of those which have suffered loss by evaporation. Consentaneously with this action of the sun on the upper waters, the process of the little lime-secreters below is going on, and the sunken particles are being unladen of their surplus solids, and thus prepared to rise, and change places with those which having before delivered their burden are now at the surface reloading in order to return below with fresh supplies of solid materials for the masons.

But so far as we have already gone, we have only accounted for the interchange of particles between the surface waters and those of the depths. We must now proceed to inquire why rapid currents, both surface and under currents, are constantly rushing from one part of the world of waters to the other, flowing with changeless regularity from the equator to the polar regions and back; others rushing to and fro in the Indian ocean, the Pacific, the Mediterranean and Red seas, and in all other known waters, save some of the land-bound seas, such as the Dead Sea which has no connection with others.

Maury lays it down as a rule, that with the exception of the winds and tides, all currents of the ocean owe their origin to difference of specific gravity between the sea water of different localities; as wherever there is such differences, whatsoever may be the cause, it disturbs equilibrium, and the heavier water rushes towards the lighter, whilst the lighter flows in to supply its place; and thus currents are produced. His illustration as to the reasons why these currents flow in upper and under cur-

rents is so simple and clear, that, it will be well to transcribe it. He supposes the case of "a long trough opening into a vat of oil, with a partition to keep the oil from running into the trough. Now suppose the trough to be filled up with wine on one side of the partition, to the level of the oil on the other. The oil is introduced to represent the lighter water as it enters from the ocean into either of these seas (the Red, or the Mediterranean), and the wine the same water after it has lost some of its freshness by evaporation, and therefore has become saltier and heavier. Now suppose the partition to be raised, what would take place? Why the oil would run in as an upper current, overflowing the wine, and the wine would run out as an under current."

Evaporation takes place in one part of the ocean; the winds blow the vapour thus engendered to other regions, where they are precipitated in the form of rain, which, as it descends into the ocean, freshens the surface waters, and at the same time raises their level. The waters thus freshened and elevated become mixed with the salt to the depth to which the influences of the wind and tides extend, and thus the specific gravity of the body of water so influenced is lowered; and this lighter water, flowing, as is its tendency, towards the evaporating regions, forms an *upper* current from the regions of precipitation to those of evaporation; whilst the heavier water, which in those latter regions has sustained a loss of its fresh water, and thus increased its specific gravity, flows as an *under*-current towards the regions of precipitation, just as the oil, in our illustration, flows over the wine, and the wine, or heavier fluid, flows as an under-current beneath it.

It is therefore to the salts of the sea that we are indebted for currents. That the waters of the ocean were salt from the beginning, and do not owe their solids wholly to the burdens brought down by rivers from the earth, seems satisfactorily proved by the facts which geology reveals. In the earliest formations are found sea-shells, corals, &c., formed on the same principle as those which adorn our sea-bottoms, and act as lime-secreters from our modern seas. Had not the sea been salt at the earlier periods of creation, "whence came those creeping things which fashioned the sea-shells that cover the tops of the Andes? or those madrepores that strew the earth with solid matter that has been secreted from briny water? or those infusorial deposits which astound the geologist with their magnitude and extent? or those fossil remains of the sea that have astonished, puzzled, and bewildered man in all ages? Whence, had not the sea been salt, when its metes and bounds were set, could these creatures have obtained solid matter for their structures?" We may add "and how have lived?" for any one who is in the least degree acquainted with marine zoology will know that no shell fish, shelled annalid, crustacean, or other inhabitant of the sea, will survive more than at most a few hours, if put into fresh water, unless that water is first laden with the

due proportions of salt, lime, soda, &c., &c., which chemical analysis shows to be essential to the formation of true sea-water.

From the salts and shells of the ocean the climates of the earth are modified; for those currents that bring warmth from the tropics, and return colder influences from the polar regions, are, as we have seen, greatly influenced by, if not wholly dependent on them. "The dews, the rains, and the rivers are continually dissolving certain minerals of the earth, and carry them off to sea. This is an accumulating process: and if it were not compensated the sea, would finally become as the Dead Sea is, saturated with salt, and therefore unsuitable for the habitation of many fish of the sea. The sea shells and marine insects afford the required compensation: they are the conservators of the ocean. As the salts are emptied into the sea, these creatures secrete them again, and pile them up in solid masses to serve as the bases of islands and continents, to be in the process of ages upheaved into dry land, and then again dissolved by the dews and rains and washed by the rivers again into the sea. "O, Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom has thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches. So is the great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable."

The bottom of the deepest portions of the ocean, in what sailors call "blue water," had never been reached until of late years, when new discoveries in the modes of *sounding* have enabled men of science to take up specimens of soil from as great a depth as above two miles. The great difficulty, which prevailed for years, in reaching these immense depths, was that the under-currents, of which we have spoken, carried off the sounding-wires or lines, and prevented their ever reaching the bottom. One American naval officer ran out an iron wire sounding-line 34,000 feet without finding bottom; another reports a cast of 39,000 feet; and a third, one of 50,000 feet in length, equally unsuccessful with the other two.

But the system of "trial and failure," if carried on with such dauntless perseverance as that which seems to move the minds of earnest men in the present day, usually ends in the pleasanter result of "trial and success;" and so it has been in this instance, for a system of deep-sea sounding has now been brought into use, that overcomes the difficulties which of old beset the proceeding; and the new plan is so ingenious and so simple, that it cannot fail to interest even those who are not mariners.

Passed Midshipman J. M. Brooke of the U. S. navy suggests a cannon ball with a hole in it, through which a rod was to pass; the rod, forking at the top, was to support the ball by means of slings passed over the ends of the forks, thus suspending it midway on the rod. The bottom of the rod was to be anointed with a little soap or tallow, for the purpose of bringing up specimens of the soil. The apparatus thus arranged was to be let down by means of a suitable sounding line, the weight of the

cannon ball carrying it straight down. When the end of the rod struck the bottom, the slings were so contrived as to detach themselves from the fork at the top of the rod, and the rod thus freed was to come out of the hole in the ball, and be drawn up with its tallow end furnished with a specimen of soil, leaving the ball which had carried it down, to amuse itself in the depths of the ocean, whilst the more fortunate rod returned to land, to give its report to the expectant sounders above. This plan seems to have proved fully successful. The first trophies brought up were of great interest. From a depth of more than two miles he brought up a specimen of what seemed at first to be clay, but proved under microscopic examination to be composed entirely of perfect little calcareous shells, together with a few silicious, without the admixture of a particle of sand, gravel, or any other substance. It is supposed that these little mollusks inhabited the waters near the surface, and that when they died they sunk to the bottom. Maury well remarks, "Take the elephant and his remains, or a microscopic animal and his, and compare them. The contrast as to space occupied is as striking as that of the coral reef or island with the dimensions of the whale. The graveyard that would hold the corallines is larger than the graveyard that would hold the elephant."

But we cannot duly enter into the "poetry of the deep sea waters" without taking a glance of its inhabitants, animal and vegetable, in an æsthetic as well as in a utilitarian point of view; and I will therefore give Schleidan's most glowing description of the marine Fauna of the tropics—"We dive into the liquid crystal of the Indian ocean, and it opens to us the most wondrous enchantments of the fairy tales of our childhood's dreams. The strangely branching thickets bear living flowers. Dense masses of meandrinæ and astreae contrast with the leafy cup-shaped expansions of the explanariæ, the variously ramified madreporæ, which are now spread out like fingers, now rise in ramified branches, and now display the most elegant array of interlacing branches. The colouring surpasses everything; vivid green alternates with brown or yellow; rich tints of purple, from pale red-brown, to the deepest blue. Brilliant rosy, yellow, or peach-coloured nullipores overgrow the decaying masses, and are themselves interwoven with the pearl-coloured plates of the retipores resembling the most delicate ivory carvings. Close by are the yellow and lilac fans, perforated like trellis-work of the Gorgonias. The clear sand at the bottom is covered with the thousand strange forms and tints of the sea urchins and star-fish. The leaf-like filustrians and echinæ adhere like mosses and lichens to the branches of the corals; the yellow, green, and purple-striped limpets cling like monstrous cochineal insects upon their trunks. Like gigantic cactus blossoms, sparkling in the most ardent colours, the sea anemones expand their crowns of tentacles upon the broken rocks, or more modestly embellish the

fyng, and more royally bounteous than all combined—then does beauty, hitherto unquestioningly loved for its own sweet sake, begin to demand an explanation of itself, of its origin, of its power, of its tendency, of its end; until it finds that with all its preciousness and all its wonder of delight, it is but a feeble index trembling towards an unknown pole. Was it thus with her?—that earthly loveliness was not an idol blindly worshipped, but a suggestive similitude that lifted the soul above it, to regions peopled with dear memories, and dearer hopes?

Yet flesh is flesh; and there is a certain gate in Florence called the Porta San Gallo, and it would be hard to say what it symbolizes in the spiritual world. Though two miles distant, it was full in view of the balcony above-mentioned. For a moment or two the young lady's gaze had rested vacantly upon it, when she suddenly started, and awaking as if from a reverie, turned abruptly into the drawing-room, and, with her back to Lady Mayfield, began to arrange, or to make a pretence of arranging, a bouquet of flowers, already tastefully disposed in a vase on one of the tables. Lady Mayfield observed the sudden movement of her companion, and, looking from her work out of the open window, saw a horseman threading his way along the winding road that led from the Porta San Gallo to the heights on which the villa Fiorini was situated.

"There is Sir Arthur, at last," said she; "I'll never send him for the letters again. Giuglio would have been here two hours ago. I have been wearying for my budget sadly."

There was a pause, during which the younger lady continued to arrange the flowers upon most arbitrary principles of taste.

"No response from the signorina. Ah! that is because you never get any letters from England. Now, what will you say if there should be one to-day?"

The young lady seemed suddenly to discover that the stalks of the flowers were too long, and began nervously to tear away the offending superfluity.

"Come hither, Mary," said Lady Mayfield, after another pause.

Her companion turned round, and in so doing betrayed a face bewitchingly sad with tears, which she rushed to hide, kneeling by the side of her friend, and laying her head on her knee.

"You are not happy here, Mary. Have I not been kind to you?"

"Oh yes, Lady Mayfield," answered she, looking up, and smiling gratefully through her tears; "you have been kind indeed."

"Then is it not time, Mary dear, that you should let me know this secret of yours. I have trusted you out-and-out for nearly two years, and you have become dear to me as my own daughter. Will you not trust me in turn?"

"Not yet, Lady Mayfield," said the kneeling girl. "Forgive me, but not yet."

"Listen, Mary, once more. When I overheard you, two years ago, in the act of being refused entrance into the Governess's Institution at Liverham, on the ground of your having no

recommendation, you remember how I followed you to your poor lodging, and introduced myself as wishing to obtain, not a governess, but a companion to my lonesome widowhood. I had fallen in love with your face and your voice; and trusting to my own power of reading physiognomy, I only asked you one question; and your answer, though it was but one word, satisfied me; for I think I know the tone of truth. I told you what I wished, and that if you would come with me I would take you unreservedly. Then you told me that you had left your home secretly. You told me, moreover, that Mary Johnston was not your real name, and that you might be liable at a moment's notice to be compelled to return to Scotland. With any other than myself I am sure that these statements would have been received with suspicion and dissatisfaction. I was satisfied, and you are here. While you have been with me I have watched you, not as a spy, but as an admiring friend; and you have more than surpassed my first impressions of your character. Besides character, you have surprised me by the extent of your education, which includes accomplishments that even the most liberally educated of our sex seldom even attempt to acquire. I have discovered in your manner some traces of birth and breeding, such as are almost unknown to any but those who have blood to boast of, as well as training. I have mastered your whole character, but you deny me your history. Oh, Mary! it grieves me to know that you have a secret from me, not because you fret my curiosity by concealing it, but because I see that whatever it is, it is a source of grief to you, which possibly I might be able to alleviate. Will you at least let me know the nature of it? Is it money, Mary?"

"No."

"Blighted love?"

"No."

"I have a right to know it, Mary."

"If kindness gives you a right—oh yes, you have a right, indeed; yet I cannot, cannot reveal it!"

"I did not mean that any little kindness of mine gave me a positive right to extort it from you: but I have a right quite apart from that."

"What do you refer to, Lady Mayfield?" asked the *soi-disante* Miss Johnston, looking up curiously.

"The best right in the world—my son Sir Arthur loves you!"

The girl started, rose to her feet, and, looking Lady Mayfield full in the face, faltered out—"I understand your meaning: you mean that it is time for me to leave your house?"

"I had no such meaning," said Lady Mayfield, gently, but firmly; and drawing her again towards her, she continued—"Come, now, kneel down as before, fair offender, and confess. Look up, now: were you not aware of this already?"

"As I live I was not."

"And did you not suspect it? During the three months he has spent with us since his return from India, has he sought any other so-

ciety than yours? When he might have been fitted in Florence as a rich Englishman and a renowned soldier, has he not persistently refused every invitation just, that he might pass his wholtime near you?"

"You forget, Lady Mayfield, that his mother's society is especially dear to him after his long absence and his many dangers."

"How comes it, then," asked Lady Mayfield, laughing, "that he always remembers some engagement in the house when I enter the garden and find him with you? or some other engagement in the garden when I enter the house and find him with you? Come, now, Mary dear, have you not suspected it?"

"The idea of it had certainly crossed my mind, but only to be dismissed as foolish on my part. I grieve to learn that it is true."

"Grieve! why grieve? Perhaps," said Lady Mayfield, a little scornfully, "you think the loss of an arm in the service of his country an insuperable objection!"

"Nay, nay, dear Lady Mayfield! I grieve to learn that it is true because it puts an end to the dear days I have spent with you. It must not be; and to end it, what remains for me but to leave you, my kind, kind friend?" and the young lady again hid her face in Lady Mayfield's dress, and wept audibly.

"That is what I cannot understand," said the latter, somewhat sharply. "My son loves you, *therefore* you must leave me. Something to do with that horrid secret again! Or perhaps simply that you do not love him; is that it, Mary?"

"I did not say so. I have no right to love any one!"

"The secret again! Now, plainly and seriously, Mary, if you tell me your history, and I hear from your own lips that, whatever untoward circumstance may have compelled you to leave your home secretly, it is not such as would make it a dishonour to call you daughter, though you turn out to be a penniless girl, I love you so much, that I could wish no other wife for my son. Did ever true love present so smooth a course? But here comes Sir Arthur: we shall speak of this again. Get up and dry your eyes," said she, fondly, smoothing the young lady's hair. "There, now you look as composed as Minerva out there. By-the-bye, Sir Arthur insists that that form and figure have been stolen from you!"

At this moment a tall, handsome young man entered the room, carrying a bag containing a budget of letters. His face was quite the ideal of manly, English beauty, though it was slightly orientalised by the trace of the Indian sun: moreover, it was of the military type, which somehow forms a cast by itself; so that one could almost recognise an English officer even under the garb of priesthood. It was a fine open face, flushed with health and radiant with kindly humour—a face on good terms with all the world, and yet exhibiting all the delicacy of lineament that appertains to noble birth: The dark hair made the large white forehead appear

all the whiter; and if long dark whiskers are really—as we have heard—loved of ladies, we may as well mention them too as among the personal gifts of Sir Arthur Mayfield. As we have said before, he was tall, and though upon the whole of a slender figure, his breadth of chest gave him all the appearance of what he really was—a powerful man. He had but one defect—that which his mother has already mentioned. The sleeve which his left arm should have filled was attached to the breast of his coat; yet somehow it did not seem a defect at all to those who knew how the loss had been met with; and if Beauty, as many teach us, is but a thing of association, the very void could not fail to be associated with such perceptions as honour and admiring regret. We complete his passport into our reader's society by setting him down for twenty-three years of age.

"The newspapers said you made a good soldier, Arthur," said Lady Mayfield, as he entered the room; "but as for a postman, that is evidently beyond you."

"I beg a thousand pardons, mamma," replied the young soldier; "but the fact is—the fact is, I had a commission to execute for Miss Johnston, and I forgot before I left to get her to tell me the Italian for 'cambric frilling.' Now, I have been in at least a dozen *modiste's* shops in town, and not one could I get to understand what 'cambric frilling' meant. By the way, I see: I might have remembered that this is the first of the month. Well, really, Miss Johnston, it is too bad to be playing English tricks in a foreign country. Now confess it; is there such a thing as 'cambric frilling'?"

"Indeed there is, Sir Arthur," answered Miss Johnston, laughing and blushing; while Lady Mayfield, laughing also, declared that he was about as good as an errand-boy as he was as a postman.

"But come, my son," said she, "give me my letters, and let me be off. I like to devour them in secret."

"Ten for Lady Mayfield," said he, counting them out one by one; "and for Sir Arthur Mayfield nothing but a miserable newspaper!"

"Anything for Miss Johnston?" asked his mother, looking searchingly at the young lady.

"Nothing! Why, Miss Johnston, your friends are surely all dead, or ashamed of you, or—I beg your pardon, I did not mean to hurt you."

Miss Johnston had turned even paler than usual at this reference to her friends. The young officer remarked it at once, and as his mother retired from the room and closed the door, he sat down beside her, turning his unopened newspaper round and round, and evidently not knowing what to say.

"What is the matter, Miss Johnston? Have I hurt your feelings?"

"Oh no, Sir Arthur. Please read your paper," said she, taking up a piece of work. "Lady Mayfield wants me to be very busy at this today."

"And can you not talk while you work? Oh,

I see it all; you are angry with me for not getting you that cambric frilling."

Miss Johnston laughed, in spite of her evident desire to please Sir Arthur on as distant a footing as possible. She thought of rising, or leaving the room; but that might have implied that something unusual had happened, or might have looked as if she wished to bring matters to a crisis. So she sat still, and merely held her peace. At length, when, after sitting some time in silence, she heard Sir Arthur draw a long breath and clear his throat, as if about to commence a formal speech, it suddenly occurred to her that silence was bad policy, and that her safest plan was to keep him going until Lady Mayfield returned. So, just as he was about to speak, she anticipated him.

"Well, what is the leading article about, Sir Arthur? Drainage, I suppose, or poor-rates, or suffrage extension, or some other interesting subject?"

Sir Arthur slowly took off the cover, unfolded the newspaper, and looked at the leading article.

"It seems to be," said he, after glancing over it, "a series of strictures on Scotch verdicts, and, as usual, that old story of Virtue Le Moyne is raked up."

Miss Johnston's work fell from her hands, and she herself sunk back in her chair, pale and trembling.

"For heaven's sake, Miss Johnston, what have I done now? Are you ill? Shall I fetch mamma? . . . Ah, I think I understand—mamma has told you, and my presence only agitates you; but what meaning am I to put upon your agitation? Ah, tell me, do you think you can love me, Mary?"

"Sir Arthur Mayfield," said the young lady, with as much firmness as she could command, "this is the only unkindness I have ever experienced under this roof."

"Nay, Miss Johnston," cried he, springing up, "pray do not rise. If either of us *must* leave the room, I will: but first let me explain. It might have been unkindness, had I presumed so far on your position as to have asked your hand secretly. But what have I done? I have gone openly to Lady Mayfield, and have told her that I love you; and now, with her willing consent, I come honourably and openly to yourself, and tell you the same tale. You may refuse me, Miss Johnston—that is your undoubted right—but surely you cannot cut me to the heart by accusing me of unkindness?"

"Pardon the word, Sir Arthur; but the consequences of this may be very cruel to me."

"I will pardon the word, but repeat the offence," said Sir Arthur, lifting her fallen work. "You have not answered me—could you love me, Mary?"

"Sir Arthur, this must not be. In kindness spare me!"

"You do not love me, then?" said the young man, as he leant his head upon the open window, and looked down lovingly and despairingly upon the rich gift that refused to be his.

"But I cannot give you up thus easily. Why reject me? I have birth, wealth, health, an honourable name, a mother who loves you as a daughter; and I had concluded, from your behaviour towards me during the last three months, that I was not disagreeable to you. What should there be between us? I will not give you up, Mary, unless you tell me point-blank that you cannot love me!" Miss Johnston worked on, silently and nervously. "You do not say No. Ah, Mary," cried he, flinging himself beside her, and taking her hands in his, "you must, you must accept my love; unless," said he, again relinquishing her hands as a sudden thought occurred to him—"unless you have passed your word to another. Is it so?"

"It is not so, and yet, as before, I tell you, Sir Arthur Mayfield, that this cannot be. Ah, well I know that by one word I could turn all your love into coldness, and all your admiration into horror! Take my word for it, and ask no more. Try to forget me. I leave this house to-morrow. I believe in your love, Sir Arthur, and that it will wound you to see me pass from your sight; but even that wound Time will heal."

"What does this signify?" said Sir Arthur, rising, and looking down at her in astonishment. "Nay, unless you tell me all, I shall think it is only a clever stratagem to stay my importunity. Tell me, now," and he knelt down before her, and again took her hands in his, "I ask you yet again, Mary, do you love me, and will you be my wife?"

"You know not what you ask. Listen: you force it from me. Would you marry a woman whose name is not free from the charge of . . . ?"

But her lips whitened, and her whole face changed to so fearful an expression, that, as he looked, the young soldier trembled as he had never trembled in bloody charge or deadly breach.

"Of what! for God's sake speak Miss Johnston!"

"Of murder!"

CHAP. XXI.

When Lady Mayfield returned to the drawing-room, she saw at once that words potent for good or evil had passed between Miss Johnston and her son. The former was just in the position in which she had left her; but Sir Arthur was seated on a couch at some distance from her. Nothing further had passed between them from the time of Miss Johnston's disclosure. Sir Arthur had simply risen from his knees and retired to a distance, not so much horror-struck as morally and intellectually paralyzed. He had clutched at his newspaper and resumed his seat, when he heard his mother approaching; but by no effort of will could he recal the colour to his cheeks, or stay the convulsive heaving of his

breast. Miss Johnston was apparently working, but betrayed her emotion in the very act of lowering her head, more than the exigencies of her work required, so as to conceal her face. Lady Mayfield divined at once that her son had proposed and had been refused, and thought it best not to add to their embarrassment by any allusion to the subject, though she felt herself in the position of being the confidant of both.

"Anything worthy of note in the newspaper, Arthur?" said she, by way of putting them at their ease; but at the same time she was malicious enough to add—"Did they teach you to read upside down at school?"

Sir Arthur laughed a melancholy laugh, and turned his paper the proper way. "Nothing very particular," said he, rousing himself, and trying to assume his ordinary tone. "Let me see, though, I have not looked at 'Scotland' yet. Perhaps there is something interesting going on in the dear old country."

"Had you given the paper to Miss Johnston, she would have looked under that heading first of all. I think she has left her heart there."

It was Miss Johnston's turn to laugh a melancholy laugh, and Sir Arthur's face twitched painfully: at length something in the newspaper seemed to arrest his attention.

"Charge of Heresy, and Deposition from the Ministry." Let us have a look at that. I have a great leaning towards heresy myself. . . . But, I say, mamma—"

However, he did not say, but read on in silence for a minute or two.

"Don't be selfish, Arthur. If it would interest us let us hear it."

"You'll be sorry to hear it, mamma. Personally speaking, I am glad of it."

"Come, send with it. Is it any of our friends?"

"Yes: it is your old favourite, and my old tutor, Mr. Angus!"

Miss Johnston's work dropped again, and both Lady Mayfield and Sir Arthur looked hard at her.

"What is the charge brought against him, Arthur?"

"Heresy of some kind or other. It seems a long story; but I'll read it to you. If he was a jolly fellow before, when he was one of the orthodox, he'll be much jollier now, I should think, as a heretic!"

In the long account which Sir Arthur then read of the trial of the Reverend Henry Angus before the highest court of the church to which he belonged, nothing could be laid hold upon by the reader as distinctly amounting to heresy. It was plain, however, that the general tone of his preaching had not been in accordance with that of his brethren—that, like another who had gone through the same trial as himself, he had exclaimed vehemently against the Scottish "scepticism of all things that cannot be expressed with logical precision," and that he had at various times enlarged on the progressive nature of Christianity in such a manner as showed that he did not rightly apprehend the permanent

nature of the standards of his church. Into such subjects it is not our province here to enter. Suffice it to say, that, having announced his determination, if restored to his flock, to preach to them, not so much as the missionary of a church, but as a minister of the truth, he was deposed from his office, amid the tears of his brethren, against whom, as members of a body who had sworn to certain standards, no cruelty could be urged.

"Poor Mr. Angus," said Lady Mayfield, when her son had finished reading, "I wonder what he will do now!"

"In the first place we must have him here," replied Sir Arthur. "I am sure it would delight him to have a spell of Italian scenery after all that horrid divinity. What say you, mamma? Shall I write to him at once, before he shall have evacuated his manse, in case we should lose sight of him?"

"That might do for a few weeks, or months; but I wonder what he will do ultimately! If the English church would receive him, he might have that little living of ours in Wales."

"But mamma," cried Sir Arthur, "you are forgetting that Mr. Angus is not destitute. I always understood that he left us because he had received a legacy from some relative or other?"

"He did; not a very considerable one, however; but even that he has spent."

"Already! I had no idea he had been extravagant."

"He spent it, my son, in a way which did him honour. I heard the story of it from a friend of his not very long ago; but I was requested to keep it secret."

"Well, but you'll tell us, you know. I'm sure we won't let it out of the family. Miss Johnston knows how to keep a secret."

He spoke the words severely, and Lady Mayfield understood that there had been talk of her secret between the young lady and her son. Miss Johnston's face was still hid over her work, but her breathing was painfully audible.

"Well, then," said Lady Mayfield, "if you promise me it will go no further, I will tell you. Mr. Angus spent all his little fortune on the lawyers who pleaded the cause of Virtue Le Moyne."

Miss Johnston uttered the slightest possible scream, rose to her feet, but instantly fell back into her chair. Lady Mayfield and Sir Arthur rushed to her assistance.

"Ring, Arthur," said Lady Mayfield, quietly: "Hesey and I will manage between us. I see it all now. Poor, poor girl!" * * *

That night a dark figure glided noiselessly from the Villa Fiorini, and down the winding path that led to Florence. A brigand, meeting it by the way, and clutching the ready knife to secure his plunder, started, as even through the darkness the pale face and strange bright eyes struck terror into his soul, and sent him trembling to the nearest cross—years afterwards to tell how, on the first night that hunger had driven him to contemplate deeds of crime, the

Holy Virgin had met him, and stayed him in the path of ill ! All night it wandered hither and thither. The sentinel at the gate crossed himself as it entered the awaking city. Italian barbers—earliest of men—took note of it as something worthy to be spoken of to the customers of the day. Women hurrying to early mass stopped and gazed, and at night remembered and prayed for the strangely sorrowful woman, who, by that time out on the great sea, had left all the voluminous beauty of Italy far, far behind.

THE SPIRIT OF GOLD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh ! Spirit of Gold, thy bright aspect I shun ;
My soul sadly shrinks from the ill thou hast done ;
In Memory's mirror pale phantoms arise,
Thy slaves and thy victims start forth to my eyes :
I think on high principles stained and disgraced,
On genius perverted, and virtue debased ;
On kind hearts grown callous, and warm ones
grown cold,
Seduced by the sway of the Spirit of Gold.

From childhood to manhood two brothers had spent
Their days in a course of calm, even content :
Together they shared in Life's pleasures and cares,
Pursued the same duties, and breathed the same
prayers.

But *thou*, restless Spirit, wast biding thine hour :
Each struggled for gain, each contended for power ;
They parted—they left their dear home of repose,
And the world only knows them as rivals and foes.

A girl, in the soft, dawning spring-time of youth,
Had pledged to a fond, ardent lover her truth ;
But a suitor came forth to implore for her hand,
Whose eloquence lay in gems, mansions, and land.
He was feeble, infirm, old in years and in heart,
But coldly she bade her young lover depart,
And scorned her past vows in remembrance to hold,
When bribed from her faith by the Spirit of Gold.

A youth had derived from his sire a good name,
And long he preserved it, unblemished by shame :
A charge was in secret assigned to his trust,
Thy tempting prevailed—he proved base and
unjust !

The widow and fatherless know not their wrong,
And the spoiler is honoured and sought by the
throng ;

But conscience pours forth stern reproofs from
within,
And he shudders to think he is walking with Sin !

A miser's vast coffers with riches were stored,
But he bade not his neighbours and friends to his
board :

He coldly and cruelly drove from his door
The homeless and helpless, the aged and poor ;
And ever he gazed with eyes straining and dim
On the hoards that were useless to others and him ;
Till in fancy he seemed his gay heir to behold,
And he wept o'er the gifts of the Spirit of Gold.

In the world's most sequestered or busiest part,
In the court and the cottage, the camp and the
mart,

Thy power can dissension and enmity bring,
Thy influence poisons each joy at its spring ;

At a wave of thy sceptre the unity ends
Of parents and children, of lovers and friends ;
Truth falls, life is risked, justice bartered, heart
sold,
At the direful behest of the Spirit of Gold !

Methought on the silence a voice softly came,
And the Spirit of Gold thus replied to my blame :
" Why chide me thus harshly ? why trace the abuse
Of my gifts ? why not dwell on their value and
use ?

To thy weak, erring mind, I will strive to convey
A sense of the blessings I spread in my way :
The peace and the plenty thou lovest to see
Are lavished with generous bounty by me.

" A youth strove the means of existence to gain
By the ceaseless and wearying toil of the brain ;
He drooped, slowly drooped amid Fame's laurel
bowers,

Till my gifts fell around him in plentiful showers ;
Now, firm, able energy governs his pen,
He writes to improve and to benefit men,
From Poverty's grasp, crushing, blighting, and
cold,

He was snatched by the hand of the Spirit of Gold !

" Yet scenes more subduing, more sad can I paint—
A group of pale sufferers, feeble and faint,
Deserted, unheeded, in helplessness lay,
While Famine stood ready to seize on its prey.
To save and to shield them kind Charity sped ;
They are comforted, sheltered, protected, and fed ;
But worthless and weak had been Sympathy's sigh,
If the means of relief I had failed to supply.

" Behold, just completed, a fostering dome,
Where the desolate orphan may turn for a home ;
And mark yonder path, by glad worshippers trod—
That Church has been newly devoted to God.
The good and the pious long earnestly strove
To plan and to perfect these labours of love ;
But the fruits of their zeal they had failed to
behold,

Had they won not the aid of the Spirit of Gold.

" Brave ships richly laden skim over the main,
The Commerce of England I prompt and sustain ;
Bards sing, sages moralize, orators shine—
The action is theirs, but the impulse is mine.
All bow at my throne ; yet from none do I crave
The servile submission that speaks of the slave.
INDEPENDENCE—that bright, blessed boon of the
free—

Is sought by my subjects, and granted by me.

" If men were to woo and to welcome me loth,
They soon would succumb to the Spirit of Sloth ;
Contented to plod in a dull, narrow line,
Invention would cease, Emulation decline ;
The Progress of Mind would be cumbered and
checked,
Art, Science, and Learning would fall to neglect,
And England would cease among nations to hold
The sway that she owes to the Spirit of Gold !"

" Oh, Spirit !"—methought in my vision I spoke—
" I give thee not praise, yet may blame I revoke.
Of thyself thou art powerless for harm or for love,
And thy course is impelled by a Power from above.
To Him let us turn, let us pray to be led
In the path where He graciously wills us to tread,
Till by Piety strengthened, by Reason controlled,
We greet without fear the bright Spirit of Gold !"

THE POETRY OF THE DEEP SEA WATERS.

PART II.

We have now to inquire what are the laws by which God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to provide for the maintenance of this gigantic system of circulation in the oceanic waters, and the regulations of the currents which as veins and arteries serve to convey the waters from one part of the world to another, thus equalizing their quality, and ameliorating the climates of the habitable portions of the globe.

It is an acknowledged fact that the hottest water is the lightest, for heat expands water; fresh water is also lighter than salt, and consequently floats on it, so that it is a common thing to see cattle drinking water that *appears* to have been brought up direct from the sea by the tide, whilst, in fact, they are drinking that of the river, which, flowing towards the sea, has had its waters lifted, in consequence of their less specific gravity, by the salt waters that have been brought up by the tidal flux. The causes then which lighten the surface waters of the sea, and cause them to float, are heat, precipitation, and the supplies of fresh water which are poured into them by tributary streams. Because heat not only warms the water, but evaporates from it a portion of its fresh-water particles, leaving behind all, save a mere fractional part of the solid matter that is in solution in sea water, and which in ordinary cases amount to about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of its weight. The saltiness, and consequently the weight, of the surface water is by the results of evaporation greatly increased; and thus becoming heavier than that which lies below it, it sinks and the lower particles rise. Of course the process of evaporation goes on with greater rapidity under tropical suns, than in colder regions, and the particles of water that have suffered from it sink with greater rapidity than any where else and go more speedily to the bottom. And at the bottom they might and would remain, lying in dead and heavy stillness, unfit for maintaining the life of any of the myriad variety of animal or vegetable life with which the Great Creator has furnished the depths of ocean, had He not in His prescience perfected his work, and provided means for relieving the laden waters from their surplus burden, and fitting them again to rise, and take their place in the higher regions of old ocean.

The agents, on whom devolves the office of extracting the surplus solids from these overladen waters, are sea shell-fish, coral insects, and a host of other lime-secreting mollusks, zoophytes, crustaceans, &c., which crowd the lower sea regions, especially in the tropics. I must now quote at considerable length from my text book, Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea." Take for example the coral islands reefs,

beds, and rocks with which the Pacific ocean is studded and garnished. They were built up of materials which a certain sort of sea insect quarried from the sea water. The currents of the sea ministered to this little insect—they were its hod-carriers. When fresh supplies of solid matter were wanted for the coral rock on which the foundation of the Polynesian Islands were laid, they brought them; the obedient currents stood ready with fresh supplies in unfailling streams of sea water from which the solid ingredients had not been secreted. Now unless the currents of the sea had been employed to carry off from this insect the waters that had been emptied by it of their lime, and to bring to it others charged with more, it is evident that the little creature would have perished for want of food, long before its task was half completed. But for currents, it would have been impaled in a nook of the very drop of water in which it was spawned; for it would soon have secreted the lime contained in this drop of water, and then, without the ministering aid of currents to bring it more, it would have perished for want of food for itself, and material for its edifice; and thus but for the benign currents that took this exhausted water away, there we perceive would this emptied drop have remained, not only as the grave of the little architect, but as a monument in attestation of the shocking monstrosity that there had been a failure in the sublime system of terrestrial adaptation—that the sea had not been adapted by its Creator to the well-being of its inhabitants. Now we do know that its adaptations are suited to all the wants of every one of its inhabitants—to the wants of the coral insect, as well as to those of the whale. Hence we say *we know* that the sea has its system of circulation, for it transports material for the coral rock from one part of the world to another; its currents receive them from the rivers, and hand them over to the little mason for the structure of the most stupendous works of solid masonry that man has ever seen—the coral islands of the sea.

But besides the coral insect there are very many other marine animals at work in separating the lime from the waters of the ocean. The shells of oysters, cockles, and other mollusks including those enormous conch and other shells that are found in tropical seas; the armour of all crustaceans, crabs, lobsters, and cray-fish, as well as shrimps, prawns, and multitudes of others, are all formed from lime thus secreted from the waters of the sea by the living animal. Maury illustrates the importance of the smallest individual worker on the whole of the mighty ocean. He conceives that for a period all and every lime-secreter has suspended

serted the Italian style to throw himself freely into the French school, with its romance and feverish agitations; but Rossini was among those rare spirits who possess the gift of naturalizing themselves wherever they go. It is only necessary to compare "Tancredi" with this his last and greatest work, to see what a change fifteen years had worked in him. It was in this same year that Bellini took up the Italian style where Rossini had laid it down. The latter created amateurs; the former, singers, among whom Rubini was the leader.

Old Zingarelli, the director of the Conservatoire at Naples, said one day—

"Signor Rossini, you spoil all my pupils."

"How can that be, dear sir?"

"Because they all attempt to imitate you in their compositions."

"I am really distressed," replied Rossini; "but why do you not make them imitate you instead of me?"

The irritable old man felt the sting, and with the air of a monkey biting a lemon, answered—

"Learn that it is easy to copy Rossini; but much more difficult to imitate Zingarelli."

The Revolution of July, 1830, was most distasteful to Rossini, and left an incurable melancholy in his heart, which the Revolution of February eighteen years later changed into real terror. The new ministers displaced the men who had been his intimate friends; the directorship of the opera passed into the hands of a private speculator. Bellini and Donizetti were the idols of the day, and Rossini's name seldom appeared in the announcements. Those who frequented the opera-house at this time will remember having often met in the corridors, between ten and eleven at night, a moderately stout man with a calm, serene brow; soft, penetrating eye; smiling expression, and familiar manner; dressed in a wide overcoat, which formed a striking contrast to the dress-coats around him—it was Rossini. If he found the conversation to his taste, he was all life and fun; if not, he sat down beside some workwoman engaged in the theatre, and listened to her gossip; he was known and beloved by all.

Rossini, however, grew tired of Paris, and went to live at his palazzo at Bologna, where the soft climate of his native country restored his waning health. Bologna pleased him, and he always delighted in the society of church dignitaries, owing to the kindness he received in his youth from Cardinal Gonsalvi, a man passionately attached to music. The prudent and skilful management of a large fortune, the pleasures of the table, the temperate emotions of a game at whist, were the recreations of a man who had withdrawn from human applause, the value of which he knew better than most. The revolution of February surprised the happy dilettanti in the midst of his ease. Seized with horror at the scenes he witnessed at Bologna he migrated to Florence, where he remained. Once the Grand Duke wished to hear "William Tell." Rossini conducted the representation, and again

retired into private life. We may say that he was the man of his time and of his country; his joyous and splendid music gave the start to Europe after the days of terror it had gone through. Through him Italy reigned in the musical world—an irresistible domination, to which Germany, in spite of her ill-temper, was obliged to submit; and he might say to himself at the end of his career, "I have amused my generation, and, what is still more rare, I have amused myself."

ON THE SHORE.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The fading sunset is a dying splendour,
Through whose faint redness gleams the pale
starlight.

Nature lies slumbered in the gloom so tender,
Not slumbering, but undisturbed in night:
A silence falls upon the broad grey ocean,
While softly thrills the fisher's evening song;
The long, still waves advance with stealthy motion,
And distant sounds glide echoless along.

Over the lonely barren sands I wandered,
'Mid the blue brightness of the noontide glare;
And as my loveless destiny I pondered,
To be at rest was my impassioned prayer;
But now a calm is come upon my spirit
(So sleeps the deep when tempests have swept by,
How could I build on mortals, who inherit
The common fate below—to change, to die?)

What is thy soothing spell, thou tranquil heaven,
With thy wau crescent moon and one bright
star?

Thou bring'st the peace for which sad hearts have
striven,

While day with all its haunting cares is far.
Touched by thy holy calm, the lonely bosom,
Whose bright dreams have departed one by one,
And cherished hopes are fading, bud and blossom,
Breathes the unconscious prayer, "Thy will be
done!"

Ramsgate, 1862,

PHILOSOPHIC AXIOM.

BY F. LOUIS JAQUEROD.

"Felicem reddere."

If you would live, here, with contentment blest,
And learn of happiness the truest spring,
Deem everything still order'd for the best;
And further—"make the best of ev'rything!"

METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

A few miles from the southern extremity of Florida, separated from it by a channel, narrow at the eastern end, but widening gradually towards the west, and rendered every year more and more shallow by the accumulation of materials constantly collecting within it, there lies a line of islands called the Florida Keys. They are at different distances from the shore, stretching gradually seaward in the form of an open crescent, from Virginia Key and Key Biscayne, almost adjoining the main-land, to Key West, at a distance of twelve miles from the coast, which does not, however, close the series; for sixty miles farther west stands the group of the Tortugas, isolated in the Gulf of Mexico. Though they seem disconnected, these islands are parts of a submerged Coral Reef, concentric with the shore of the peninsula, and continuous underneath the water, but visible above the surface at such points of the summit as have fully completed their growth.

This demands some explanation, since I have already said that no Coral growth can continue after it has reached the line of high-water. But we have not finished the history of a Coral wall when we have followed it to the surface of the ocean. It is true that its normal growth ceases there, but already a process of partial decay has begun that ensures its further increase. Here, as elsewhere, destruction and construction go hand in hand, and the materials that are broken or worn away from one part of the Reef help to build it up elsewhere. The Corals which form the Reef are not the only beings that find their home there: many other animals—Shells, Worms, Crabs, Star-Fishes, Sea-Urchins—establish themselves upon it, work their way into its interstices, and seek a shelter in every little hole and cranny made by the irregularities of its surface. In the Zoölogical Museum at Cambridge there are some large fragments of Coral Reef which give one a good idea of the populous aspect that such a Reef would present, could we see it as it actually exists beneath the water. Some of these fragments consist of a succession of terraces, as it were, in which are many little miniature caves, where may still be seen the Shells or Sea-Urchins which made their snug and sheltered homes in these recesses of the Reef.

We must not consider the Reef as a solid massive structure throughout. The compact kinds of Corals, giving strength and solidity to the wall, may be compared to the larger trees in a forest, which give it shade and density; but between these grow all kinds of trailing vines, ferns, and mosses, wild flowers, and low shrubs, that fill the spaces between the larger trees with a thick underbrush. The Coral Reef has also its underbrush of the lighter, branching, and more brittle kinds, that fill its interstices and fringe

the summit and the sides with their delicate, graceful forms. Such an intricate underbrush of Coral growth affords an excellent retreat for many animals that like its protection better than exposure to the open sea, just as many land-animals prefer the close and shaded woods to the open plain: a forest is not more thickly peopled with Birds, Squirrels, Martens, and the like, than is the Coral Reef with a variety of animals that do not contribute in any way to its growth, but find shelter in its crevices or in its near neighbourhood.

But these larger animals are not the only ones that haunt the forest. There is a host of parasites besides, principally Insects and their larvæ, which bore their way into the very heart of the tree, making their home in the bark and pith, and not the less numerous because hidden from sight. These also have their counterparts in the Reef, where numbers of boring Shells and marine Worms work their way into the solid substance of the wall, piercing it with holes in every direction, till large portions become insecure, and the next storm suffices to break off the fragments so loosened. Once detached, they are tossed about in the water, crumbled into Coral sand, crushed, often ground to powder by the friction of the rocks and the constant action of the sea.

After a time, an immense quantity of such materials is formed about a Coral Reef; tides and storms constantly throw them up on its surface, and at last a soil collects on the top of the Reef, wherever it has reached the surface of the water, formed chiefly of its own *débris*, of Coral sand, Coral fragments, even large masses of Coral rock, mingled with the remains of the animals that have had their home about the Reef, with sea-weeds, with mud from the neighbouring land, and with the thousand loose substances always floating about in the vicinity of a coast, and thrown upon the rocks or shore with every wave that breaks against them. Add to this the presence of a lime-cement in the water, resulting from the decomposition of some of these materials, and we have all that is needed to make a very compact deposit and fertile soil, on which a vegetation may spring up, whenever seeds floating from the shore or dropped by birds in their flight take root on the newly-formed island.

There is one plant belonging to tropical or sub-tropical climates that is peculiarly adapted by its mode of growth to the soil of these islands, and contributes greatly to their increase. This is the Mangrove tree. Its seeds germinate in the calyx of the flower, and, before they drop, grow to be little brown stems, some six or seven inches long and about as thick as a finger, with little rootlets at one end. Such Mangrove seedlings, looking more like cigars than anything else, float in large numbers about the Reef. I

have sometimes seen them in the water about the Florida Reef in such quantities that one would have said some vessel laden with Havana cigars had been wrecked there, and its precious cargo scattered in the ocean.

In consequence of their shape and the development of the root, one end is a little heavier than the other, so that they float unevenly, with the loaded end a little lower than the lighter one. When they are brought by the tide against such a cap of soil as I have described, they become stranded upon it by their heavier end, the rootlets attach themselves slightly to the soil, the advancing and retreating waves move the little plant up and down, till it works a hole in the sand, and having thus established itself more firmly, steadied itself as it were, it now stands upright, and, as it grows, throws out numerous roots, even from a height of several feet above the ground, till it has surrounded the lower part of its stem with a close net-work of roots. Against this natural trellis or screen all sorts of materials collect; sand, mud, and shells are caught in it; and as these Mangrove-trees grow in large numbers and to the height of thirty feet, they contribute greatly to the solidity and compactness of the shores on which they are stranded.

Such caps of soil on the summit of a Coral Reef are of course very insecure till they are consolidated by a long period of accumulation, and they may even be swept completely away by a violent storm. It is not many years since the light-house built on Sand Key for the greater security of navigation along the Reef was swept away with the whole island on which it stood. Thanks to the admirably conducted investigation of the Coast-Survey, this part of the seaboard, formerly so dangerous on account of the Coral Reefs, is now better understood, and every precaution has been taken to insure the safety of vessels sailing along the coast of Florida.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of paying a tribute here to the high scientific character of the distinguished superintendent of this survey, who has known so well how to combine the most important scientific aims with the most valuable practical results in his direction of it. If some have hitherto doubted the practical value of such researches—and unhappily there are always those who estimate intellectual efforts only by their material results—one would think that these doubts must be satisfied now that the Coast-Survey is seen to be the right arm of our navy. Most of the leaders in our late naval expeditions have been men trained in its service, and familiar with all the harbours, with every bay and inlet of our Southern coasts, from having been engaged in the extensive researches undertaken by Dr. Bache and carried out under his guidance. Many, even, of the pilots of our Southern fleets are men who have been employed upon this work, and owe their knowledge of the coast to their former occupation. It is a singular fact, that at this very time, when the whole country feels its obligation to the men

who have devoted so many years of their lives to these investigations, a proposition should have been brought forward in Congress for the suspension of the Coast-survey on economical grounds. Happily, the almost unanimous rejection of this proposition has shown the appreciation in which the work is held by our national legislature. Even without reference to their practical usefulness, it is a sad sign, when, in the hour of her distress, a nation sacrifices first her intellectual institutions. Then more than ever, when she needs all the culture, all the wisdom, all the comprehensiveness of her best intellects, should she foster the institutions that have fostered them, in which they have been trained to do good service to their country in her time of need.

Several of the Florida Keys, such as Key West and Indian Key, are already large, inhabited islands, several miles in extent. The interval between them and the main-land is gradually filling up, by a process similar to that by which the islands themselves were formed. The gentle landward slope of the Reef and the channel between it and the shore are covered with a growth of the more branching lighter Corals, such as Sea-Fans, Corallines, etc., answering the same purpose as the intricate roots of the Mangrove-tree. All the debris of the Reef, as well as the sand and mud washed from the shore, collect in this net-work of Coral growth within the channel, and soon transform it into a continuous mass, with a certain degree of consistence and solidity. This forms the foundation of the mud-flats which are now rapidly filling the channel, and must eventually connect the Keys of Florida with the present shore of the peninsula.

Outside the Keys, but not separated from them by so great a distance as that which intervenes between them and the main-land, there stretches beneath the water another Reef, abrupt, like the first, on its seaward side, but sloping gently towards the inner Reef, and divided from it by a channel. This outer Reef and channel are, however, in a much less advanced state than the preceding ones; only here and there a sand-flat large enough to afford a foundation for a beacon or a light-house shows that this Reef also is gradually coming to the surface, and that a series of islands corresponding to the Keys must eventually be formed upon its summit. Some of my readers may ask why the Reef does not rise evenly to the level of the sea, and form a continuous line of land instead of here and there an island. This is accounted for by the sensitiveness of the Corals to any unfavourable circumstances impeding their growth, as well as by the different rates of increase of the different kinds. Wherever any current from the shore flows over the Reef, bringing with it impurities from the land, there the growth of the Corals will be less rapid, and consequently that portion of the Reef will not reach the surface so soon as other parts, where no such unfavourable influences have interrupted the growth. But in the course of time the outer Reef will reach the

surface for the whole length, and become united to the inner one by the filling of the channel between them, while the inner one will long before that time become solidly united to the present shore-bluffs of Florida by the consolidation of the mud-flats, which will one day transform the inner channel into dry land.

What is now the rate of growth of these Coral Reefs? We cannot, perhaps, estimate it with absolute accuracy, since they are now so nearly completed; but Coral growth is constantly springing up wherever it can find a foothold, and it is not difficult to ascertain approximately the rate of growth of the different kinds. Even this, however, would give us far too high a standard; for the rise of the Coral Reef is not in proportion to the height of the living Corals, but to their solid parts which never decompose. Add to this that there are many brittle delicate kinds that have a considerable height when alive, but contribute to the increase of the Reef only so much additional thickness as they would have when broken and crushed down upon its surface. A forest in its decay does not add to the soil of the earth a thickness corresponding to the height of its trees, but only such a thin layer as would be left by the decomposition of its whole vegetation. In the Coral Reef, also, we must allow not only for the deduction of the soft parts, but also for the comminution of all these brittle branches, which would be broken and crushed by the action of the storms and tides, and add, therefore, but little to the Reef in proportion to their size when alive.

The foundations of Fort Jefferson, which is built entirely of Coral rock, were laid on the Tortugas Islands in the year 1846. A very intelligent head-workman watched the growth of certain Corals that established themselves on these foundations, and recorded their rate of increase. He has shown me the rocks on which Corals had been growing for some dozen years, during which they had increased at the rate of about half-an-inch in ten years. I have collected facts from a variety of sources and localities that confirm this testimony. A brick placed under water in the year 1850 by Captain Woodbury of Tortugas, with the view of determining the rate of growth of Corals, when taken up in 1858 had a crust of *Mæandrina* upon it a little more than half-an-inch in thickness. Mr. Allen also sent me from Key West a number of fragments of *Mæandrina* from the breakwater at Fort Taylor; they had been growing from twelve to fifteen years, and had an average thickness of about an inch. The specimens vary in this respect—some of them being a little more than an inch in thickness, others not more than half-an-inch. Fragments of *Oculina* gathered at the same place and of the same age are from one to three inches in length; but these belong to the lighter, more branching kinds of Corals, which, as we have seen, cannot, from their brittle character, be supposed to add their whole height to the solid mass of the Coral wall. Millepore gives a similar result.

Estimating the growth of the Coral Reef

according to these and other data of the same character, it should be about half a foot in a century; and a careful comparison which I have made of the condition of the Reef as recorded in an English survey made about a century ago with its present state would justify this conclusion. But allowing a wide margin for inaccuracy of observation or for any circumstances that might accelerate the growth, and leaving out of consideration the decay of the soft parts and the comminution of the brittle ones, which would subtract so largely from the actual rate of growth, let us double this estimate and call the average increase a foot for every century. In so doing, we are no doubt greatly overrating the rapidity of the progress, and our calculation of the period that must have elapsed in the formation of the Reef will be far within the truth.

The outer Reef, still incomplete, as I have stated, and therefore of course somewhat lower than the inner one, measures about seventy feet in height. Allowing a foot of growth for every century, not less than seven thousand years must have elapsed since this Reef began to grow. Some miles nearer the main-land are the Keys, or the inner Reef; and though this must have been longer in the process of formation than the outer one, since its growth is completed, and nearly the whole extent of its surface is transformed into islands, with here and there a narrow break separating them, yet, in order to keep fully within the evidence of the facts, I will allow only seven thousand years for the formation of this Reef also, making fourteen thousand for the two.

This brings us to the shore-bluffs, consisting simply of another Reef exactly like those already described, except that the lapse of time has united it to the main-land by the complete filling up and consolidation of the channel which once divided it from the extremity of the peninsula, as a channel now separates the Keys from the shore-bluffs, and the outer Reef, again, from the Keys. These three concentric Reefs, then, the outer Reef, the Keys, and the shore-bluffs, if we measure the growth of the two latter on the same low estimate by which I have calculated the rate of progress of the former, cannot have reached their present condition in less than twenty thousand years. Their growth must have been successive, since, as we have seen, all Corals need the fresh action of the open sea upon them, and if either of the outer Reefs had begun to grow before the completion of the inner one, it would have effectually checked the growth of the latter. The absence of an incipient Reef outside of the outer Reef shows these conclusions to be well founded. The islands capping these three do not exceed in height the level to which the fragments accumulated upon their summits may have been thrown by the heaviest storms. The highest hills of this part of Florida are not over ten or twelve feet above the level of the sea, yet the luxuriant vegetation with which they are covered gives them an imposing appearance.

But this is not the end of the story. Travel-

ling inland from the shore-bluffs, we cross a low, flat expanse of land, the Indian hunting-ground, which brings us to a row of elevations called The Hummocks. This hunting-ground, or everglade as it is also called, is an old channel, changed first to mud-flats and then to dry land by the same kind of accumulation that is filling up the present channels, and the row of hummocks is but an old Coral Reef with the Keys or islands of past days upon its summit. Seven such Reefs and channels of former times have already been traced between the shore-bluffs and Lake Okee-cho-bee, adding some fifty thousand years to our previous estimate. Indeed, upon the lowest calculation, based upon the facts thus far ascertained as to their growth, we cannot suppose that less than seventy thousand years have elapsed since the Coral Reefs already known to exist in Florida began to grow. When we remember that this is but a small portion of the peninsula, and that, though we have not yet any accurate information as to the nature of its interior, yet the facts already ascertained in the northern part of this State, formed like its southern extremity of Coral growth, justify the inference that the whole peninsula is formed of successive concentric Reefs, we must believe that hundreds of thousands of years have elapsed since its formation began. Leaving aside, however, all that part of its history which is not susceptible of positive demonstration in the present state of our knowledge, I will limit my results to the evidence of facts already within our possession; and these give us as the lowest possible estimate a period of seventy thousand years for the formation of that part of the peninsula which extends south of Lake Okee-cho-bee, to the present outer Reef.

So much for the duration of the Reefs themselves. What, now, do they tell us of the permanence of the Species by which they were formed? In these seventy thousand years has there been any change in the Corals living in the Gulf of Mexico? I answer, most emphatically, No. *Astræans*, *Porites*, *Mæandrinæ*, and *Madrepores* were represented by exactly the same Species seventy thousand years ago as they are now. Were we to classify the Florida Corals from the Reefs of the interior, the result would correspond exactly to a classification founded upon the living Corals of the outer Reef to-day. There would be among the *Astræans* the different species of *Astræa* proper, forming the close round heads—the *Mussa*, growing in smaller stocks, where the mouths coalesce and run into each other as in the *Brain-Corals*, but in which the depressions formed by the mouths are deeper—and the *Caryophyllians*, in which the single individuals stand out more distinctly from the stock; among *Porites*, the *P. Astroïdes*, with pits resembling those of the *Astræans* in form, though smaller in size, and growing also in solid heads, though these masses are covered with club-shaped protrusions, instead of presenting a smooth, even surface like the *Astræans*—and the *P. Clavaria*, in which the stocks are divided

in short, stumpy branches, with club-shaped ends, instead of growing in close, compact heads; among the *Mæandrinæ* we should have the round heads we know as *Brain-Corals*, with their wavy lines over the surface, and the *Manacina*, differing again from the preceding by certain details of structure; among the *Madrepores* we should have the *Madrepora prolifera*, with its small, short branches, broken up by very frequent ramifications, the *M. cervicornis*, with longer and stouter branches and less frequent ramifications, and the cup-like *M. palmata*, resembling an open sponge in form. Every Species, in short, that lives upon the present Reef is found in the more ancient ones. They all belong to our own geological period, and we cannot, upon the evidence before us, estimate its duration at less than seventy thousand years, during which time we have no evidence of any change in Species, but on the contrary the strongest proof of the absolute permanence of those Species whose past history we have been able to trace.

Before leaving the subject of the Coral Reefs, I would add a few words on the succession of the different kinds of Polyp Corals on a Reef as compared with their structural rank and also with their succession in time, because we have here another of those correspondences of thought, those intellectual links in Creation, which give such coherence and consistency to the whole, and make it intelligible to man.

The lowest in structure among the Polyps are not Corals, but the single, soft-bodied *Actiniae*. They have no solid parts, and are independent in their mode of existence, never forming communities, like the higher members of the class. It might at first seem strange that independence, considered a sign of superiority in the higher animals, should here be looked upon as a mark of inferiority. But independence may mean either simple isolation, or independence of action; and the life of a single Polyp is no more independent in the sense of action than that of a community of Polyps. It is simply not connected with or related to the life of any others. The mode of development of these animals tells us something of the relative inferiority and superiority of the single ones and of those that grow in communities. When the little Polyp Coral, the *Astræan* or *Madrepore*, for instance, is born from the egg, it is as free as the *Actinia*, which remains free all its life. It is only at a later period, as its development goes on, that it becomes solidly attached to the ground, and begins its compound life by putting forth new beings like itself as buds from its side. Since we cannot suppose that the normal development of any being can have a retrograde action, we are justified in believing that the loss of freedom is in fact a stage of progress in these lower animals, and their more intimate dependence on each other a sign of maturity.

There are, however, structural features by which the relative superiority of these animals may be determined. In proportion as the number of their parts is limited and permanent,

their structure is more complicated; and the indefinite multiplication of identical parts is connected with inferiority of structure. Now in these lowest Polyps, the Actinæ, the tentacles increase with age indefinitely, never ceasing to grow while life lasts, new chambers being constantly added to correspond with them, till it becomes impossible to count their numbers. Next to these come the true Fungidæ. They are also single, and though they are stony Corals, they have no share in the formation of Reefs. In these, also, the tentacles multiply throughout life, though they are usually not so numerous as in the Actinæ. But a new feature is added to the complication of their structure, as compared with Actinæ, in the transverse beams which connect their vertical partitions, though they do not stretch across the animal so as to form perfect floors, as in some of the higher Polyps. These transverse beams or floors must not be confounded with the horizontal floors alluded to in a former article as characteristic of the ancient Acalephian Corals, the Rugosa and Tabulata; for in the latter these floors stretch completely across the body, uninterrupted by vertical partitions, which, if they exist at all, pass only from floor to floor, instead of extending unbroken through the whole height of the body, as in all Polyps. Where, on the contrary, transverse floors exist in true Polyps, they never cut the vertical partitions in their length, but simply connect their walls, stretching wholly or partially from wall to wall.

In the Astræans, the multiplication of tentacles is more definite and limited, rising sometimes to ninety and more, though often limited to forty-eight in number, and the transverse floors between the vertical partitions are more complete than in the Fungidæ. The Porites have twelve tentacles only—never more and never less; and in them the whole solid frame presents a complicated system of connected beams. The Madreporæ have also twelve tentacles, but they have a more definite character than those of the Porites, on account of their regular alternation in six smaller and six larger ones. In these also the transverse floors are perfect, but exceedingly delicate. Another remarkable feature among the Madreporæ consists in the prominence of one of the Polyps on the summit of the branches, showing a kind of subordination of the whole community to these larger individuals, and thus sustaining the view expressed above, that the combination of many individuals into a connected community is among Polyps a character of superiority when contrasted with the isolation of the Actinæ. In the Sea-Fans, the Halcyonoids, as they are called in our classification, the number of tentacles is always eight, four of which are already present at the time of their birth, arranged in pairs, while the other four are added later. Their tentacles are lobed all around the margin, and are much more complicated in structure than those of the preceding Polyps.

According to the relative complication of

their structure, these animals are classified in the following order:—

STRUCTURAL SERIES.

Halcyonoids: eight tentacles in pairs, lobed around the margin; always combined in large communities, some of which are free and moveable like single animals.

Madreporæ: twelve tentacles, alternating in six larger and six smaller ones; frequently a larger top animal standing prominent in the whole community, or on the summit of its branches.

Porites: twelve tentacles, not alternating in size; system of connected beams.

Astræans: tentacles not definitely limited in number, though usually not exceeding one hundred, and generally much below this number; transverse floors. *Meandrinæ*, generally referred to Astræans, are higher than the true Astræans, on account of their compound Polyps.

Fungidæ: indefinite multiplication of tentacles; imperfect transverse beams.

Actinæ: indefinite multiplication of tentacles; soft bodies and no transverse beams.

If, now, we compare this structural gradation among Polyps with their geological succession, we shall find that they correspond exactly. The following table gives the geological order in which they have been introduced upon the surface of the earth:

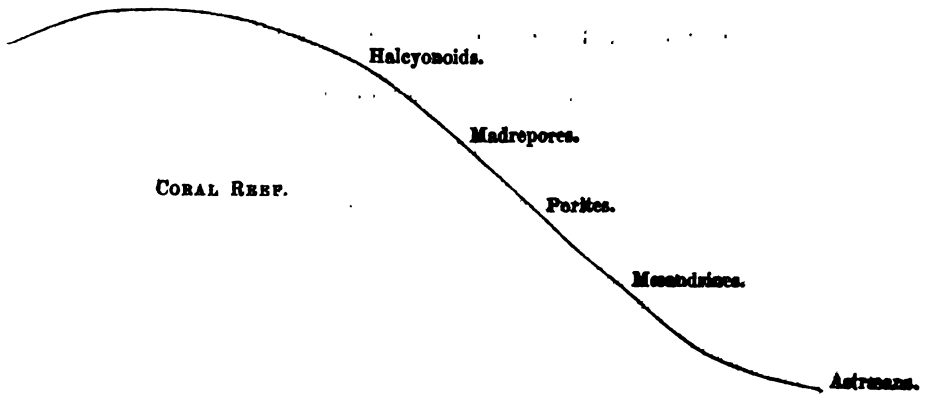
GEOLOGICAL SUCCESSION.

Present,	Halcyonoids.
Pliocene,	} Madreporæ.
Miocene,	
Eocene,	
Cretaceous,	} Porites and Astræans.
Jurassic,	
Triassic,	
Permian,	
Carboniferous,	} Fungidæ.
Devonian,	
Silurian,	

With regard to the geological position of the Actinæ we can say nothing, because, if their soft, gelatinous bodies have left any impressions in the rocks, none such have ever been found; but their absence is no proof that they did not exist, since it is exceedingly improbable that animals destitute of any hard parts could be preserved.

The position of the Corals on a Reef accords with these series of structural gradation and geological succession. It is true that we do not find the Actinæ in the Reef any more than in the crust of the earth, for the absence of hard parts in their bodies makes them quite unfit to serve as Reef-builders. Neither do we find the Fungidæ, for they, like all low forms, are single, and not confined to one level, having a wider range in depth and extent than other stony Polyps. But the true Reef-building Polyps follow each other on the Reef in the same order as prevails in their structural gradation and their geological succession; and whether we classify them according to their position on the Reef, or their introduction upon the earth in the course of time, or their relative rank, the result is the same.

SUCCESSION OF THE REEF.



It would require an amount of details that would be tedious to many of my readers, were I to add here the evidence to prove that the embryological development of these animals, so far as it is known, and their geographical distribution over the whole surface of our globe, show the same correspondence with the other three series. But this recurrence of the same thought in the history of animals of the same type—so that, from whatever side we consider them, their creation and existence seem to be guided by one Mind—is so important in the study of Nature, that I shall constantly refer to it in the course of these papers, even though I may sometimes be accused of unnecessary repetition.

What is the significance of these coincidences? They were not sought for by the different investigators, who have worked quite independently, while ascertaining all these facts, without even knowing that there was any relation between the objects of their studies. The succession of fossil Corals has been found in the rocks by the geologist; the embryologist has followed the changes in the growth of the living Corals; the zoologist has traced the geographical distribution and the structural relations of the full-grown animals; but it is only after the results of their separate investigations are collected and compared that the coincidence is perceived, and all find that they have been working unconsciously to one end. These thoughts in Nature, which we are too prone to call simply facts, when in reality they are the ideal conception antecedent to the very existence of all created beings, are expressed in the objects of our study. It is not the zoologist who invents the structural relations establishing a gradation between all Polyps; it is not the geologist who places them in the succession in which he finds them in the rocks; it is not the embryologist who devises the changes through which the living Polyps pass as he watches their

growth: they only read what they see, and when they compare their results they all tell the same story. He who reads most correctly from the original is the best naturalist. What unites all their investigations, and makes them perfectly coherent with each other, is the coincidence of thought expressed in the fact themselves. In other words, it is the working of the same Intellect through all time, everywhere.

When we observe the practical results of this sequence in the position of Corals on the Reef, we cannot fail to see that it is not a mere accidental difference of structure and relation, but that it bears direct reference to the part these little beings were to play in creation. It places the solid part of the structure at the base of the Reef; it fills in the interstices with a lighter growth; it crowns the summit with the more delicate kinds, that yield to the action of the tides and are easily crushed into the fine sand that forms the soil; it makes a masonry solid, compact, time-defying—such a masonry as was needed by the Great Architect, who meant that these smallest creatures of His hand should help to build His islands and His continents.

EDUCATION, when properly conducted, is the greatest earthly corrective of selfishness. When it has failed of a beneficial effect, every man must commence a course of discipline for himself. Self-knowledge must precede reformation. It will show us that there is a great moral fault in the constitution of our nature. As a motive to correct this, we must consider how incompatible it is with our situation in the universe, and with our duties to God and man.

THE VILLAGE SCANDAL.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

PART II.

(Continued from page 99.)

"Well now, Miss, you have seen with your own eyes the truth of what the grocer told me," said the servant.

"The grocer is an arrant gossip, and I never believe a word he says," replied her mistress.

"Oh! but to-night," persevered the servant, "you saw him yourself, and the milk-woman saw her once, and she says she is certain that she is painted she——"

"There," interrupted the lady, "you have gossiped quite enough; close the shutters: I am about to go to bed."

The truth was, that Miss Hetty Elmore was in a decidedly uncomfortable mood, being at once angry and perplexed.

She had just returned from a friend's house, where she had taken tea, escorted by her maid, and now stood at the window of her cottage, looking out upon a pretty flower-garden, and the bubbling river, bright with the rays of a fair round August moon. She was an old maid, without any pretensions even to the "Hallow-e'en summer" of five-and-thirty; a downright old maid of forty-three. Neither was there any romance connected with her state of "single blessedness;" she had never been the "bright particular star" of any man's idolatry, nor had she been "shamefully treated," as the phrase goes, by any persons trifling with her affections. An only child, she found herself at the death of her father (her mother had been long dead) in possession of a handsome competency, and immediately leaving the little town of F——, where she had spent her life, she took this cottage just without it on the banks of the Black-water which she now inhabited. Her household consisted simply of the servant, with whom she had held the above colloquy, a woman rather older than herself, and who had lived in her family all her life. Miss Elmore was a person of active habits, busying herself a great deal about the affairs of the neighbouring poor. Kind hearted, but rather quick tempered, Miss Hetty, as they called her, was much loved and also a little feared by them all. She was also, though only the daughter of a retired draper, much respected by the surrounding gentry, and could have been among them much more than she was had it so pleased her; but, to take a slight liberty with the language of our old friend, Beau Tibbs, she preferred "staying at home" and letting her friends "poach for her;" and, not unfrequently had she to listen to the matrimonial troubles of some lady far her

superior in rank, but who fancied, and with truth, that she listened with a sympathizing ear, perhaps not the less so from the latent selfishness which lurks in even the most generous nature, being in some degree gratified in learning that there is a balance of comfort in all destinies, even in the very opposite ones of the "old maid" and the "married woman." Many a time had she to hear a detailed account of the freaks of some wild youth, whose faults were to be concealed at all risks from a too stern father—to witness the big tears rolling down the pale face of some anxious mother, weeping over the threatened loss of her idolized child. Then young girls will be perverse sometimes, and refuse to marry the right man, or persist in taking the wrong one; and mothers seemed to take a strange sort of consolation in entering into the history of the matter to some one on whom they could safely depend. Many a time, also, had she been selected as the first confidante of some impetuous young man, who loved "not wisely but too well" some portionless maiden, rich in every charm but gold; or had been chosen to receive the blushing confession of some gentle girl, who had given away her heart almost before she was aware she had one to bestow. So, on the whole, although occasionally a little hasty, it may be a little meddling, she could not be considered a very grim old maid.

However, on this night Miss Elmore was very much put out. The only cottage near hers, and only separated from it by a high garden wall, had been for some time unoccupied; but a few months back it had been taken by a lady—a total stranger in that part of the country. Miss Elmore and her servant Ellen, had seen furniture deposited there; and on the latter inquiring the new tenant's name of the carman who brought it, he answered her name was Mrs. Phillips, and that the goods were brought from Cork: he knew nothing more. No one but those mentioned had witnessed her arrival, or, to speak more correctly, the arrival of her goods and chattels; for Mrs. Phillips contrived to take possession of her new home at an hour when she was quite safe from observation; neither had she ever since set foot in the village street, nor made her appearance in any place of worship. Soon, however, the village gossips were busy about her. A tall gentleman, well muffled up, was seen to come and go very frequently, and soon after, this gentleman was said, to the infinite annoyance of

Miss Elmore, whose ear the story reached quickly through her maid, to be Philip Warburton. At first she refused to believe anything of the kind; but to-night she had received such positive proof of his guilt, that she could no longer even affect to doubt it: she had absolutely met him face-to-face, as he issued from the garden-door. He had seemed much confused on recognizing her, advanced a step or two, withdrew again without speaking, and finally, closed the door and returned back to the cottage. While she, nearly as much confounded, passed on to her own house, to brood over the insult offered to her by the son of an old friend, the young Lord of the Manor, in placing such a person in her immediate neighbourhood, and in picturing to herself the tall, bold looking, painted woman, who had by her arts led him astray. Philip Warburton, too, above all men alive, whom she had known and cared for since his childhood—the only son of his mother, and she a widow, to whom no one in distress was ever known to apply in vain—that he should be the destroyer of innocence was simply impossible, and she determined to call on his mother the first thing next day, and tell her all, in the hope that her persuasions might deliver him from this snare. It was not at all as if an ordinary young man had been guilty of the crime; but Philip, oh! it would break his mother's heart, she who had but him in the whole world. Mrs. Warburton had been very unhappy in her marriage. A rich heiress, she had married rather late in life Philip's handsome, dissolute father. Total neglect of her followed quickly upon their very short honeymoon, and she seldom saw him, except when he came to make fresh demands upon her funds, which fortunately her friends, more prudent for her than she had been for herself, had secured carefully upon her. Like all women who love first towards middle age, her affection for him was deep and strong: it had not that large alloy of vanity, which sometimes mingles with that of some young girls who delight in the gay spring time of their existence to receive homage from all. No; hers was the love, unselfish and fond, which fully recognizes the truth of the text, at least as far as regards the loved one, that it is "more blessed to give than to receive;" and even after her last delusion had vanished, with a stately contempt of the tinsel love, which in his necessities he tried to pawn upon her heart for pure gold, she complied with his demands, scorning at least to bring mere money between them. And when, subsequently, he was brought home to her, maimed for life, during the short existence that remained to him she did her duty faithfully and well. He lingered on for five months, a querulous, ungrateful invalid, and then died just two months before the birth of her child. Who can blame her, if she all but worshipped her boy—her little son? She had been scarcely ever parted from him in his life, and he was now five-and-twenty years old; for, even when it became necessary for him to enter college, she, breaking up all her old habits and associations,

left Oak Mount, her family seat, and went with him to Dublin, residing there until he had taken his degree. Since then he had been seldom apart from her more than a month or so at a time; and had ever been as fond and faithful to her as his father had been the reverse. Poor woman! poor mother! she must know it all soon, Miss Hetty had fully determined to inform her how the son had at length entered upon the wretched footsteps of his father. As if to favour her intention, the next day happening to be Sunday, she was detained in the church porch after service, by a smart harvest shower, the Warburton's being also delayed while their carriage was being brought up; and it was in a voice of genuine pleasure that the old lady—she was now over sixty—exclaimed: "Why, Hetty, where have you hidden yourself so long? Has Philip offended you, or have I, that we do not see you at Oak Mount?"

As she shook hands, and spoke these words, one could hardly help pitying the young man: he had crimsoned even to the very roots of his hair. He offered his hand doubtfully to his mother's friend, and stammered something he knew not what; but there was a beseeching look in his eyes, which few could resist, although it had merely the effect of irritating Miss Hetty more: so that when his mother continued, gaily, "Ah, I see it all now—the quarrel is with Phil.; he has been very thoughtful and absent lately, but I did not suspect there was 'a lady in the case' until now: however, you must make it up. We will call at the cottage, and tell Ellen you dine and stay the night with us. Come, no denial, it is quite settled!"

Miss Hetty consented readily, the more quickly that she was more than ever angry with Philip. What right had the young man to make a sort of *confidante* of her on such an occasion? She who, next to his mother, had most reason to be displeased with him, who had placed such a person at the very door of an unprotected lady! And yet, his mother looked so proud of him, as she leant upon his vigorous young arm, his handsome face beaming with health and manly beauty, and she herself, the voluminous folds of her black silk dress, yielding added dignity to her tall, full figure, her grey hair folded beneath the widow's cap she had never laid aside, the large irregular features beaming with a matronly comeliness they could never have possessed in youth, made Miss Elmore feel the task would be a hard and an ungrateful one, to destroy, perhaps for ever, that happiness known so late, and clung to so fondly. "God pity her poor mother; God pity her," she murmured, as they got into the carriage. "She must know it all before she sleeps; she must hear the infamy of that only son whom she believes can do no wrong."

CHAP. III.

Meanwhile eight lingering months had passed over the head of poor Jane Branks; she had

wasted almost to a skeleton, but still toiled on in her vocation from morning till night, grasping at the smallest chance of earning an extra pound with an avidity which would seem strange, or, worse, even contemptible to any one unacquainted with her motive. It was in vain good Mrs. Walton implored her to take some little rest—to allow herself some little indulgence. She could not rest, she could not afford time to be ill, she said. She must make money—all she could get together, in any way, in order that she might be able to leave the country with her little sister, when she found her. During the first two months after her return to Cork from her unsuccessful journey to W—, she had taken three fruitless excursions to different parts of the county, having received a corresponding number of letters from Annie, all posted in widely-separated towns. At the end of that time, having received one written in a masculine hand and signed “Philip”, positively assuring her that all her present searchings would prove vain, yet promising solemnly that before the end of the year she should see her sister, who was quite well, and would be perfectly happy but for the uneasiness she herself caused her by her perseverance in seeking her; that, in short, it depended on her keeping herself quiet, whether or not she should hear again from Annie until the time named. She had therefore thought it better to return to her pupils and work while she had strength to do so, in order to make a little hoard against the time when she felt her poor young sister would be thrown aside by him who had been base enough to destroy her morally. But the hour (thanks to Miss Hetty) was now fast approaching when her suspense was to be at an end, and the whole truth known.

On the evening of the Sunday on which that lady had accompanied Mrs. Warburton and her son home from church, in the parlour of the cottage next to Miss Hetty’s sat a very young girl who, scarcely more than a child herself, was soon to become a mother. She sat, looking out on the scene before her—a garden like Miss Elmore’s, gay with early autumn flowers, and the river flowing calmly at its margin.

The moonlight falling around her, made her look still younger and more fair, and this was the “bold-looking painted woman” whom Miss Elmore had pictured to herself! the village scandal of whom the girls whispered in the evenings round the village well, and of whom the dames gossiped as they sat knitting outside their cottage doors, lifting their eyes reverently to heaven as they named her, and thanking God aloud that at least their girls were not like her. This half-child half-woman, with rich brown hair parted simply from her forehead, the thick long lashes of her violet eyes almost reflected in her pure, colourless cheek, the little crimson mouth the only tint of red in the sweet face, had been thinking, and it would seem her thoughts had not been pleasant ones, for there were tears upon her cheek, and, after the manner of one not unknown to us, her small white hands lay clasped

upon her knee, her whole face and attitude expressive of a quiet, patient sorrow most touching to witness in one so young. But suddenly those sad looks brightened into rapture—she absolutely seemed to tremble with delight as (alas! that we should confess it) the tall figure of Philip Warburton was seen advancing up the garden; in a moment more he was beside her drawing her closely to his heart, and, without speaking, kissing the tears fondly from her cheek.

“How long you have been, Philip,” she said; “indeed I could not help these tears, although I know you dislike them, it is so sad to be alone, I never think or grieve while you are near me.”

“You know, darling, I never willingly stay from you,” was the answer, but to-night my mother had a visitor with her, and I could not get away.”

“Who was it?” she asked quickly.

“Nay,” he replied, smiling; “no one but old Miss Elmore, your neighbour. No need to be jealous, little one!”

“Ah! Philip,” said the girl sadly, “she must despise me even more than the rest. Oh! it is hard to bear all this scorn even now, how much harder it will be when our baby comes!”

“You take trouble at interest,” he answered, with some impatience, as if dissatisfied with himself, he sought to throw some blame on her; but instantly changing his manner he added, cheerfully, “When that great event comes off you will forget everything in the joy of welcoming the little stranger. No fear you will give yourself too much trouble about idle gossip then.”

“But your promise, Philip; and poor Jane?” pleaded the girl.

“Yes, Annie,” he replied, gravely, “I will keep my promise; set your heart at rest about the matter;” and gradually by his kind words and caresses he succeeded in bringing back smiles to the cheek, where tears were lately glistening, and the blue eyes beamed with pleasure as they looked on him who, whatever the conditions of her present life, had made them.

Meanwhile, Miss Hetty had kept her angry resolution, and when, after their early tea, Philip had managed his escape, revealed the secret to his unhappy mother. After the first shock was over, Mrs. Warburton fully agreed with Miss Hetty that her unworldly, unsuspecting son had been entrapped by some designing woman. Well, it was a sad affliction that it should be so; but now the great object was to separate them as quickly as possible; she would go herself next morning and take this wicked person by surprise. Nay, it was yet early, she would go now. It was in vain that, half-frightened at what she had done, Miss Hetty entreated her to wait until the morrow, the mother jealous that anyone should come between her and the heart of him on whom her very soul was “garnered up,” could only declare over and over again she would brook no

delay, she would go at once. Accordingly, a few minutes after found them on their way to the cottage, neither speaking until, to the infinite relief of Miss Hetty, at her own door, Mrs. Warburton told her she did not require her presence at the coming interview, and begged to wish her good evening. In her haste and agitation, it had never struck the mother that at this hour she should be very likely to meet her son at the place she was hastening to; and as she was anxious to meet the person who had misled him alone, she was not a little annoyed to see him standing in the garden, when the gate was opened at her knock by a steady, respectable-looking woman-servant. She glanced keenly at him as she passed, without making any remark, and walked quickly up to the open door of the cottage. He did not attempt to stay her, but muttering between his teeth, "This is Miss Hetty's doing—well, as well now as at any other time," followed her slowly in doors. On entering the parlour, where he had left Annie, he found his mother standing before her, the lovely face of the girl wearing a half-frightened, half-bewildered look, like a poor, gentle dumb animal driven to bay. As he entered, she exclaimed, "Oh, Philip, Philip, will you not speak for me? You know my only fault was loving you too well!"

"Loving!" repeated the mother, scornfully, "who could love him as I have done all his life—since he lay a helpless infant upon a widow's breast? My love has been his shelter and his stay; yours has been his disgrace, his—"

"My dear mother," interrupted Philip, speaking for the first time as he stood beside Annie, and supported her, half-fainting as she was, with his arm, "I am very sorry that anyone's busy tongue should be the occasion of this scene. I always intended that no one but myself should tell you this secret. I only waited for the birth of our infant, that I might be enabled to bribe you with a grandchild into a blessing upon our happiness!"

"What is she? Who is she? Where did you meet her?" demanded the mother, in a low, stern tone.

"Sit down, mother," replied Philip, calmly, "and I will tell you all. Have pity on her: she is not to blame. Love her because she is—yes, already has your own pure heart told you so—my true wife!"

As he spoke he laid the trembling creature on a sofa, and placing a chair for his mother, into which she sank in silence, after two or three turns up and down the room he said, abruptly, "My conduct through this entire affair has been weak and cowardly beyond all excuse, and yet, mother, if anyone could excuse it, it should be you; for—"

"Indeed," interrupted the mother, bitterly, "this is putting the case in a new point of view. My authority as a parent alighted, my faith in you deceived, I doubtless in my stupidity have unfortunately yet to learn why I am of all others to excuse you."

"Because it was my deep and grateful affection towards you which unmanned me," was the answer. "I could not bear, knowing as I did how excessive was your devotion to me—how your jealous idolatry would grudge my hand even to the noblest lady—nay, bound as I felt myself to be, to atone for much that I have heard—though heaven knows not from you—of the conduct of my father."

"Hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Warburton, "I have long since forgiven, almost entirely forgotten all that. Let the dead rest now. I only wish to remember that he was my husband and the father of my child."

"Yet let me continue," said Philip, excitedly. "I hated to wound you—nay, I felt how useless it would be to do so, by asking your consent to my marriage with my dear wife, who had neither family or fortune to recommend her: and, mother, it may be that, conscious of her love for me, and of her unprotectedness, I might have acted as many others have done. She was an orphan, poor, and trusting in me as a child; but in such a case could you have received and blessed me as your son? I married her," he continued, again elevating his voice; "but, shame on me for the cowardice, then I grew weak, and instead of frankly and honestly confiding in a mother whose true heart has never yet failed me, I bound my gentle wife by a promise—a promise which, amid the utmost calumny, she has kept unbroken—never to reveal our marriage, not even to her sister, now her only relative on earth, until I gave her permission to do so; which I always intended should be at the birth of our child. Now, mother," he concluded, "since you know all, which would you be better pleased at—to discover your son to be an unprincipled scoundrel, or, as I fortunately am, the husband—the happy husband—of one like Annie Brande? or rather," he added, fondly, as he drew near her, and passed his hand caressingly over her soft hair, "Annie Warburton?"

After a short pause, during which time, who knows how bitter a struggle she endured between jealousy that he could love anyone better than herself; that she should no longer have the first claim on his affection; disappointment that her first plan for him, as he had truly said, had failed; her desire to please him in all things, and something too, even already, of a wish to shelter and protect the helpless girl before her, so soon to become the mother of her grandchild, Philip's child, her better nature prevailed; and after embracing her son, Mrs. Warburton drew the head of the weeping girl to her bosom, kissing her fondly, and saying:

"I have much to pardon in you, my son—your want of trust in me. You should have told me all from the beginning, and so spared this little one much suffering; for if I judge correctly, she has suffered much, although silently. It is not fit," she added, "that your infant should be born under any other roof than that of Oak Mount. Come, Philip, let us bring your young wife home!"

Need we say with what a happy face Jane Brande read her next letter from Annis? or how speedily she was on her way to join her little sister, never, in spite of her many efforts to return to her old calling, to part her any more, her brother-in-law declaring, his mother fully coinciding in the declaration that he would not believe she had forgiven him for all the misery he had caused her unless she consented to remain? Need we say, either, how pleasant the christening was, at which Philip and Annie insisted Miss Hetty should be present (although that lady was rather ashamed to appear)? or mention the pride and joy with which dear Mrs. Dalton read the announcement, in the newspaper, of the birth of Philip Warburton's son and heir?

LOOKING BACK.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

Come, sit by my side, sweet love of mine! Ah me, it is many a year
Since our hands were clasp'd, and our lives were knit together, my Mary dear!
And yet, through the sorrows and joys that fill our years as they ebb and flow,
My thoughts, like the birds, will wander back to the summers of long ago.

I can see in my heart—oh, golden time—each spot where we loved to play,
With the sunshine looking so kindly down as it look'd on us many a day.
I can see your face, your little sweet face—ah! not as it looks on me now,
With the sober eyes, and the earnest eyes, and the wrinkles upon the brow:
But a little round face, with a roguish smile, and merry eyes, blue and bright,
That never would leave my heart alone—no, never—by day or night.

Ah! many a taste of the birchen rod I had, for my eyes would look
More often in thine, my little love, than ever they would on a book!
And I can remember full well, full well, all my little griefs for your sake,
And the truant hours we passed, we two, in the woods or the bramble brake.

I can hear the shouts of our playmates now, and your voice the loudest of all;
And I catch the sound of the old mill-wheel, and the noisy waterfall:
I can see the far-off hills as they rise, and gleam in the morning showers,
And the golden grain in the harvest-fields, and the birds, and the buds, and flowers.

Ah! love, ah! wife, 'twas a joyous time, that spring-time of ours, I ween:
Then you were the sprightliest, fairest lass, my Mary, that ever was seen

And I was the wildest, merriest dog our village could boast or show,
Yet never a man or a woman but lov'd the sight of our faces, I know.

My love, you remember our bridal day—'twas a glorious summer's morn!
The brightest and dearest, we thought in our joy, that ever to earth was born.
The sun lock'd love on the flowers beneath, and a holier beauty wore;
And the woods rang out with a merrier shout than ever they had before.
Oh! my heart was proud as I gazed that morn on the trembling one at my side—
Was proud as our neighbours hailed, lass, with a happy "God speed the bride!"

The old folks gave us their blessing, too, and thy little hand to me:
God knows have I kept my promise, wife, to love and to cherish thee.
Ah! well I remember that morning now; and well, too, each word you said,
Each hope that you breath'd, and each whispered joy that flushed your fair cheeks with red—
Each look that said all it would say, and yet left, ah! Mary, how much untold?
Thank heaven, though white are our locks, our hearts are fresh as they were of old.

How sweet are these dreams of old—how dear! what morn'ries our bosoms fill
Of sorrows we've met unchanged, my wife; of blessings remember'd still.
And, Mary, what fulness of bliss is yours—what gladness, what joy is mine,
As I gaze on the faces and sparkling eyes that look up so fondly in thine!

As I list to the tread of a minny step, or the sound of a silvery voice,
What else, oh wife of my youth and age, what else can I do but rejoice?
What else but rejoice on my bending knees, for oh! dearer than aught on earth—
Ay, dearer than life to our yearning hearts are the loved ones beside our hearth.

God grant that their lives be unsullied here by a deed or a thought of shame—
That they earn for themselves as the noblest dower the wealth of an honest name!
God grant that the lessons that we teach them now bring a blessing on you and me,—
That the prayers be remember'd in after-years they lisped at a mother's knee!

Nay, never look sad while a hope is ours, though the past may come never again,
Days tender and true we may know, dear love, unshadowed by aught of pain.
Then still all unchang'd let us live and love; may years only wed us more:
O, wife, may the future be never less sweet than the days that have gone before

DARLEY MILLS, ON THE DERWENT.

BY GOLDTHORN HILL.

It was a new experience to be awakened at a quarter before six o'clock in the morning by the persistent clangour of the factory bells and the tramp of hastening feet, tramping faster and faster as the monotonous burden of the bells—"Come into your work! come into your work!"—one after another ceased. We had started up with the sudden terror of a fire, or some other near calamity. But the sight of the hurrying streams of human beings—men, women, and children—flying from opposite directions, in all directions, only confining in the neighbourhood of the many-windowed, red-brick buildings, with tall chimney shafts, that we had noticed the evening before, reminded us that we were at Derby—busy, silent Derby; but for these same factory bells, where one may walk from the London-road to Friars-gate, without meeting two dozen persons out of the High-street and the market-places, except at dinner-time, and six o'clock, when the legitimate working day has ended, and the same flood of life that poured into them in the morning, flows out of the factory gates, and spreads in noisy bands and lengthened files along the streets. It is impossible to be an uninterested observer of these thronging crowds, to watch their systematic goings and comings, without being drawn by the irresistible magnetism of numbers to the scenes of their various labour. The spar, or porcelain, or lead, or iron works, the cotton or silk mills (the latter of which are so numerous in this primal scene of their first establishment in England), mills in which children are ground into hard-working bread-winners at thirteen years of age, and life itself accepts the conditions of machinery. Other and more abstract thoughts are apt to arise in connection with these armies of labour—the part they play (for the most part all unconsciously) in the progress and civilization of the nations. For the arts are masters of the humanities, and these busy, toiling "hands" their necessary ministrants and helpers.

For all their closed gates and opaque or carefully blinded windows—a necessary precaution where silk-mills are concerned—there is no great difficulty in gaining admission to any of the works in Derby. The proprietors are courteous and their clerks or foremen intelligent, and on all occasions willing to afford an interested visitor every possible information. The interior of a silk-mill, therefore, is a common sight enough in this town of tall chimnies. But with one exception, we believe, the Derby cotton-works are the property of a single firm, and for some good reason or another tabooed to the general

visitor; it was very pleasant therefore to receive a courteous reply to our application, making an exception in our favour, and naming an early period for our visit.

All lady readers in these days of netting, crochet, and embroidery, are familiar with the heraldic board's-head cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby; but the principal factory of the Firm is situated a few miles out of the town, on the margin of the river Derwent, and forms the centre of a village wholly inhabited by the people engaged in their works.

The walk from Derby along the London-road, though the longest way, is the pleasantest to Darley—a wide, smooth road that feels like felting to the feet—bordered by the pleasant villas, and handsome dwellings of the rich manufacturers and merchants of the town, and at the period of our visit, overhung with verdure and scented with a hundred garden odours.

The roads and footpaths in Derby and its vicinity are excellent, the former especially so, from their elasticity, freedom from dust, and inabsorption of wet. They are made of a composition of boiling coal-tar and fine gravel, which requires to be renewed yearly, and, while in the course of being laid down, must be anything but pleasant to the olfactory senses of the passer-by; but the result is worth some little inconvenience. Imagine, oh ye wearers of that patented monstrosity, "Kamptulicon," walking, formiles, on India-rubber matting—for the footpaths on a warm day give precisely this sensation of firm softness to the tread, though we were told that in the hottest weather the composition never becomes sufficiently plastic to adhere * * * But here is Darley Park, and yonder, overlooking the works that have founded the fortunes of their proprietors, Darley Hall, and hugging the ruins of the ancient Abbey, the buttresses of which are built into some of the cottages, Darley itself, prettily, but not too healthfully, situated on the green banks of the Derwent, in close vicinity to the cotton-factory and paper-mill, the machinery of which are at present entirely dependant on the river. Leaving the little village, with its gardens and handsome school-house on our right, and passing between the walls of the cottage allotments and the Hall demesnes we find ourselves in front of the cotton factory—a gaunt-looking, red-brick fabric, pierced on every side with numerous tiers of windows. The approach is by an iron bridge or causeway, at the end of which an old man in a sort of outpost lodge, makes his bow, and directs us to another supernumerary-looking building, an office where are are courteously

received by a representative of the house, and, after some conversation, consigned to the care of a foreman, who has instructions to afford us every information, especially with regard to those parts of the works in which women's labour is employed. The old man is practised in his task: he begins rightly by showing the mighty water-wheel, by which the whole internal machinery of the mill is propelled; then we enter the linty lower storey—the store-house of the raw material—heaped at one end with great brown bales, through the gaping sides of which the snowy cotton protrudes; while, at the other, a man with a wooden rake is making hay, so to speak, of vegetable wool, which he draws down from the open mouths of various bales, and mixes so as to equalize the quality of their contents. The cotton thus rendered uniform in quality is carried off to the scutching machine, and we follow up the well-worn narrow stairs to the room in which the white locks undergo its operations. For an instant or two the rotary motion, the pitiless whirl and whiz of the machinery, which seems to beat and throb on every nerve in our brain, the misty white dust flying off from the torn and separated fibres—slowly at first, and afterwards at the revolution of some 1,600 beaters in a minute, leaves nothing plain but confusion, if we may be allowed so Hibernian a phrase. After awhile, however, we begin to comprehend the action of the machinery—to notice the white films crossing each other like snow-flakes in every direction, and ultimately to watch with interest its next purgation at the hands of various men and women, who remove it in the familiar form of sheets of cotton-wool (or wadding) to the carding machine, where it is drawn in between a cylinder and concave frame, studded, brush-like, with wires, the revolutions of which disentangle and straighten the fibres, which pass out like a stream of filmy gossamer.

When this process is effected, a sort of automatic comb lifts the cotton off the teeth of the carding-machine, and conveys it between two rollers into a tin can, from whence it is taken, in a light, fleecy form, which our conductor informs us is called a “sliver.”

The work in this room seems pretty equally divided between the sexes. The women, strong and healthy-looking, and evidently seasoned to their work, have a few young girls amongst them, and we notice complacently (probably owing to the dusty nature of their employment) that there is no attempt at dress amongst these workers. The women for the most part wear short blue cotton jackets (or bed-gowns as we believe they are sometimes designated), and the girls high pinafores, with wide pockets in front, in which the waste particles of cotton are saved. Amongst these young girls, apparently ranging from thirteen to sixteen years of age, we noticed two instances of Derbyshire-throat (*goitre*), that singular disease the origin of which appears so little comprehended even by the medical profession.

Our next visit was to the drawing machines, through which the fleece is made to pass several times, in order to arrange the fibres lengthways, and equalize the thickness of the “sliver”—a process continued in the roving-machine—a very near relation of the former, which sends out the cotton in a long thin tress, to which a slight twist is given by the rapid revolutions of the can which receives it. This is the first impulse the soft material receives towards that firmness which, as sewing and crochet cotton, it ultimately acquires. At this stage it falls into the hands of children, who wind it on bobbins for the spinning-frames; but as it was not yet twelve o'clock, we saw nothing of these juvenile “hands.”

In the spinning-rooms (there are two or more rooms so occupied) we passed between double tiers of young women, neat and clean in person and appearance, each representing in her day's work, months of labour as performed by the distaff and spinning-wheel of our forebears. Here we are shown, with much apparent pleasure, the quality of different threads, the capabilities of the machines (some of them containing hundreds of spindles all managed by one young woman), and the manner of working and stopping them.

The whole process is a wonder, from the perfection of each operation, and the rapidity with which the tireless steel or iron fingers do their work, not the least interesting part of which is the filling of the reels (or “bobbins” as they are technically called), the attendant simply placing them in position to receive the thread, which winds around them, as we see, with the precise regularity and neatness. Each reel is made to contain a given number of yards—three hundred I believe is the regulated measure on the Boar's Head cotton reels, and not a particle under or above that quantity goes on them. To watch the filling of the bobbins, from their number and the exacting nature of their duties, requires the utmost quickness of eye and hand on the part of the attendant, who, as soon as the requisite quantity is wound on, cuts the thread and adjusts another reel, with a celerity almost equal to that of the machine she controls. Some of the most highly-finished thread, our attendant tells us, with a very mysterious air, passes through *fire* and *water*. There is the thread twirling before our eyes through shallow troughs filled with water, to moisten it during its tension; and by-and-bye we are shown the iron rollers over which, at a red heat, we are told, it is passed to take off the minute fibres.

Farther on, we come to the packing department—another room filled with very young women, and some children, the third we have visited in which, with the exception of the overseers, the workers are all women. Here, faster than thought, the practised fingers pass from the lips to the adhesive label with which each end of a reel is covered, and place them on in a continued triple action, that seems never to flag. Others count the reels in dozens and grosses,

fold, tie, and label them with the trade-mark of the house, and the quantity in each packet, and they are then ready for the wholesale buyers. Other hands are busy winding balls of cotton, white and coloured, much of which is done at the homes of the winders. The bleaching also and dyeing of the yarn, or thread, is done at a distance; but, on the other hand, the reels on which the cotton is made-up are manufactured on the premises, and the pleasant smell of the beech-wood sawdust and the rapid making of the articles themselves are by no means the least interesting parts of the exhibition.

Once or twice in the course of our walk through the factory it occurred to us that here was a fitting field for the efforts of the "Society for the Employment of Women." Why should not properly trained matrons supply the places of men-overseers in these work-rooms filled with women? The propriety of such superintendence is patent, and the plea of woman's ignorance as machinists can scarcely have place in these rooms, where the machines are entirely worked by them. Besides, we are now speaking of "trained women."

In coming down the narrow stairs we were obliged to back into an angle of the landing, to allow the only specimen of *inflated* and not over clean finery we had met with in the course of our visit to pass us. She was plain, with an unmistakably pert air, and, before perceiving us, addressed the old foreman carelessly, and tapped him with a little fillip on the cheek, somewhat to her own and that individual's disconcertment, as she ran rapidly past on seeing us:

It was amusing to notice how impenetrable our conductor was on the subject of wages. His slight deafness became confirmed at a direct question, and "Some one thing, and some another," was all that it was possible to extract from him, except the suggestive information that the gifts he was in the habit of receiving, in his quality of conductor, were frequently in excess of his own.

We had not time to visit the paper-mill adjacent belonging to the same firm, but passed into the village street, which is scrupulously clean, as are the houses of the workpeople inhabiting it. Flowers flourish here in profusion, and the housewives—for at Darley Mills no married women with young families are employed—appear to vie with a proper womanly emulation in keeping their homesteads neat. Some open doors and windows gave us glimpses of interiors, in which the owners had progressed beyond neatness to ornament, and had earned the luxury of a handsome sofa, and good engravings. Only two or three little children were in the street; but we heard a goodly noise of laughter and romping in the precincts of the school, where the hours for lessons were over. The school, like the church, is the gift of the Evans's family, and we were subsequently told that the Misses Evans, though ladies of ad-

vanced age, continue to take the utmost interest in the progress of the children.

Pausing for a moment on the outskirts of the village to look across the Derwent—which on the morning in question was brimming over its meadowy margins, owing to recent heavy rains in the Peak, giving as much trouble by its excess, as it sometimes had done by its parsimony, to the proprietors of the mill, who by this time in all probability have made themselves independent of its caprices by the introduction of steam, which Mr. P—— informed us they were about to do—while thus pausing, a firm-stepping, fresh-looking countrywoman of sixty, or thereabouts, with bright dark eyes, and a broad, full brow, dropped us a little rustic curtsy—a rarer action in Derbyshire, where the bones have more of limestone in them than in the more supple south; and forthwith we made her pace, which was by no means an idle one, our own, and fell into pleasant converse, for the old lady was as intelligent as communicative, and her appearance *apropos* of the Darley Mills, where for twenty years she had kept the school for the Messrs. Evans, under the old *regime*, before pupil teachers, certificated mistresses, or government inspectors had been thought of. Her admiration of the present system, however, was genuine, and she modestly confessed that children in these days knew much more than she had ever learned. We had heard on the previous day, from a gentleman outside the circle of the manufacturing interest, that the working people of Derby, as a body, were strongly inoculated with Socialist doctrines, and at once hated and envied their employers. From our companion, however, we heard only expressions of respectful praise and gratitude to the firm we had been visiting, whose care for the comforts and well-being of their workpeople subsequently made the theme of various impromptu goasips with old people in our walks.

Our present informant tells us that the Darley children are sent to school at a very early age, and—contrary to all sixty-years-old precedent—love it better than play. But there, she may say that it is play, there are so many new-fashioned ways of doing things, teaching amongst the rest, in these days. We suggest that these very infantile pupils are sent to school to keep them out of the streets, and the way of their mothers, and inquire if they learn anything. "Aye, sure," is the reply; "many of them can read at five or six years of age as well as I can; and the Miss Evans's themselves often examine the elder ones, who go to school till twelve o'clock, and then are expected to go into the works for the other half of the day."

In answer to other questions, she tells us that the children work in a house by themselves, and have very easy tasks allotted to them, such as piecing the broken yarns, winding the rovings on the bobbins, and removing the finished cops from the spindles. At thirteen they are taken

into the factory, and work from six to six, with an hour-and-a-half for meals—a system common to all manufactories where children, girls or boys, are employed. She does not think that they (the girls) know much of housework: how can they, being all day at school or in the mill? The young women are not very strong: a good many of them go off in consumption, 'specially if they come out of the Peak. The Darley girls stand it best; but one died about six weeks back, and another she heard was very bad. The Miss Evans's were very good in such cases; but all the kindness in the world couldn't save them. It isn't only that the village is so high-hand the river, and the mill as you may say upon it, but, all the factory girls think of is dress—and everybody knows it is not possible to get much out of seven-and-sixpence or eight shillings a week, which is about the average of the girl's wages. So, rather than not be as smart as the rest, they deprive themselves of proper nourishment, and hardly ever have any other dinner than a cup of coffee and a slice of bread and butter; and everybody knows one cannot work and last for many years together upon such fare. In this way she thinks that they undermine their strength; and, if they take cold, or any trifling illness, it goes harder with them than with other people."

"The women in the silk factories, in good times, earn higher wages than in the cotton-mills; but the masters are not so particular in town, as at the Darley works as to the character of their people; and women neglect their homes and children in order to earn more money, which, after all, does not make up to a family for discomfort and disorder. "She thinks, too, that "girls brought up by mothers who are factory hands, and who work in the factories themselves, often look upon children as encumbrances, and have not the same feelings about home and babies, and household duties that women should have. The babies are put out to nurse by the day, to some old woman who keeps them quiet with syrup of poppies, or something of that sort; or else they are left to children hardly able to drag them about, and subjected to convulsions and other infantile ailments by the use of what is locally called sugar-rag"—a piece of folded rag as thick as one's little finger steeped in sugar and water, and it may be a drop or two of composing-stuff, and hung about the child's neck to console it for the loss of the soft warm nestling-place, and exquisitely prepared draught that nature had provided for it. "But there—what are poor folks to do? Everything is so dear in Derby, that a man's wages alone would not support a family."

And with this question—as difficult to the political economist as to the philanthropist—our active and pleasant companion dropped the duplicate of the curtsy that had led to our acquaintance, and, tripping down a few steps from the footpath to the road at the town end of it, turned down a tree-shaded lane on the opposite side, and was presently out of sight.

Revolving many points of our conversation

which bore directly on certain questions which had often presented themselves to our mind relative to the social and moral effects of the factory system, especially in reference to women—how far the absence of the maternal element in the care and supervision of the children, and the ordering and providing for the comfort of the home, that element, in brief, on which depends the basis of parental authority, and the centralisation of home affection—is answerable for the intemperate habits of the men, the ignorance of domestic duties on the part of the daughters, and the divided interests of families? How much of the domestic crime that shames our modern civilization is due to the same cause? And lastly, yet above all, what relation may exist between the alarming increase of child-murder, and the habitual neglect of, or abnegation of the maternal instincts continued from mother to daughter? Does this counteraction of Nature's laws react upon the species, and culminate in pitiless indifference on the part of mothers to the helpless sanctity of infant life? These are questions that will make themselves heard with appalling distinctness through all the busy whizzing and phizzing and whirr of wheels and bands. Surely the proprietors of the Darley Mills exhibit a far-seeing and wise benevolence, in employing only unmarried women, and those who have no families, in their works!

There is no walking briskly under the influence of thoughts like these, so we sauntered round to the museum, a private house, very ill-adapted to its public purpose, and which we were unfortunate enough to find in the course of being "set to-rights," as its then feminine curator informed us.

A visitor's-book in the hall, a stampy pen which appeared to have been used in every way but upside-down, and an ink-bottle overgrown with mould upon a sedimentary bottom, revealed the fact, that from the—th of the past month to the 5th of the present September 1861, only twelve persons had passed in. A significant memorandum of the public interest felt in the institution, and which, coupled with the information that few of the working-men, comparatively speaking, attend the lectures and classes at the Mechanics' Institution in the vicinity, that amusements are the only things that are really popular, speaks probably more of physical inability than of actual disinclination to profit by these local advantages. Study after six o'clock in the evening to a man who has been hard at work from six in the morning, is not so easy an exercise as the uninitiated may suppose. The mind and body both need relaxation, and the enjoyment attended with the least mental strain is the one that (except in remarkable instances) will be most acceptable.

It would be unfair to criticise the condition of the museum on this occasion. We met the beasts on the stairs and in the passages, and viewed the birds out of window, the various cases being in course of removal in order to make arrangements for the reception of the

town and county library, which had just been made over to the custodians of the museum; but anything more lamentable than the derangement of the table-cases—their contents mixed, labels misplaced, the majority of specimens without any—can scarcely be conceived; and we pitied the expected new curator, who, an elderly gentleman (who kindly did the honours of the institution on our behalf) informed us, would have the task of classifying and arranging them. One would have expected in a county so rich as Derbyshire in minerals and fossiliferous treasure, to have found these departments very fully and beautifully illustrated, but in this we were disappointed. One collection, however, which we did not expect to meet with, and which was certainly the most interesting and fullest of its kind we have ever seen, consisted of rubbings from ancient brasses, and exhibited some very curious points in connection with costume and funeral fashions. Here, for the first time, we saw the representation of the corpse tied head and feet in a cere-cloth, or, more probably, a bull's hide, which was anciently used instead of a coffin, dating the brass back to the early Anglo Norman period. These rubbings, sufficiently numerous to cover the walls of one room, had been lent by a gentleman in the locality, and deserve to be carefully preserved, offering as they do valuable and interesting information on bygone customs. Our courteous conductor, who was very anxious to impress upon us that his interest in the museum and the library (with the arrangements of which he had charged himself at a period which he generally spent in travelling) was entirely gratuitous, exhibited, with not a little satisfaction, the really imposing number of volumes of which the library would consist. We found the historical and biographical divisions exceedingly well filled; but Mr. K— confessed that fiction was the most popular feature, and accordingly books of the usual lending-library stamp abounded. We looked in vain for any bibliographical curiosities, the system being to change away rare works for modern ones. With no little *esprit de pays*, if we may coin a phrase, our kindly self-constituted cicerone exhibited Sir Wm. Gell's beautiful works on Rome and Pompeii, and delighted himself by informing us that he had recently had the honour of spending a day with Mrs. Hamilton Gray, at Bolsover Castle—in brief, this gentleman had literary aspirations, and eventually confessed, with a blushing timidity that was charming to an old offender in that way, that he had adventured into print, and that a paper of his was to be met with in—. Well, we will not tell tales—Messrs. Groombridge know where, though we have not yet laid hands upon it. In the end, having seen the *mummy*; the usual display of aboriginal art from the Sandwich Islands; head of New Zealander, with the hair on; scalp,

wampum-belt, and tomahawk of American Indian; a Roman pig of lead; a snuff-box of Dr. Johnson's, and a tricolour cockade worn during the old French Revolution, we bid adieu to our well-bred but insulated conductor, whose thoughts and sympathies are somewhat cramped and narrowed by local and social bands, but who is nevertheless glad of the interruption our visit has afforded to his self-imposed duties, and gladder still at the opportunity we have given him of discussing topics outside the town of Derby.

The polite attentions of our impromptu acquaintance only end at the door of the museum, whence, turning into the High-street, we find ourselves in the rack of the home-returning factory-hands; some with worn, pale, patient looks, others greasy and grimy-looking—the women for the most part young, but faded, and an undergrowth of pert, precocious boys and girls. These latter are noticeable for tawdriness than neatness in their attire; the former, perhaps not more boisterous than boys under cover all day may be expected to be on coming out, but belated in the strongest sense. Bands branch off; some in one direction, some in another. Groups gather and gossip at the corners, and then scatter themselves through the streets to their various homes. Here and there a few linger, to read the notices of concerts, &c., in the shop-windows, and then hurry off to wash and smarten their dress in order to attend them. Soon after, the public-houses turn on their prodigal supply of gas, the fiddles sound in them, and the Derby factory-hands, or a goodly portion of them, dissipate the strain of labour with drink and dance and song.

A NURSERY THOUGHT.—Do you ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the little feet patter round to us so aimlessly? Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, and rolling and reaching, and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as, with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day, till that time comes, as the maternal love which so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied. A busy creature is a little child. To be looked upon with awe as well as with delight, as its clear eyes look trustingly into faces that to God, and man have essayed to wear a mask. As it sits down in its little chair to ponder precociously over the white lie you thought it "funny" to tell it; as, rising and leaning on your knee, it says, thoughtfully, in a tone which should provoke a tear, not a smile, "I don't believe it." A lovely and yet a fearful thing is that little child.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

(An American Sketch.)

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Ruined! ruined! ruined!" was the wildly-uttered exclamation of Mr. Fleetwood, as he came hastily into the room where his young wife sat embroidering a scarf, and throwing himself at full length upon the sofa, hid his face, and lay shuddering like one in an ague fit.

The needlework dropped from the hands of Mrs. Fleetwood, and for a moment or two she sat like one paralyzed. Then rising hastily, she sprang across the room, and dropping on her knees beside her husband, drew her arm about his neck, and said—

"Oh, Edward! Edward! what has happened?"

But the only response she received was a groan so full of anguish, that it sent a shock through her heart.

"Speak, Edward!"

"Ruined! hopelessly ruined!"

"Oh, Edward! look up! Let me see your face, dear husband!" And she tried to lay her cheek down against his; but he kept his face turned from her.

Very, very pale was Mrs. Fleetwood, as she raised herself from a kneeling posture, and drawing a chair to the sofa, sat down, and again laid her hand upon her husband. One year only had she been a bride; and this was the first cloud that had darkened her sky—the first cloud; but it held a desolating tempest within its bosom.

"Edward!" The wife's deep love had given strength to her heart already, and her voice was regaining firmness. "Not ruined; that is impossible!" she said, in tones strangely confident.

"Possible and actual," he answered, with less agitation, but in a low, solemn voice.

"Again I say impossible, Edward!" spoke out Mrs. Fleetwood, her voice growing yet firmer.

Mr. Fleetwood slowly raised himself from his recumbent position on the sofa, and looked into his wife's face. A cry of fear parted her lips, and she said, hastily—

"Oh, Edward, you are ill!"

"I am heartsick—heartbroken—in despair, Anna!"

"My precious husband!"—the tones of Mrs. Fleetwood were overburdened with the tenderest love—"don't say heartbroken—don't say in despair—don't say ruined. God is in Heaven, and you are still a man!"

"By a suddenly-falling and unexpected blow, Anna, I am stricken to the earth. My all is scattered to the winds!"

"But the man is safe!" said Mrs. Fleetwood,

throwing in the sentence, and in a voice almost exultant.

Mr. Fleetwood looked at his wife half wonderingly. A light seemed at the moment to be breaking in upon him, and he replied—

"Yes, Anna, the man is safe, I trust. There has been no defect of honour."

"There could be none, Edward, and therefore I said 'not ruined; that is impossible!' With honour on your side, dear husband, and love on mine, our little world is safe. No enemy can darken our door."

"I bless you for these words, dear Anna!" said Mr. Fleetwood, but not with the air of a man who felt relieved from the pressure of a heavy burden. "Your courage, your faith, your patience will give strength in the hours of weakness that are sure to come. But let me tell you the whole truth in plain words; and then you will not wonder that the blow has stricken me down. My little fortune has been lost by the treachery of a man in whose integrity I confided, and for whom I have done what I never would have done for myself—used the official signature of the Insurance Company of which I am president, for purposes outside of its legitimate business. I learned of his failure an hour ago, and called upon him instantly. From his lips I received the blasting intelligence that every dollar of his property had already passed beyond his control. 'Have you not secured me anything?' I asked. He shook his head. 'Will not that collateral be protested?' I referred to notes of the company which I had given him. 'Everything has passed out of my hands; was his cold reply. 'Then you are a villain, and I a duped and ruined man,' I answered and left him."

"It is hard, very hard, Edward!" said his wife, tears running over her cheeks, as she leaned towards him, with her eyes fixed upon his pale suffering face. "But dear, dear husband! let me say to you here, at the beginning of consequences which must flow from this sad disaster, that nothing is to be thought of by you as affecting me. Shall I sit in the cool, pleasant summer evenings with my husband, and not stand up by his side when the tempest falls? Only one thing you have said has at all frightened me."

"I know what you mean. Loss of fortune, small as it may be, is a painful disaster to anyone; but, oh, the thought of a dishonoured name is indeed frightful! That ordeal, Anna, I have got to pass; and I fear that strength will fail me. Oh, it was wrong ever to have put my name, as president, upon paper not

strictly for the company's use! It was a breach of trust; so the world will call it, and visit me with terrible consequences. There will be no discrimination between weak consent to aid a friend confided in as a brother, and fraudulent purpose. The notes were never intended for anything but security, and were to have been returned to me long before they came due. The transaction was considered as a kind of formality. I knew myself to have ample resources to meet the sum they were meant to secure, even if my friend failed to do so. That sum was only five thousand dollars—the security ten thousand, which has been most basely sacrificed.”

“Ten thousand dollars! So much as that?” said Mrs. Fleetwood, in a choking voice.

“Yes; so much as that! Oh, Anna, this night is very, very dark. There is no moon, and the clouds have hidden the stars. If it was not for the times, I might save myself from disgrace, through friends once able and always willing. But ruin is sweeping through the land, and the best, the bravest, and the most enduring are falling all around us. To raise the sum of ten thousand dollars, and get these notes back again into my hands, is simply impossible. In less than two months they will mature, and then—”

The picture wrought by the excited imagination of Mr. Fleetwood was so dreadful to look upon, that he covered his face with his hands, and shuddered. His wife did not offer any words of comfort; for upon her own heart had fallen an almost suffocating fear. Personal sacrifices had no terrors for Mrs. Fleetwood. Very brave would she have been under any of the common visitations of worldly disaster. But the thought of a dishonoured name for the husband of whom she had been so proud smote her like a sabre-stroke.

“Something must be done!” It was the wife's voice that broke the silence. “Something must be done, Edward! Dishonour? Never! never!” And her slight form lifted itself up. Hope and courage were beginning to revive.

“This sudden shock has prostrated you, dear husband!” she added, in a calmer voice. “You will recover strength soon, and with strength will come purpose. The will, I have often heard you say, is creative. Yours will be, I am sure. This sharp sword, suspended by a single hair, shall not fall.”

But Mr. Fleetwood only shook his head mournfully, and answered—“At any other time I could have met this threatened evil, and triumphed. Now, Anna, even to struggle were folly. Everything is in confusion. Fortunes, the accumulation of years, are crumbling into dust; mutual confidence is destroyed; a frightful panic is sweeping over the land! Men who would have opened their purses to me freely a short time since are now in extremity. No, no, Anna; it is vain to look for help. The breakers are just ahead, and our good ship is drifting fast upon them. No human arm can save us!”

Still the young wife would not abandon hope. “I will trust in Heaven to bring you a safe deliverance,” were her words some hours later. “No wrong was intended, and therefore I must believe that the dreaded consequences will not be permitted to fall with their crushing weight upon you. Two months yet remain, if I understand it, before the notes fall due.”

“A little less than two months.”

“A great deal may be done in two months, Edward. Oh, do not despair!”

“Dear comforter!” said Mr. Fleetwood, looking down upon the face of his wife:—“I would hardly deserve the name of man were I to give up wholly, with your sweet solicitations to effort filling my ears. But what, what can I do? I stand at the foot of a tall mountain, the sea on either hand; and, stretching my gaze far away upward, see only a perpendicular wall of rock. I have no wings, and cannot rise, like the eagle, and escape the danger that is leaping toward me and threatening swift destruction!”

“In whose possession are the notes?” asked Mrs. Fleetwood, desiring to give direction, as well as activity, to her husband's mind.

“They are gone, wholly beyond my reach,” was the answer. “Instead of being left in the hands where they were first placed, as collateral security, they have been discounted—the original obligation of five thousand dollars paid, and the balance of the money appropriated by my false friend. They stand now as any other debt against the company, and, as I have said, wholly beyond my reach.”

“Would it not be well,” suggested Mrs. Fleetwood, “to find out who has them?”

“I can see no good result likely to flow from that knowledge,” replied her husband. “If they were discounted in bank, there is only one way to recover them, and that is for me to lift them in advance of the time when due. If they are in the grasp of some money-lender, the case is quite as hopeless.”

But Mrs. Fleetwood urged her husband to find out who held the notes, if it were possible to gain accurate intelligence in regard to them. “Then,” she said, “we can measure the full magnitude of this evil, and find the way of escape, if that be possible.”

“It is impossible, Anna!” replied Mr. Fleetwood, almost impatiently.

“Forgive me, Edward,” said his wife, her eyes filling with tears; “but I cannot cease to urge this thing upon you. Hope only lies in the removal of these notes out of the way. First, then, we must learn where they are.”

“We?”

Mr. Fleetwood's voice had in it a tone of curious interest.

“Yes, we, Edward. There is too much at stake now for you to reject, or even think lightly of aid or counsel, come from whence it may. Even a woman may suggest something by which a man may profit in an extremity like this, though the common language of business may be to her a strange language. Again, then,

let me urge you to find out where these dangerous notes are to be found."

"I will know before I sleep to-night!" said Mr. Fleetwood, speaking, a few minutes afterwards, from the ardour of a suddenly formed purpose.

"Let it be to-night, then, if possible," replied his wife. "The quicker the truth is known the better."

"I need not say be very circumspect, Edward," were the wife's parting words, as her husband left her that evening; for she saw an unusual sternness in his face, as if some desperate resolution were forming.

"Thank you for the caution! I need it," was his answer.

His voice had in it a low thrill of excitement.

* * * * *

"Is Mr. Floyd at home?"

The inquiry was made by Mrs. Fleetwood at the door of a handsome house, not far distant from his own dwelling, and within ten minutes after parting from his wife.

"What name shall I say?" asked the waiter.

"Mr. Fleetwood."

"Mr. Floyd wishes you to excuse him to-night," said the waiter, returning to the parlour, into which he had shown Mr. Fleetwood.

"Say to Mr. Floyd that I cannot excuse him. He must see me to-night, and now."

The waiter hesitated.

"Is he alone?" inquired Mr. Fleetwood.

"Yes, sir."

"Entirely alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"And his room is—"

"In the second storey."

"Front?"

"No, sir—back."

"I will find him."

And Mr. Fleetwood passed the surprised waiter, and went with rapid, yet almost noiseless step, along the passage and up the stairs. Only a moment he stood at the door of the room, indicated by the servant. Then, without knocking, he opened it silently and went in. As he closed the door behind him, Mr. Floyd looked up from the table at which he was sitting—a table covered with various papers, letters, notes of hand, title-deeds, mortgage-bonds, certificates of stock, and other representatives of value.

"Sir!" Floyd had started to his feet, and his eyes were fixed angrily upon the face of Mr. Fleetwood. "This is an unwarrantable intrusion!"

The quiet turning of a key, and its low rattle as it was withdrawn from the lock inside, were indications of so questionable a character, that Mr. Floyd's warm colour left his cheeks almost as suddenly as it had dyed them. His visitor noted this.

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, John Floyd." Fleetwood had turned from the door, and was now advancing across the room, with his eyes fixed upon the face of

his false friend, who read in them a purpose that made his coward heart sink.

"It is never safe to swindle beyond a certain line, John Floyd," continued Fleetwood, in a low, but stern voice. "You should have been content with robbing me of my little patrimony; but, when you left no alternative but dishonour, or a remedy like this, you went a step too far. So I have come, now, for restitution, or retribution."

"In the fiend's name, what do you want?" demanded Floyd, with a slight show of courage.

"The first thing I want is a return of the notes I placed in your hands to be used only as collateral."

"I have already told you that they are beyond my reach," was answered.

"It is false!" cried Fleetwood, in sudden excitement, darting forward as he spoke, and grappling eagerly at a small pile of papers that lay on the table. The well-known vignette of the Insurance Company had caught his eyes—the fatal notes were before him! To seize them was the work of a moment; in the next instant they were torn in pieces!

"I have already told you to your teeth, John Floyd, that you are a villain," said Fleetwood, his strong indignation repressing all exterior signs of agitation. "I meant it in its general acceptance; for I did not then dream that your heart was corrupt enough for a deed like this. To turn away from a friend whom you have led into danger is bad enough; but to betray him to ruin is the act of a fiend. But, thank Heaven! I am now safe, beyond your power to do me harm."

Recovering a little from his bewilderment, Floyd now advanced towards Fleetwood in a threatening manner; but the latter stood immovable, regarding him with a look of such indignant scorn that his eye quailed, and he stood still.

"My business here has ended," said Fleetwood, moving backwards towards the door, yet keeping his eyes still upon Floyd—"has ended more easily than was anticipated; and without the consequences I had feared. I leave you to the enjoyment of your ill-gotten gains, if that be possible, and go forth to try the world again, but with a clear conscience and an untarnished name."

The key was in the door—the bolt sprung—and Fleetwood vanished like a spectre from the presence of the confounded man who had betrayed his confidence, and well nigh compassed the ruin of his reputation.

The unusual expression which Mrs. Fleetwood noticed on the face of her husband, at parting, troubled her. He had seemed to arouse up, suddenly, as if some new thought had glanced through his mind, and some desperate purpose been formed on the instant. He was no sooner away, than imagination began to suggest danger. What might he not be tempted to do, should he meet the man who had wronged him? The heart of Mrs. Fleetwood began to tremble.

Half-an-hour of most painful suspense fol-

lowed the husband's departure. Then he came in, with a quiet, even step, and ascended to the room where his wife sat awaiting him. She was too weak to rise; for her mind had created so many terrible images, that fear had robbed her of strength. But her eyes were bent eagerly towards the door. The face that appeared there was calm, though a little paler, she thought, than when she looked upon it last. She tried to say "Edward," but could not.

All at once, the strong fetter which Mr. Fleetwood had placed upon his feelings, broke, and springing forward, he caught his wife in his arms, exclaiming—

"Saved! saved! dear Anna! I have found the notes, and they are cancelled. I tore them into a hundred pieces. See!" And he threw a shower of snowy fragments into the air. "And you are my saviour, dear wife!" he added, in another tone, kissing her very tenderly. "I saw no hope of recovering these fatal witnesses. So far as I could see, they were gone beyond recall. But your urgent promptings quickened a new life within me, and nerved me with a new, and I will own, desperate purpose. I went to the house of Floyd, resolved to force him into terror of some kind; when lo! upon his table lay the very notes. He was wickedly holding them for his own benefit. I snatched them up, and rent them to pieces. And so, the fatal witnesses of a weak, bland, almost criminal violation of the faith so honourable reposed in me have perished! Let the property of which that villain has so basely robbed me, go. I will not fling after it single sigh of regret; for I am too thankful that a good name—more precious than rubies—is spared to me."

EVENING.

BY JOHN CHURCHILL BRENNAN.

When the noisy day is past,
When our work is done at last,
Comes all o'er the world so vast,
Quiet evening.

All is hushed. The sinking sun
Tells that day its course has run;
And the day-birds, sleeping, shun
Shadowy evening.

'Tis the calm, sweet hour of rest,
When the sun sinks in the west—
'Tis the hour I love the best,
Peaceful evening.

Then 'tis that our fancies rove
From this world to things above;
'Tis the hour of prayer and love,
Blessed evening.

And I think, when we're alone,

That one dear one, dead and gone,

Watch us from some far-off home
All this evening.

And the joyous thoughts we had,

Keen eyes, when all seemed glad,

Come back, making us so sad

In the evening.

O, while those dear thoughts are rife,

Let us banish care and strife,

Thanking heaven for our life

And the evening.

Peaceful hour of blessedness,
Crowned with glowing loveliness,
Sent the weary world to bless,
Holy evening!

LINES.

I'm sick to death! Oh! would that I might pass
Gently away as fades the vouth's d' view,
In distance dim, from the material gaze,
Not lost, but mingling with the ethereal blue;
To Faith's bright eye alone yet clearly seen,
Where earth-mists part, and light pours down
between.

I'm sick to death! Oh! would that I might pass,
Just as the purple mist that gently glides
When the sun sets—all soft and silently,
Adown the rugged mountain's heath-clad sides.
Oh! I would pass just as that melts away;
On the horizon dim, where Night meets Day.

I'm sick to death, and weary! Would that I
Might give my spirit gently unto Death,
As to the shadowy night the sweetest flow'rs
Unchecked, unhidden, yield their perfume's breath
In incense-weather, that, mounting to the skies,
Melt into other forms to gladden angels' eyes.

LOTUS FLOWER.

A VENETIAN SKETCH.

"Ah—ye—ee!" cried the warning voice of our gondolier. Splish, splash! Swish, swash! Once more we are off—lazily lounging and smoking as we glide along. Off for another hard day's work, sight-seeing and lionizing, at the end of which everything will be such a confused kaleidoscope of grand pictures, wonderful palaces, and still more wonderful churches, that we shall have to take a severe course of Murray before we can tell where we have been or what we have seen. Once more, though, we are off—down quaint water streets and quarter aqueous alleys; gliding between many-coloured walls, most notable for their exquisite variety of tint and picturesque decay—damp, scaly, blistered, and weed-covered—with inflammatory eruptions of brick breaking out here and there, and odd cracks and fantastic fissures everywhere abounding; a sort of damp sea-weedy smell—just like Ramsgate harbour when the tide is out—permeating the whole place.

"Ah!—ye—ee!" Splish, splash! as other gondolas of business or pleasure pass by us. Some containing lazy, dark-eyed, mantillaed Venetian beauties, languidly fanning themselves, and lolling with their feet on the opposite seat, displaying the neatest, prettiest little ankles in the world. Nearly running into a gondola of business, laden with wood for sale, the proprietor of which proclaims the merits of his wares in a unearthly yell, always ending in a prolonged minor note, that makes you think he must be suddenly taken worse, and it is really quite a relief when he begins again.

"Ah!—ye—ee!" Past—oh! too quickly!—a nice cool white-lined gondola bearing two bright-eyed, fresh-coloured, home-ish English lasses, all smiles and morning muslins. Past gondola barges laden with fresh water, being baled out by brawny, bare-backed fellows, whom Velasquez would have loved to paint. Now we shoot under bridges, so very low, that we are apprehensive our gondola will not fit, and quite expect its glittering steel prow will infringe upon the favourite corn of that fat Venetian—something between a journeyman baker and a republican—who is languidly smoking a cigarette there. We bow our heads involuntarily, and pass swiftly through amidst gondolas of every variety; some going to market, creaking and groaning beneath loads of fruit and vegetables, gigantic melons, eggs, and butter, and what-not; others moving furniture, with a poverty-stricken man and wife, and a few small children in reduced circumstances. We shall probably meet the bailiff in the next street, and should not be at all surprised if the prow of his gondola was aquiline.

"Ah!—ye—ee!" Under more tight-fitting bridges, noting the loungers thereon as we go by: travelling tailors sitting on the steps working,

water-carriers with picturesque copper pails slung across their shoulders on a bent stick, and poultry-carriers with mouse-trap-like baskets borne in a like manner; an itinerant lemonade seller, with a dozen brass-bound bottles all shapes and sizes, and twice the number of glasses hitched round him; Austrian soldiers in their cool white jackets and tight uncomfortable-looking blue trousers.

"Ah—ye—ee!" Splish splash! All this time we were going on talking, laughing, and smoking. Jones (an art-enthusiast) was lounging back, with his head on the seat, and his feet somewhere up in the awning, lazily watching the smoke from his pipe, as it curled upwards. Every now and then, as we turned a fresh corner, he would just raise his head, and calmly ejaculate, languidly waving his hand—"Holland, Holland." Whereupon, Smith (who by-the-by had not been there, and consequently knew nothing at all about it), remarked "That it wasn't like Holland in the least." After some moments' silence, Jones condescended to explain that he was not alluding to a country known as Holland, but to a certain artist of that name, whose exquisite delineations of Venetian water-streets are unequalled all the world over.

Now we come to a sudden stop: a dead lock of barges, gondolas, and market-boats. A tyro gondolier has got his craft, in some inexplicable manner, crosswise in the narrow canal. What a yelling, what a shouting, what an execrating and an anathematizing! What strings and bundles of mellifluous Italian oaths are hurled from one boat to another, and pitched back again with equal force and volubility! This scene will probably conclude by one of the principal actors—or perhaps two—or, better still, three—tumbling into the water, and, these preliminaries being gone through, an amicable arrangement will probably be entered into, and once more we shall be allowed to proceed.

"Ah—ye—ee!" Past more picturesque houses and broken walls, noting, as we go along, some unaccountable balcony or chimney-pot in the most unlikely place, and some exquisite bit of moulding, Gothic tracery, or rusty tangle of iron-work, where one would least expect to see it. Past windows where you expect to see doors, and doors where you look for windows; windows, too, barred and ironed in the most mysterious manner, where one could fancy Mr. Lorenzo clutching and hanging on most uncomfortably, and talking to Miss Jessica within, disappearing with a sudden "plump" into his gondola below, or possibly with a splash into the canal, when her pouting lips said hurriedly and confusedly "Oh! my goodness! there's papa come home!"—in the Venetian vernacular of course. We observe, too, by the way, that

whilst all the windows are securely barred, the massive doors are for the most part opened, or so dilapidated that a good vigorous kick would soon make them yield. Hence we imagine that "pa's study" was somewhere near the front-door, where he could snub any ineligible young man (after the manner of papas of the present day), and we also infer that the minds of the young Venetian beauties were so ill-regulated, that they were in the habit of dropping, regardless of all propriety, from their windows into the gondolas of the young gentlemen who came to make evening calls upon them; so papa sent for the ironmonger, and had the strongest bars Venice could furnish riveted before the windows, and, as

"Her father he has locked the door,
Her mother keeps the key,

he doubtless thought all was safe and proper. But the young gentleman, continuing the song, says:

"But neither door nor bolt shall bar
My own true love from me."

—Neither did it; for he used to climb up and hang on as before described, and kiss his lady-love through the rusty bars. Whether the mixture of kisses and oxide of iron is better than kisses *par et simple* we cannot tell, but it is said this custom continues at Venice to the present day. This is our version of Venetian doors and windows; if we are wrong, perhaps Mr. Ruskin or some other great authority will set us right.

"Ah—ya—ee!" Splish splash! Swish swash! Sharp round to the left, out into the glorious sunshine; out amongst the many gondolas flitting about, here, there, and everywhere, with the sun flashing and glistening on their polished prows. In the distance we see crowds of quaint fishing craft, with their many-coloured, grotesquely-painted sails. On our right is the Trieste steamers, largely heaving and blistering in the noonday heat. Far away to our left are merchant-vessels — traders and collier-brigs. Yes, collier-brigs, which young ladies who devoutly believe in the pictorial title-pages of songs, and papier-mâché screens, would be surprised to see in a place which they have hitherto regarded as all romance and sunshine. We, however, know better, and think it is high time some of the gilt twaddle about sentiment and romance was rubbed off, and the stern, useful, everyday character of the place brought to light. We are now on the Grand Canal, amidst many of our old friends: namely, the buildings we see about us. We have never seen them before in the flesh, or, rather, in stone; but they are old acquaintances in the spirit, or, rather, on the canvas. There is our old, old friend Santa Maria della Salute; we are really quite glad to see it. Our first introduction to it was effected by Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, in the pages of one of the old annuals, many years

ago: since then we have had the pleasure of meeting it in all kinds of various aspects almost every year at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. More old friends, too—quite a ré-union—the Campanile and pillars of St. Mark's, the Doge's Palace, the Piazzetta, and a host of old familiar objects which we feel to have seen before, and are much gratified at finding them exactly what we anticipated, and to see that painters have by no means overtaken the friends of our youth with flattery, and that they look quite as well—any even better, than we expected.

But we cannot stay loafing about here, basking in the sun, any longer, as there are countless palaces and churches for us to do to-day.

"Palazzo Grimani," we say to the gondolier. "Si, Signor," he replies, as the gondola glides under the stern of a picturesque fishing-craft.

"Cook," ejaculates Jones, with another languid wave of his hand towards a red-capped individual lounging amongst the nets and spars in the boat.

Smith at once observes that the man in question "isn't a cook, but a fisherman."

Jones thereupon rejoins that he never said the man was a cook, but merely wished to convey that the whole scene reminded him of a charming picture by Mr. E. W. Cooke, which he saw a season or two since at the exhibition.

This explanation being considered satisfactory (despite the misgivings of the rest that the sun was softening Jones's brain) the gondola was allowed to proceed. But we cannot bore the reader with all we attempted to see that day; how we went up to the top of the Campanile, and down to the depths of the Pozzi; how we "stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs," and did not quote the hackneyed lines about it; how we visited first a church and then a palace, and then another church, so that we had a sort of recollectionary sandwich, so to speak, of the three, having ideas of the most ecclesiastical things in palaces, and matters most palatial in churches; how we put down Titian's pictures to Tintoret, and Tintoret's to Titian, and those which belonged to neither to both; how our brain was one ever-whirling chromatrope of pictures and palaces—of Ruskin and Murray—of Verd antique columns and lapis-lazuli pavements—of bronzes, sculptures, mosaics, and bassi-relievi, and everything one could think of, besides a great deal one could not: in fact, all of us were worn out with sight-seeing, quite knocked up with the heat, and immensely bored at having to turn out at each palace and church.

Smith was the first to rebel, and positively would not go to see our old friend Santa Maria della Salute, but lay flat down on his back at the bottom of the gondola, and smoked, all the time we had gone to a closer inspection of it.

"Hooray!" shouted Jones, as he tumbled over Smith and on to the back-seat, "that's the last of the old churches and palaces for to-day."

"Well," remarked Robinson (a man of ill-regulated mind), "let's liquor up."

Brown—also, by-the-by, had consumed two ices, three cups of café noir, an unknown quantity of Oyprian wine, and an endless supply of iced water at the Café Florian last night, and, indeed, was the Thirsty Soul of the party—remarked, gaspingly, as if his tongue, on account of unusual clearing to the roof of his mouth, impeded his utterance, "Feel mortal thirst."

We are soon paddled across to the Giardino Reale, at one end of which we find the coolest, quietest café in the world. Not a person there besides ourselves; all the chairs piled one upon the other, and the whole place pervaded by that quiet recovering-from-last-night's-dissipation appearance which all continental cafés, in the morning, have more or less, all in the cool shade—rendered doubly cool by the tress and pretty striped awnings. We wait and knock on the table till a sleepy-eyed waiter issues from the unknown depths of a cool cavern. He came, he saw, he re-appeared with iced lemonade, which we fiercely clutched: indeed, we were all so hot that the liquid is said to have positively "fizzed" as it went down our parched throats.

For some time we were silent. No sound was heard but the sort of muffled acute chink of the lumps of ice as they bobbed against the side of the glasses. At last Jones spoke.

"Well," he said, "I know none of us dare say so, but I'm perfectly sure that we've enjoyed this lemonade better than anything we've done or seen to-day."

This remark caused a great outcry, and many remarks about the lacking intellectual impressions of works of art—all of which Jones allowed—and the evanescent impressions of le-

monade, which he also allowed of that beverage in general, but not of this particular glass.

"And so you think, all of you," said he, fiercely, coming down on the table with his fist, and making all the glasses jingle again, "Robinson, Brown, and Smith, only you *daren't* say so."

Robinson had got the lump of ice into his mouth, and was on the verge of choking, so could not reply.

Brown said, "A—ah! though, this *is* prime."

Smith remarked, "This lemonade is *howling* good."

—So Jones thinks to this day that they were all of his opinion.

* * * * *

"Bosh," we think we hear the reader exclaim, "all this nonsense about four English idiots having a glass of lemonade together."

Patience, gentle—no, we mean irritable—reader! Look at our title once more. We merely promised a Venetian Sketch, and here it is. It is true our touch may be uncertain, our colouring bad, some parts of the sketch out of drawing, and there is possibly a want of harmony about the whole. The only merit we can plead is that it was painted on the spot, and, despite the doubts of the Irritable Reader whether we can paint at all, we trust there are Gentle Readers who will recognise some fidelity to nature in its performance.* J. A. S.

* The Editor has pleasure in endorsing the writer's convictions.—C. A. W.

FLATS AND SHARPS.

BY MERLIN.

I am not, as the ingenious reader might imagine from the title prefixed to these anecdotal paragraphs, intending to write an elaborate treatise on the elementary notes of music. I am induced thus early and honestly to say so, because I shall presently have occasion to show how a note passed from a Flat to a Sharp—and this would apparently favour the premise that my subject is music: but the note in question came from Threadneedle-street, City, and not from the opera, or one of Broadwood's grand pianos.

It was remarked by a city clerk, who passed for a wit among his fellows, that by that transaction the Flat was "done" to the tune of one thousand, which carries us back to music, and elicits the remark that we have heard the "Old Hundredth," under every possible and almost

impossible circumstance, divinely played in the grand old cathedral, and ground out of barrel-organs in the last stage of organic diphtheria; but we certainly now hear, for the first time, of the one thousandth tune, and this ends my irrelevant banter for the present, and brings me to the tale of

THE ONE THOUSAND POUND NOTE.

Mr. Douglas was in business. Not so far from the Bank as is Snowdon's summit from its base was Mr. Douglas's establishment, which he contemplated with great satisfaction—as, indeed, he well might, for the windows displayed an amount of jewellery and costly articles "unequaled" (as might be learned from the covers of contemporary magazines) "by any house in the world"—"in the world, sir!"

would Mr. Douglas say to his acquaintance, putting the expressive noun in large capitals.

Mr. Douglas had risen from the ranks to his present position; and it was his wont to boast he never made a bad debt, or was "done!" It was once remarked, in his hearing, that to get the best of him one must rise very early in the morning! Whereupon Mr. Douglas said—"They mustn't go to bed at all, sir; and then they couldn't do it!"

We have shown sufficient of Mr. Douglas for the purpose of the present narrative. He was but the type of hundreds of our shrewd tradesmen. It was noon; he was in his counting-house, and the broad thoroughfare was thronged with equipages, one of which drew up before his door, and a mild-looking gentleman in undress naval uniform alighted from the carriage, and walked into the shop. Mr. Douglas looked over the curtain of his counting-house window, and, being too late to see his customer, he fell to examining his vehicle, by which, not less than the man, he calculated the quality, and weighed in his mind the necessity of personal attendance. After a careful survey he returned from the window, laid down the pen he had been writing with, saying the while to himself, "Plain—certainly plain: but it has the air about it." And, repeating this observation, he passed into the shop, where his customer, a good-looking man, but extremely staid and delicate for a sea-captain, was awaiting him; but this delicacy became quite natural as the result of recent injuries and consequent ill-health, from which he was evidently still suffering, as his right arm was in a sling.

"Good morning, sir," said the bland tradesman; "pray be seated. What can I show you, sir?"

"I have injured my watch, and some gentlemen present, when it fell, recommended me to you both for promptness and efficiency," said the gentleman in uniform, taking from the chain at his breast a gold repeater.

"Indeed, sir, I am sure they did me great honour; but we do please, sir—we study to do it, and we succeed. Returned from the Crimea recently, sir?"

"Not very; but this is the first time I have been out, in consequence of my wounds," said the captain—for such he appeared to be—seating himself.

"External injuries," said the obsequious Douglas, bowing, while he examined the watch.

"Yes," said his customer.

"External and internal also."

"Why, yes," again ejaculated the captain, rather surprised at the interest taken in his wounds.

"Indeed, we might say the vital chord is severed."

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope!" was the response, accompanied by a feeble smile.

"Quite, sir, I assure you, quite. We can get no motion—none whatever."

And he gave the watch a twist.

"Oh, the watch—ah, to be sure," said the relieved, but mistaken captain.

"Yes; allow me to hope your injuries are not of so serious a nature. This shall be attended to during the week, sir. And now, may I make bold to inquire who of my friends were kind enough to say a good word for me? Lyons? Dundas?"

"Well, yes, certainly, they were present; but it was Captain Berry, more particularly."

"Ah, my old friend Captain Berry. Is he still of the 'Achilles,' and has he escaped unhurt?" said the shopkeeper, whom the reader will perceive to have a becoming love for great men.

"He's true to his old boards, and had his usual luck—much glory and but little danger!" said the captain, evidently chagrined at Berry's superior fortune, and rising to go.

"Can I do nothing more for you to-day?"

"Why, being about to retire, I do want a little plate; but another time—"

"No time like the present: allow me to show you some;" and the courteous Douglas led the way into the show-room, where he was more than ever convinced of his customer's genuine gentility, by the costly selections he made, and the evidently superior taste and judgment which allowed him to admire articles he was not ashamed to confess he could not afford to buy. "It is, indeed, elegant!" said he, changing his position to examine a silver ewer from all sides—"very."

"Allow me to set it down: the price is low, extremely low for the quality and workmanship. There has been but one of the pattern sold yet, and that to Lord A—, so universally known as a patron of art."

"Thank you, no: my circumstances would not justify it. I have already purchased more than I intended. Make them into a parcel that will do for the rail."

"What name, sir? and will you call and affix the address?"

"Yes—Douglas," said the naval gentleman.

"Douglas?" repeated the silversmith.

"Yes, sir, a namesake. I remember, when Berry told me I should recollect whom I wanted by that coincidence, Dundas said I ought to support the family name."

"He might have said family without the name. There never was but one family of the Douglas, though that is scattered new through all the known world, and every county of England has its branch. May I ask to which you belong, Captain Douglas?"

"My family are of Derby," was the reply of the naval gentleman, who was evidently pleased with the shopkeeper's civility.

"Ah! they may be found everywhere; but they are all descended from the Scotch."

"Oh, Scottish, certainly, and I am proud to bear the illustrious name."

"I do not doubt you will add glory and honour to it: the Douglasses were ever brave."

"Can you give me the invoice of my pur-

chase?" asked the captain, not liking the fulsome compliment.

"Directly, sir," said the jeweller, and, conducting his customer to a private room behind the shop, he went to give the necessary orders.

Meanwhile the naval Douglas helped himself to sherry from a decanter on the table, and taking up the newspaper lolled back on the ottoman comfortably.

"Would you like them to go to-night?" asked the silversmith, presenting the bill.

"I think not; they will be safer here till we get down to Derby, which will be very shortly, for London doesn't agree with me. In the meantime a friend, who is absent in the north, has placed his establishment at my disposal," said the captain, taking up the bill, and then counting, "one thousand two hundred and fifty. Discount for ready cash?"

"Yes, sir," said the shopkeeper's descendant of the Douglas, "certainly."

"Oblige me with materials for writing: I must send to my wife; I never care to carry notes of value with me," said the naval Douglas, preparing to write with his left-hand; but after several vain attempts he threw down the pen in disgust.

"Denuded awkward to lose the right-hand."

"You may say that," said the silversmith.

His customer inwardly thanked him for the kind permission, then said, aloud—

"Just write for me. Though my servant is as trusty as any in England, I think it a shame to throw temptation in his way."

"Just so."

"And, by the way, where do you dine to-day? Come, you are a new-found relative: say you'll come with me; do now."

"Well, I thank you for your frankness, and, not to be behind-hand in courtesy, I will."

"Done like a Douglas," said the captain: and now for the note."

The silversmith took up the pen. "Will you dictate?"

Thus he dictated, while the unsuspecting "wide-awake" Douglas wrote—

"DEAR WIFE,—I have found a new relation, who will dine with us to-day. And I have made a rather large purchase in plate. You will find a roll of notes in my desk; send me £1,000 by bearer, who has the key.—Yours, D. DOUGLAS."

And then taking out a bunch of keys he selected one, and despatched the servant, bidding him drive quickly, and lose no time in returning to him there. The two Douglases then returned, and talked and drank a bottle of wine very amicably together.

"I see Berry is promoted," said the captain, taking up the paper again.

"He deserves to be," was the reply.

"That he does. What an audacious fraud on the bank, that."

"Terrible! I am sure nobody knows when they may trust a servant."

"Indeed they don't. Did you ever suffer?"

"I have been very fortunate," said the shopkeeper, with a complacent smile.

"Ah! shrewdness is the Scottish characteristic, and the English would do well to copy, rather than sneer at it."

"I have often said so, and felt grateful; for it has saved me more than once from the Philistines."

"Really you cannot depend upon servants even for a trifling errand; how long Green has gone to-be-sure," said the captain.

"Why, yes, he is a long time; but perhaps Mrs. Douglas herself was absent, or twenty things might detain him."

"O yes, certainly; but I think I'll walk out to meet him, while you finish business, ready to accompany me. So *au revoir*. He can't be far away now," said the naval gentleman, while the silversmith bowed him out, and then returning, he added, in the hearing of the shopkeeper, "You might get those goods packed, I may send for them to-night."

"They will be ready, sir," was the reply; and the feeble captain limped slowly down the street, where he was presently joined by an inferior officer of his ship, with whom he held an earnest conversation, that resulted in their calling a cab, and driving rapidly to an obscure street.

Mr. Douglas had finished his business, had given the final orders for the night, and "freshened himself up," to use his own phrase, ready to dine; and, it being past his usual hour, he was impatient for the stranger's return; but another hour flew by without his re-appearance, and, thinking it possible he might have been detained by unexpected circumstances, he determined to go home, and, as he rode along, it was a comforting assurance that he had left the goods at the shop: this was a source of great satisfaction to him, but he now suddenly recollected that he had not forbidden their being taken away, and that his foreman heard the purchaser's final order, should he return: it would make assurance doubly sure, and yet he could not doubt the honesty of his customer, or the correctness of his own estimate of that gentleman's character, and, while he mused on these things, he was drawing near to home, where he determined to go, have a hearty dinner, and return to the shop. It must be all right, he said, and yet he was far from easy about the matter. It was not late—the city dines so early, and he might get back and find his newly-found relative waiting for him at the shop. This rather re-assured him, and he ascended the stairs into the dining-room and his wife's presence, tolerably good humoured and well contented with the day's business. But it so happened, for particular reasons, Mrs. Douglas wanted to dine early that day, and here was he an hour later than usual, and she consequently out of temper. They ate in silence; but, as the dinner drew to a close, Mrs. Douglas thawed a little.

"How came you to buy to-day?" she asked.

"To what?"

"To purchase a thousand pounds' worth of plate."

"Good God, wife!" he shrieked, rather than said, and, like a madman, the 'shrewd,' the 'wide-awake' Douglas raved about the room: the light had burst upon him in a moment, and had overwhelmed him: His wife sat and looked aghast, unable to guess the meaning of his strange behaviour.

"You gave it him?"

"Yes, the thousand pounds—there is your note, and here the key of your desk," said his wife, rising.

"It isn't mine," cried he, putting out a bunch to compare them. Alas! they are alike, though. "I am ruined for ever!"

It was a long time before he was sufficiently calm to explain; and ere he had half-done so, the last words of the departing captain, spoken in the foreman's hearing, recurred to him, and he rushed frantically out of the house back to the shop; but it was too late. But few minutes elapsed between his leaving the shop and the removal of the hamper in a carriage with the one-armed sea-captain, who had doubtless watched his departure. All efforts to trace the nautical Douglas proved fruitless. Nor could any clue be attained to his mysterious possession of the key, or knowledge that the notes which were only in the desk one day, and would have been at the bank the next, were in the keeping of Mrs. Douglas. Thus in one day was the man, who vaunted his shrewdness, "done" out of £1,000 and an equivalent in plate. When he next hears it said that a man must rise early to get the best of him, we doubt if he will reply as before, that "he must not go to bed at all, and then it could not be done." Neither will he claim so close a relationship to a chance customer bearing the illustrious name of Douglas.

Every race-course, every fair, has its gang of charpers and its droves of flats; the former disguised and enacting every grade and variety of character, from a testotal parson addressing the mob, down to the red-haired, smock-frocked, village bumpkin, with a Yorkshire or Lancashire dialect, and not unfrequently do a dozen of them act in concert, vowing for the gaming-tables, and luring people into the crowd. Then relating an anecdote about the testotal preacher, or pointing out a man of the most notorious character about town, a confederate, sometimes two or three, get you in their centre, and quickly lighten your pocket. It may be very justly divided into high art and low art, and there are members of it, whose talents for dramatic fidelity and mimicry, are certainly worthy a better use. In the course of a fair, or two days' racing, one man will personify almost every grade of character, from the man about town, who has seen everything, to the half-idiot country cousin, who has a girl, decked in all the colours of the rainbow, on his arm, and who laughs indiscriminately at every thing; and will

wear these disguises so naturally as to deceive persons of more than ordinary penetration.

Being once in a strange town, while the races were going on, I strolled on to the course, more to occupy my time than to enjoy the sport, and fell into conversation with a decent fellow, who talked well, and made many really excellent puns; but, as I was there a stranger, I would only walk with him on open ground, and kept carefully on my guard, resisting many attempts he made to lead me into apparently harmless places: but I refused them all, and when he became urgent I purposely lost him.

I suppose my appearance must have been country-cousinish, or I must have looked just ripe to be a victim of some kind, for he invariably found me again; and I now noticed that another person passed and repassed us, considerably oftener than circumstances warranted, and presently I became convinced that he was observing us narrowly. However, I liked an adventure as well as most men, and determined to see what all this meant. The day was cold, and so I had a good pretext for buttoning my coat, for the better protection of my pockets; and, determining not to be 'done,' I gave myself, as it were, into the hands of my very attentive friend, who soon led me to a gambling-table, whither, being tired of everything, he went for excitement. Previously to my going with him, he had grown confidential; had given me the history of his life, by which it appeared that he was come of a noble family, but had displeased his father by marrying a poor girl he loved more than Tennyson's hero loved Maud, and who was, if anything, more beautiful than the poet's ideal. This reference to the Laureate I could plainly perceive he thought had finished me. Whether it did, the sequel will prove. He wound up this interesting narrative by assuring me that his father loved him still, that he sent spies to watch his proceedings, and give him money secretly, one of whom he pointed out in the very man I had observed, and who struck me as being a spy, though not exactly of the kind described. Moreover, that he being the only son, his father must relent; but in the meantime he was driven to desperation, and had recourse to gambling as an excitement in which he might drown his unpleasant thoughts; but he never played high, never lost, and only seldom won—not anything worth calling winning—a few pounds, perhaps—nothing more; and this led us to a gaming-table, where he began to play on the red, and win considerably. He then urged me to try also: any amount might be staked, from a solitary half-penny to pounds. He played sixpences; by-and-bye another couple came up, one with a heap of scarlet braces—a likely article to sell upon a race-course; and he played half-ponce only. At his solicitation, his companion joined, winning and losing alternately; then another and another stranger came up, till there was a crowd; one by one they joined in the game, and, after repeated offers of money to begin with, from my

unknown but confidential friend, I also joined—borrowing, at his request, a crown's worth of sixpenny pieces, and, by the time I had lost half of them, I observed that the brace man and my man invariably played on the same colour, and invariably won. It was with difficulty I forced them to stake first, and chose that square on which they played most money; as they changed, I did also; sometimes not playing till the hand was in motion. They murmured at first about my mode of play; but I did not mind it a bit. The player had no chance, they said. By-and-bye everybody round the board staked on their colour—and then it lost, but I was still a winner, and my five shillings was nearly ten. By nicely calculating between the strangers, the touters, and the amount staked, I could win every time. There was a large sum on the board; all the players had agreed to leave their winnings down, and double. The hand was spun, and all eyes were eager to see where it stopped; when the spy thrust his head over the table with a grin, and away flew the table-keeper, the brace man, and my friend, in various directions, at their highest speed, leaving the table with the money on it, which was swept into the spy's pocket, and the table broken into pieces; doubtless he seized the money to give to the man who had crossed his father in marriage.

After looking for a time suspiciously at me, he arrived at a favourable conclusion as to my character. Of course I was either a Sharp or a Flat, and I presently discovered the detective (for of course he was one) set me down as the latter, and asked how I had fared. I told him candidly, and he laughed heartily at my regret that the lender had not stayed for me to pay him back. I held eleven shillings in my hand, and was still debating what to do with it, when he told me to examine it. I did, and lo! there was not a genuine coin among them all! I placed them in his hands, and he explained that he had been watching them all day, hitherto unable to get a case against them; they were a vagabond set, and he knew them every one. That they knew him, no one who saw them fly could reasonably doubt.

THE STOLEN BILLS.

The bank of Messrs. Gerald, Gerald, and Co., city, had extensive dealings with the bank of M. Dorival, Frankfort. One morning, direct from Frankfort, came, among other correspondence, the following, just in the ordinary characters, and bearing all the marks of the other letters by the same mail, only this was later in date, and appeared to have been written on the steamer:

"GENTLEMEN,—A clerk of our establishment has absconded, bearing bills and notes to the value of £4,000. We have traced him, by unfre-

quented routes, to Boulogne, where he embarked for England.

"He is a nephew of the principal, who is in the greatest consternation, and his character was hitherto unimpeachable. As it is probable he will immediately seek to change his bills into cash, so far as he can (though many are valueless anywhere but here), use no delay in seeking for him. He is sure to come direct to London beyond this. You will know best the most likely place to find him, and I am instructed to say you may pay him four hundred pounds if he will deliver the bills into your hand and go to Australia. M. Dorival will not hear of a prosecution, if it is possible to obtain the papers by other means; but if you find him and he will not deliver them entire, according to the list sent herewith, he is to be given into custody.

"His name is Jules Dorival, and he is five feet seven inches high, of fair complexion, light curly hair, and a handsome moustache of the same colour. He will probably have shaved this off, and otherwise have disguised himself, but there is a large brown egg-shaped mole immediately below the left ear, which cannot be hidden, and by this you may be sure to recognize him. He also stutters slightly when excited, but otherwise speaks good English.

"Use all speed, and should you be fortunate enough to obtain the papers, forward them without a mail's delay, as they are of greatest importance.

"Yours, pro M. Dorival,

"A. LECHER."

And here followed a concise list of missing bills of every denomination. Acting upon the advice contained herein, the Messrs. Gerald instituted inquiries everywhere; but they were utterly fruitless. Nothing could be heard of a man answering the description.

A week had elapsed, and nothing learned of him. The elder Gerald was on 'Change, and talking to a junior partner of the bank, when his attention was attracted by the rather singular conduct of a stranger, who, after addressing several members in a most un-English way, was sauntering up and down, apparently very well pleased with his own personal appearance there. Mr. Gerald fixed his eye upon him, and purposely, though as it were by accident, passed him. He had no moustache, nor could he observe signs of the mole, mentioned; but in other respects he answered exactly the description given. In passing him again, he purposely stumbled against him.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he.

"G-g-ranted, sir; I think the f-fault was mine," was the reply, as Mr. Gerald moved away.

"It's the man," he said to his companion when they were out of hearing. "Keep your eye upon him till we near the gate, then leave me, and take a detective to my chambers at the bank, and keep him in the inner room, unless I ring the bell. I do not like this in Dorival, and he ought to be prosecuted. Personal feelings should be subservient to public duties where the justice and well-being of the world is concerned."

"We can't afford to lose Dorival's business," said the junior, with a keen eye to profits.

"I know," was the rejoinder, "and shall act as desired; but I do not like it. Here he is again. Now, use speed, and I will devise some means of bringing him." Then he added, aloud, "Good morning."

"I trust I did not hurt Mons—you, sir," said the stranger, opening a conversation Mr. Gerald was puzzling himself to find a pretext for, and sauntering up with a simper.

"Not in the least," said Mr. Gerald, nodding and changing his side from right to left, ostensibly for the purpose of speaking to some one; but in reality the better to observe his companion and look for the mole. The hair was so arranged as to hide the left ear and part of the cheek.

There were many speculations as to Gerald's intercourse with a stranger whom half the members present had been ridiculing, and whose appearance there at all was an enigma; but still that gentleman walked up and down by his side, endeavouring to discover the sign which would prove his identity.

The wind freshened, and "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good;" so, after turning over a few hats, and leading their owners some pretty games at "Follow my leader," or, rather, "my hat," the friendly wind lifted the tuft of hair from Jules Dorival's cheek, and displayed the egg-shaped mole, to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Gerald. Again the stranger relieved him of introducing a difficult matter:

"I have some Frankfort bills I want discounted," said Jules, blushing up to his brow.

"If you will call at our office we will look at them," said Mr. Gerald.

"What address?"

"Number twenty-four— Oh I am going down, and you can walk with me," Gerald replied, hurriedly; for he had nearly betrayed himself, and of course he would know and avoid the house Dorival dealt with.

The stranger very readily fell into his views, and the two walked away together. But when they reached the door—over which was written "Gerald, Gerald, and Co.—he changed from red to white and back again, looking round for a street by which he might escape; but there not being one, he pleaded a previously forgotten appointment.

Mr. Gerald turned round and said, planting himself before the path he was starting on, "Jules Dorival, I must speak with you. Come in. Don't make a disturbance here."

The person he addressed was evidently astonished to find himself known, and entered reluctantly into the banker's chamber; where he was still more afraid on observing the gentleman in whose company he had just seen Gerald, and who now whispered to his principal and then left them alone.

"Y—ou've made a mistake, sir," stammered the duped clerk; "my name's not Doreval."

"Your name is Jules Dorival, late of the Frankfort Bank. Here is a description of your appearance. Have you not an egg-shaped mole below the left ear? There it is," said Gerald, raising the hair of the wondering ex-clerk; "and here is a list of the bills you desire me to discount. Is it not so?"

The stern unflinching manner of his accuser, the suddenness of the charge, and a guilty conscience were too much; and after a feeble attempt to stammer out a denial, was interrupted by Mr. Gerald's taking up a bell and adding:

"I have but to ring this, and an officer of justice will appear."

Jules Dorival admitted all, and produced the missing documents, pleading for mercy.

When he had delivered them all (and there were more than the advertised number) the banker added:

"It is well for you that I have not the absolute power of showing or withholding mercy from you; and it is little credit to the house of Dorival that you are to go at large. Are you willing to go to Australia?"

"I will go anywhere to hide my disgrace."

"Then be ready to-morrow, and, by your too lenient, unjust uncle's command, which it does not suit me to disobey, you will go free, and with four hundred pounds. But if you are found here longer than necessary for an outfit, you will yet be prosecuted. To-morrow, when I have gone through these bills, present that order at the counter yonder, and you will have the money. Now begone."

He was about to reply, but the unwavering frowning face of Mr. Gerald made him glad to pass through the open door without a word.

That night the recovered bills were sent off to M. Dorival, with an exact account of the entire affair from Mr. Gerald's own pen, and a strong reproof against this "mistaken generosity," as he chose to term it. That night too, after bank hours, Mr. Gerald received a note, the contents of which were as follows:

"SIR,—There is a vessel starting for Australia to-morrow, and by travelling to-night I may go with her; therefore, if you can pay me I will call to-night. Oh believe me it was my first crime, and I long to hide its remembrance for ever, by mingling honourably in the work of a new world. If you mention me to my uncle, say that I shall always pray God to bless him for his kindness and forgiveness of me, though I feel unworthy of it.

"Yours remorsefully,

"JULES DORIVAL."

Mr. Gerald despatched an answer to say he might have it, and an hour after paid the sum into his hands. He seemed so thoroughly repentant, that Mr. Gerald was induced to think less hardly of Dorival's overlooking it, and giving him a start in the world.

By return of mail came back the bills and a letter of inquiry from Dorival. We shall best explain its purport by an extract :

"We know nothing of these bills—they are forgeries—and cannot understand your letter. No clerk of ours has absconded! We never had one who bore the name of Dorival. You seem to answer a

letter we did not write, and also, we fear, to have paid an advice of the forged letter the sum of four hundred. We can only hope it is not so.

"Yours,
"M. DORIVAL."

But it was so. The firm of Gerald, Gerald, and Co. had been swindled.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MABEL LEE'S ILLNESS.

BY E. S. M.

(Author of "Scattered Seeds," "A Christmas Gathering," &c.).

It was a merry, joyous day at Fullerton, the day for the annual school festival, and the children of Fullerton were all in high spirits and most amiable tempers; for the weather was really summer weather, of the very best quality, quite suitable for an excursion into the country.

Once a treat was given to the National, Industrial, Infant, and other sets of school children, in the little town, which was but a few years ago only the hamlet of Fullerton. Vans were engaged, banners waved, flags floated, and a band played, as children and teachers all started off for a day in the woods, a pic-nic on a common, or any other thoroughly rural district affording sufficient accommodation, within a reasonable distance of Fullerton.

Fullerton itself was flat and unpicturesque—neither town nor country—and unprovided either with ruins or railway, to attract strangers to its neighbourhood. It could not even boast of an "old church," and the new one did not pretend to any particular style of architecture, but seemed rather a medley of the least ecclesiastical. The only buildings in the slightest degree attractive externally were the Old Manor House, where Squire Lee had lived as long as the oldest inhabitant could remember; and the new Vicarage, which had sprung up since the consecration of the church, and was of course the clergyman's residence.

In Fullerton Mrs. Thompson's "general shop" was the chief emporium for goods, including toys, stationery, grocery, and haberdashery; it was also the post-office, and much supported by the Squire, because Mrs. Thompson, when unmarried, had been a servant at the Manor.

The village of Bramley, only a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Thompson's, also sent a number of customers to her shop, particularly among the juvenile population, who considered

her "goodies" more delicately flavoured than those offered for sale in "widow Gann's" window, in company with tarts of doubtful complexion.

On the morning of the school festival Mrs. Thompson had enough to do to supply her numerous customers, who were laying in private stores of cakes, biscuits, Bonaparte's ribs, peppermints, and fruit; others, principally boys, rushed in, before joining the "procession," for ha'porths of string, peg-tops, balls, and such like; the evening before having been already devoted by the elder girls to the selecting of new bonnet ribbons, and purchase of clean caps to do honour to the excursion day.

All Fullerton was alive on such occasions, instead of being half-asleep—its usual condition—for the shopkeepers and labourers of the place had nearly all some personal interest in the groups of happy children, assembled on the "green" and forming into orderly ranks, before their accustomed march up and down the High-street, and round by the church and the old Manor House.

Let us take a peep at the Fullerton juveniles, now that I have told you the cause of all the excitement. The miller's Joe and Bob, the baker's eldest of six steady-going and not very bright boys; take the lead, beating a banner upon which a "griffin rampart" is displayed, looking fierce enough to scare away all enemies—and "That's my Frank carrying the flag with St. George and the Dragon," said one proud father, who had "struck o'rk" till the "yung-uns" were away out of the town "Don't St. George look beautiful? Miss Mabel's own work, poor dear—I wish she could see my lad carrying it though." "Aye, aye, neighbour, that's what all the town wish, that it dee," was the response from Mrs. Smith, washerwoman in ordinary to the Manor, who paused for a moment or two, with her linen-basket, so as not to put the "procession" out. "And there's our Polly," she added, with increased energy, her face, if possible, gaining an extra flush of excitement; "bless the lass, how she do grow, and looking as ahy and as pretty as need be, in the print-frock Miss Mabel made for her

with her own hands; I washed it myself, and the colour's quite fast I warrant; she had it down from town a-purpose. Ah! the little ones 'll miss her to-day, that they will; she always plays with them so nat'ral like, just as if it pleased herself."

"Au, that she do, m. Mrs. Smith, good day to you," said another anxious mother, who had just found time to take a peep at the show, and joined the little group blocking up Mrs. Thompson's door-step. It was a corner shop, and commanded a view not only of the High-street but the "green" outside the town, at the extreme end of which stood the Old Manor House.

Then came the band, sounding vigorously, if not always harmoniously, above the tramp-tramp of the eager little footsteps.

"What's it stopped for?" inquired Peggy Rudd, the last comer of the bystanders. "Nothing wrong sure?"

"May-be, Peggy, they're waiting to know how she is, you know; Miss Nelson has just been over to the parson's; I see her coming along; yes, that's what it is, she's speaking to our Bessie, and the music wouldn't play up so near the great house, you know, it hu'd bother her may be."

"Ah, sure, Miss Mabel's room's to the front," answered the laundress; "so they're all coming this way again; I thought they didn't ought to go tramping past there. But I'll have a word with Polly before they gets to the vans; so good-day," and Mrs. Smith and her linen-basket took their departure.

Peggy went to learn from "our Bessie" the latest news from the little invalid; but as Miss Nelson, her governess, has to make some purchases at the "general shop," and knows rather more about Mabel Lee than "our Bessie" even, we will bid adieu to the happy excursionists, and listen to the conversation over the counter, as Mrs. Thompson puts up the arrow-root, tea, sugar, and "sundries" which Miss Nelson required.

"And how is young Miss, to-day, ma'am, please—any better?"

"Not worse, certainly," replied Miss Nelson, cheerfully, "and we must be content with that for the present; indeed she has been rather too much excited, thinking about the children's holiday; and, considering how little sleep she had in consequence, I am surprised that she is not worse this morning."

"Poor dear! she's always that ready to think of others, bless her happy face!" said Mrs. Thompson, weighing out another pound of sugar. "I shall be glad when she's about again. Do you think that will ever be, ma'am?" she inquired, doubtfully.

"I do not lose heart," said Miss Nelson; "but in her present weak state we must not be too sanguine of a speedy recovery. But there's Mr. Lee to be thought of, too; I know he has a chat with you sometimes, when he comes to post his letters, Mrs. Thompson; so mind you try

and cheer him, and make him hope for the best. He has little to live for now but Miss Mabel."

"Ah! poor master" (Mrs. Thompson still called him by the old name when speaking of him to "the family")—poor master, I do hope that blow will be spared him; but"—and Mrs. Thompson shook her head dolefully, apparently considering it incumbent upon her not to be as cheerful and hopeful as Miss Nelson; indeed she almost doubted that lady's great love for her charge, because she so resolutely made the best of the very serious attack of illness from which Mabel was just then suffering.

"Come, no gloomy buts, Mrs. Thompson, and don't forget where all these little presents are to go. As Mabel cannot take them herself this year; she thought you would like the pleasure of giving them in her name. There is a list of the people who are to have them; and remember," she added, in a lower tone, "remember to tell all who ask after her, that she is quite happy, and willing to live or to die, as God sees best."

"Aye, that I know she is, Miss Nelson sweet, lamb!" added Mrs. Thompson, as the governess turned away. "All Fullerton will miss her when she's taken home, and whatever Miss Nelson or Dr. Moore may say, I know what I think: it's a bad case—a very bad case—eight weeks to-morrow since she was taken, and never out of her room all this time!"

Shall we take a glance at the sick-room, where Mabel is dozing on a couch, her grandfather seated beside her, keeping watch till Miss Nelson's return? Very thin and wasted she looked, dark rims are beneath those closed eyelids; her once plump cheeks are sunken and colourless, save for the bright, hectic fever spots, which tell of recent excitement; and her beautiful long curls are all gone now, cut off to cool her throbbing head. Mabel Lee is very ill, and she knows it, but is patient and gentle still, grateful for all the kindness shown, and the loving care which surrounds her; perfectly happy, even though Dr. Moore thinks it very doubtful whether she will ever be quite strong and well again. She is just thirteen, and has lived all her short life at Fullerton, loving and beloved, not only because she is good Squire Lee's grandchild and sole remaining relative, but for the sake of her own loving, docile nature. She makes friends with all the Fullerton children, high or low; is a frequent visitor at the Fullerton schools, and a constant sharer in and promoter of their holiday amusements. Only last Christmas there had been a most magnificent Christmas-tree at the old Manor House, with gifts for every child in the neighbourhood, all selected by Mabel and her great friend, Jessie Bird, the Vicar's daughter. Jessie was only a year older than Mabel, and the one, of all others, she best loved, next to her kind grandpapa and Miss Nelson.

This lady, now her governess and principal companion, had been at school with Mabel's mother, and was also well known to old Mr. Lee when a young girl; so she was quite

like a relation, and no one could have better supplied a mother's place to the little orphan. She entered the room very gently; Mabel did not open her eyes or move.

"She seems very tired to-day, do you think her worse?" inquired Mr. Lee, anxiously, as Miss Nelson bent down to look at the sleeper.

"She will be better I trust when she awakes, she scarcely slept all night from excitement—a very little thing excites her now, she is so weak. She was so anxious about the children, and hoping it would be fine for them; perhaps, too, she regrets not being with them, as usual."

"Aye, true; dear child! it must be a great disappointment. Have they gone from the Vicarage, my dear?"

"Yes, sir; Jessie wished very much to stay at home, or, rather, to come here and spend the afternoon; but I persuaded her that it was a greater kindness to Mabel, for her to go and enjoy herself as much as possible, and tell her all about the children afterwards."

Mabel opened her eyes just then, and, seeing Miss Nelson, was eager to know how all her commissions had been executed, and what was the latest Fullerton news.

So Mr. Lee went away to gather some of the choicest flowers from his conservatory for Mabel's room; and Miss Nelson, having given her some cooling drink, opened the window, that the summer air might refresh the room, and sat down to tell her all that she had done in her half-hour's absence.

"Thank you, dear Miss Nelson, I ought to be a very grateful girl, with so many kind friends and so many people to ask after me. It is almost worth while being ill, to find out who cares for me."

"Do not talk and excite yourself, my darling, you may be as grateful as you please when you get stronger. I want you to be looking better when Dr. Moore calls this afternoon; he will scold me if I let you talk so much; so for my sake, dear, you really must keep quiet."

"What else am I to do, when you will not let me read the least bit?" she asked, smiling. "I have plenty of sleep, but I must be awake sometimes, and only think of my being thoroughly idle for eight whole weeks. Oh, Miss Nelson, what a useless life!"

"Eight weeks is but a small part of a lifetime, Mabel dear; some have to lie useless, as you call it, for years."

"I know, I know," said Mabel, quickly; "I am not complaining, only thinking how difficult it all seems. Were you ever ill, as ill as I am, Miss Nelson?" asked Mabel, suddenly.

"Once only in my life, in actual danger I believe, dear, when I was a very, very little girl, much younger than yourself."

"Then you must tell me all about it. Oh! do, and I will be quite quiet, and only listen. Did you feel very ill?"

"I don't remember much about my actual feelings, dear child; but I recollect being kept in a darkened room, and often quite by myself; very

likely somebody was nearer to me than I imagined; but I, too, had to be kept very quiet. My chief amusement was repeating "I'd be a butterfly," and other scraps of poetry, or rather rhyme, which I had learned, till I fell asleep; for I slept quite as much as you do, Mabel. And often when I awoke again I saw my dear mamma and papa crying by my bedside, as I suppose that they thought me very ill, though they did not tell me that I was likely to die. Sometimes when I was only half-asleep I could hear my nurses and the servants discussing my case in a very mournful manner."

"Poor little child," said Mabel, "you must have thought it a very dreadful thing to go to Heaven. I am glad you are not always crying, although I know you love me very dearly, and would not like me to leave you just yet."

"Not for my own sake, my Mabel, certainly, and that is why I want you to do all that Dr. Moore tells you—take your medicine, for instance; see, it is quite time," Miss Nelson replied, pouring out the table-spoonful, "to be taken every hour."

"Had you to take such disagreeable stuff as this?" inquired Mabel, laughing, as she returned the empty glass to her governess.

"I think not, for the medicine of which alone I retain any recollection was very nice indeed, and I often cried for more than it was good for me to have."

"What could it have been?"

"I asked Dr. Moore only the other day, as I was curious myself about it, and he said it was most likely antimony wine, which children often think pleasant."

"And what was your illness?"

"Oh! never mind the name; indeed, if you ask any more questions I shall leave off altogether. You must let me go on just as if I were out of a book, and if you fall asleep whilst I am talking, all the better."

"You will be surprised when I tell you the first thing I remember eating with any relish, as I was getting better, was a potato lamb."

"Oh! Miss Nelson, I must just ask what kind of thing that was? Which was real, the lamb, or the potato?"

"The potato was the reality; it was mashed and put into a mould, then turned out "lamb fashion," with two cloves for its eyes."

"Did you get well soon?" whispered Mabel. Miss Nelson put her hand upon the little questioner's mouth, to prevent further inquiries, as she answered—

"I was weak for a long time, so weak that I could not walk, and my parents both thought I must be shamming; so I was carried, one day, out of my own room into mamma's, where I was put on my feet and propped up against the bed, holding fast with both hands by the counterpane all the time. I remember they told me to "leave go, and run to them, holding out a bunch of grapes to tempt me."

"And what did you do?"

"I did as I was bidden—let go my hold,

fell flat on my face and hurt my nose," added Miss Nelson. "And now, dear, not another word; I am going to read, and you to sleep, I hope."

"You are not going out of the room, Miss Nelson dear?"

"No, only to this open window."

When Dr. Moore came again late that afternoon, he found Mabel better; but she was still "to be kept very quiet, and not to attempt any exertion." *Very quiet* it always seemed in that sick-room; and although Mabel acquiesced cheerfully, she could not help wondering how long she was to be so very quiet and idle.

The next morning there was a still greater improvement in Dr. Moore's young patient, and she was well enough to enjoy a brief visit from her friend Jessie, who was the bearer of a beautiful bunch of wild flowers, which all the school children had assisted in gathering and Jessie had arranged. "They send it, dear Mabel, with their grateful love and best wishes for your recovery," said her friend.

"How kind they all are, Jessie! God is very good to me," was the only answer Mabel could make.

Weeks went by, and the summer had given

place to autumn; it was early in September, and once more all Fullerton was in excitement about a school festival—this was an unusual and unexpected one, but none the less welcome to the joyous groups clustering round the entrance to the Old Manor House. There are plenty of eager, happy young faces, looking out expectantly towards the London-road. What is it that has caused such a sensation in this quiet town?

The news that Mabel Lee, who has been travelling abroad for some weeks, is coming home to-day, with the old Squire and Miss Nelson! Jessie Bird has had a letter to say that she is quite strong and well again now, and the Vicar has given a general holiday, that amongst the first to welcome her home may be the school children of Fullerton. The carriage is in sight at last, just on the rise of the hill, and the little ones are becoming more and more excited, though Jessie and her father try to keep order, and the housekeeper at the Manor puts the finishing touch to the loaded tea-tables in the meadow (spread, not for the travellers, but for the children awaiting them), just in time—only just in time, for in another minute a prolonged and hearty hurrah proclaimed the fact of Mabel's return to the Old Manor House.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MRS. BROWNING'S GREAT POEM.

For a long time past we have promised ourselves the pleasure of giving a sketch of "Aurora Leigh," the greatest of Mrs. Browning's poems, and, in original thoughts and illustrations of deep and holy truths and lofty sentiments, perhaps the grandest poem of the Century. We say this while fully admitting many of the objections urged in its disparagement. The story is unnatural; the principal characters are exaggerated creations of poetic fancy, mixing the sacred fires of genius with just enough of the common clay of humanity to make figures resembling women and men, but which are not the actual people of this world. Grant this manner of portraying personages to the authors, and we are filled with admiration at the results. What marvellous trains of thought! What wonderful pictures of life in all its varieties of action! The condensation of meanings, the originality of ideas, the versatility, richness, and aptness of language are unrivalled. How pale and insignificant are the beauties of contemporary poems beside the living, moving,

teaching descriptions of Aurora Leigh, which embody forth the soul, the mind, and the heart of Mrs. Browning! The story is neither mysterious nor complicated. The life of Aurora Leigh, which she narrates, was early clouded with sorrow. She was the only child of an "austere Englishman," who, while travelling in Italy, fell passionately in love with and married a beautiful Florentine maiden. His wife died, and Aurora was left an "unmothered little child of four years old" to the sole care and love of her father for "full nine years," when he, too, died. Then the orphan was sent to England, to be brought up and educated by his maiden sister. Aurora had been the pupil, companion, and idol of her father; he had taught her

All the ignorance of men,
And how God laughs in heaven when any man
Says, "Here I'm learned; this I understand;
In that I'm never caught at fault or doubt!"

Her father's virtues and the clinging, venerated love of his lonely child to his image in her heart, are felt in many passages of pathetic beauty which no elegiac poetry has ever sur-

passed. Then we have the trials of her English training under the supervision of her maiden aunt, who had lived

A harmless life, she called a virtuous life ;
A quiet life, which was not life at all ;
A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,
Accounting that to leap from perch to perch
Was art and joy enough for any bird.

Such was Aurora's "father's sister," whose real love for him was not so strong as her hatred for the "foreign woman" he had married; therefore her great aim was to crush out from the heart and speech of their daughter all Italian words and idols. The family inheritance, forfeited by her father because of his marriage with a "foreign woman," was lost to Aurora; it had passed to a second cousin, Romney Leigh. He is a young man of pattern excellence in private life, but in his political opinions and philosophical theories a Reformer of the most exaggerated opinions, nearly if not quite a follower of Fourier and a believer in *Compte*. He was also Quixotic in generosity, and felt that his possession of the Leigh estates was a great wrong to his cousin Aurora; so he fell deeply in love with her, and urged his suit with passionate fervour, as the true way of happiness for both, and making all things right. Aurora was as proud and quite as positive in her own opinions as Romney in his. She refused his love, and resisted his purpose of restoring her, through her aunt, thirty thousand pounds of the property. Aurora fancied that Romney did not appreciate the dignity nor the genius of woman; so she resolved, after the death of her aunt, who had no property of her own to bequeath except

A few books and a pair of shawls,

to go to London and gain support and renown by her writings. She was a poetess in her own right, or rather by the endowment of God, and she knew her gift. She was and is Mrs. Browning's earnest soul in Aurora's drapery. Aurora had faith in Christ, and her feminine insight had appropriated His spiritual truth that "man does not live by bread alone," he must have Divine aid; that the human soul must be enlightened to know and love the true good, or the mere alms that keep alive the body do not nourish and raise humanity. She expresses this earnestly to her cousin Romney, when he is urging her to marry him and work with him in his Socialistic plans of benevolence. She says—

"I hold you will not compass your poor ends
Of barley-feeding and material ease
Without a poet's individualism
To work your universal. It takes a soul
To move a body: it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses—even to a cleaner sty:
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
The dust of the actual. Ah, you Fouriers fail
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within.

Romney Leigh, however, was not only not con-

vinced by her reasoning, but her rejection of his suit increased his fanaticism, and he determined to marry "a daughter of the people," one from the lowest caste of English life, in order to demonstrate the folly and wrong of artificial distinctions in society. The young girl, Marian Erle, whose pitiable story and dove-like innocence half win us to rejoice that she is to be thus exalted, deserts Romney Leigh at the wedding hour, and absolves him from his engagement. The affair is surrounded with mystery which in its development is shocking. We consider this the blot of the book, and wish the poetess had invented a less terrible catastrophe. Doubtless Mrs. Browning thought it a clear way of showing that virtue is lovely and respectable under all circumstances; that no soil can remain upon her, no ignominy disgrace her. There is truly a noble dignity and disinterestedness in poor Marian's love and life which make her interesting; but the deep pity her great wrong awakens is akin to horror, and far more distressing than any sorrow over the dead. It was on Aurora's twentieth birthday that Romney Leigh made his offer of marriage to her, as she thought, because he wanted "a wife to help his ends"—some of which she enumerated as follows:—

"He might cut

My body into coins to give away
Among his paupers; he might change my sons,
While I stood dumb as Griseld, for black babes
Or piteous foundlings; might unquestioned set
My right hand teaching in the Ragged Schools,
My left hand washing in the Public Baths,
What time my angel of the Ideal stretched
Both his to me in vain!"

And so she turned to her books, wrote her poems, and strove to do good in her own way. Ten years passed, they met again in Florence. It was evening. She had gained fame, friends, the means of independent living, and of doing good. He had failed in his philosophic plans (as all Socialistic plans do fail), and lost his sight in his exertions for the benefit of the miserable, who would not be helped in his way. But we will let them explain. Aurora said—

"I'm thinking, cousin, of a far-off June,
When you and I, upon my birth-day once
Discours'd of Life and Art, with both untried.
I'm thinking, Romney, how 'twas morning then,
And now 'tis night."

"Yes," he said, "'tis night.

* * * * *

How dark I stood that morning in the sun,
My best Aurora, though I saw your eyes—
When first you told me—oh, I recollect
The words, and how you lifted your white hands,
And how your white dress and your burnished
curls
Went greatetime round you in the still, blue air,
As if the inspiration from within
Had blown them all out when you spoke the
same—
'You will not compass your poor ends, not
you!'

I'm ready for confusion; I was wrong,
I've sorely failed, I've clipped the ends of life;
I yield; you have conquered."

"Stay," I answered him;
"I've something for your hearing also—I;
Have failed too."

"You!" he said, "you're very great;
The sadness of your greatness fits you well,
As if the plume upon a hero's casque
Should nod a shadow on his victor face."
I took him up anxiously—"You have read
My book, but not my heart; for the rest,
Look here, sir; I was right upon the whole,
That birth-day morning. 'Tis impossible
To get at men excepting through their souls;
However open their carnivorous jaws,
The soul's the way. Not even Christ himself
Can save man else than as he holds the soul,
We both were wrong that June day—both as
wrong

As an east wind had been. I, who talked of Art,
And you, who grieved for all men's grief; what
then?

We surely made too small a part for God
In these things, Romney. Though we fail, in-
deed,

You—I—a score of such weak workers—He
Falls never. If He cannot work by us,
He surely will work over us."

"Could we sit
Just so forever, sweetest friend," he said,
"My failure would be better than success.
Oh, cousin, let us be content in work
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because 'tis little. Harken, dear,
There's too much abstract willing, purposing
In this poor world. We talk by aggregates,
And think by systems; and, being used to face
Our evils in statistics, are inclined
To cap them with unreal remedies,
Drawn out in haste on the other side the scale."

"That's true," I answered, fain to throw up
thought

And make a game of it. "Oh, we generalise
Enough to please you. If we pray at all,
We pray no longer for our daily bread,
But next centenary's harvest. If we give,
Our cup of water is not tendered till
We lay down pipes and found a Company
With Branches. As an angel, 'tis the same;
A woman cannot do the thing she ought,
Which means whatever perfect thing she can
In life, in art, in science, but she fears
To let the perfect action take her part
And rest there; she must prove what she can do
Before she does it—prate of woman's rights,
Of woman's mission, woman's function, till
The men (who are prating too, on their side)
cry—

"A woman's function plainly is—to talk."
Poor souls, they are very reasonably vexed!
They cannot hear each other speak."

"And you,
An artist, judge so?"

"I, an artist, yes,
Because, precisely, I'm an artist, sir,
And woman; if another sate in sight,
I'd whisper—Soft, my sister, not a word!
By speaking we prove only we can speak:
Which he, the man here, never doubted. What
He doubts is whether we can do the thing

With decent grace we have not done at all:
Now do it! Bring your statue, you have room!"
"It is the age's mood,"
He said; "we boast and do not."

We have not room for more extracts here; but
hope these glimpses of the story will induce
those who love the memory of the poetess to
read this great poem attentively. It ends hap-
pily and in the usual way of romance. The
originality we claim for Mrs. Browning is cer-
tainly not to be found in these incidents, not in
the meagre love-story, which is ill-constructed,
and has been told a thousand times in verse
and prose of different merit. *Everything but
the story* is original: the ideas, the illustrations,
the manner of description, the trains of thought,
the wit, the eloquence, the language even. Mrs.
Browning thinks and feels as though inspired by
the beauty and holiness of Truth, and writes as
though she sought only to express, in the fear-
less and passionate language of Genius, her *real*
thoughts and feelings. Other poets have the
elegancies of literature and classicalities of col-
leges so ornamenting their lines, that the ori-
ginal spark is only a feeble twinkle; the result
is sweetness, prettiness, and, according to poetic
rules, greater perfectness; but not the strength,
power, and soul-compelling poetry of "Aurora
Leigh." Compare this poem with "The
Princess" or the "Idyls of the King;" both
works beautifully rich in that musical "strange
of words" which no writer except Mr. Tennyson
can raise; and see, in the images of life and
truth, in the anticipations of faith and hope, in
the *real worth* of true principles to guide, and
noble desires to purify humanity, how inferior
are those great poems of the English Laureate
to this grand poem of Mrs. Browning. It is not
that the woman is original from ignorance of
the deep fountains of antiquity, far from it; her
scholarship has never been disputed; but her
own inspirations quite surmount the classic
nurture study afforded her. She does not equal,
much less imitate, the subtlety, delicacy, and
exquisite grace of language which characterise
the poetry of Mr. Tennyson; but in power, path,
and pathos she is the superior. We think,
when remembering her delicate organisation,
refinement of mind and feeling, and the sweet
womanliness of her character; while we read her
strong, stirring vigorous verse, we think of the
"angels that excel in strength." It is a very
hard matter to make extracts from a book that
has such bright excellences on every page; the
selections given are not the best specimens, be-
cause we aimed at illustrating the story, not
displaying its gems. But the work of mor-
tals is never perfect; we are compelled to
point out one great fault; there is a mistake in
"Aurora Leigh," a mistake, affecting the whole
truth of Bible History and the sacredness of
the Decalogue. It struck us on our first read-
ing, soon after the poem appeared; it was so
strange, so utterly unaccountable, that we felt
sure Mrs. Browning would see it, and revise
the text; this was not done, nor has a single

critic or reviewer, to our knowledge, ever noticed the mistake. Has it passed unobserved? Then we should infer that the poetess was not alone in her ignorance or misconstruction of the sacred text. This, too, is very strange. Mrs. Browning has ignored the Sabbath by making the work of creation continue through the seven days, God had no rest in her version, because the human pair were made on the "last day" of the week; thus—

"Seven days' work,

The last day shutting 'twixt its dawn and eve,
The whole world, hattered, of the previous six!
Since God collated and resumed in man
The armaments, the strains, and the lights,
Fish, fowl, and beast, and insect—all these trains
Of various life caught back upon His arm,
Reorganized and constituted MAN,
The microcosm; the adding up of works;
Within whose fluttering nostrils, then at last,
Consummating Himself, the Maker sighed,
As some strong winner at the foot-race sighs
Touching the goal."

[Page 203 American edition, Book Stark, Hne 152, etc.

EXPERIENCE OF FACTORY LIFE. By Mary Merryweather. (London: Emily Faithfull and Co., Great Cornam-street.)—Although announced as a third edition, we are told that this little work (the interest and value of which must not be estimated by its size or appearance) has never really been published before. A few copies have been struck off on two former occasions, and disposed of at the office of the "English-woman's Journal," but in a regular way this is its first appearance; and, after carefully perusing it, we hope that it may meet with the attention it deserves, and which the subject for its own sake merits. An earnest, and well-written preface, by Miss B. R. Parkes, introduces Miss Merryweather's personal experience of fourteen years' work at Mr. Courtland's silk-mills, at Halstead, Essex. Not hand-work be it remembered, but the work of moral and social supervision of the hundreds of women and girls engaged in the factory, Miss Merryweather appears to have been especially fitted for her self-sought task. The principal of the Halstead Mills, alive to the duties of employers, and anxious for the improvement of his people (of whom the greater number are women), was looking about for some lady who would undertake to read and lecture to them, and thus turn to their advantage the overtime which the operation of the ten-hours' bill left on the hands of the factory-girls, without much wisdom as to how to employ it. A wish expressed on Miss Merryweather's part led to her engagement (which has continued for fourteen years) and in these pages we have the account of her successes and failures, in the endeavour to educate, and as far as possible mitigate the unnatural condition of women in factories, taken from the "school and the cottage, from tending the cradle, the husband, the aged parent—in fact, from all the peculiar

duties and loves of their womanly natures." Schools in factories, now the rule, were, at the period when the author commenced her mission at Halstead, rare enough. Her first step was to educate—not in the ordinary acceptance of the term, which fills the head, and leaves the heart barren, but thus:

To introduce moral questions, I found simple biographies very useful. For the same purpose, I would get them to help me tell a long story of the loves and education of a hero and heroine of their own choosing; in the course of which we went into all the domestic particulars of the cottage, worked little sums on the black board, and, in fact, pictured their life very minutely; I receiving from my pupils much of the current opinions and feelings of their class and circumstances, and infusing what I saw they could take of a more advanced state.

In this way we can imagine the mind and feelings of the listeners would be exercised, good principles awakened, evil ones pointed out, and, it may be, exorcised. Lectures upon the laws of health; on plants; on natural history, were, amongst Miss Merryweather's other pleasant teachings, introduced, and most successfully. Two of her earliest scholars, we are told, are now valuable teachers; the one in a National School, the other in the British Girl's and Infant School at Halstead. But the most difficult task of all was the attempt, by means of a Factory Home for the unmarried women, to stem the evils arising from bad accommodation in the overcrowded cottages and common lodging-houses, and to supply, in some sort, the want of home-training and parental surveillance, which, owing to removal from it at an early age, or the mother's enforced neglect of her housewifely and maternal duties, was so conspicuous in most of them. Of the nineteen that were persuaded to take advantage of it the first year (the largest number of inmates during the seven it existed),

Some of them did not know how to make a bed, or do anything tidily in the house. Some were very clean, others provokingly dirty, and without any principle as to taking care of the property of others, though often reminded of their duty in that direction. In fact, it is no wonder—since we know how far selfishness rules the world—that these poor uneducated factory-girls had their full share; making it an almost hopeless task to try and infuse amongst them the true home spirit, or get them in any way to work for the commonwealth.

Who can wonder at this? which is much as if, cutting off the root of a tree (which the factory system had done to the roots of home-affections and feelings), we should expect it, by artificial supports and much watering, to grow and bring forth blossoms. The Home failed, in spite of all the earnest, loving efforts of the talented and energetic principal.

Much was done; but it was done at an amazing expenditure, not only of money, but of patience, anxiety, and, at times, of deepest sorrow, since all

this seemed to call forth nothing but heartless selfishness.

Besides the Schools and Adult Classes, an Institute, Factory Kitchen, the Home, an Infant Nursery, an Amusement Society, and Sick Fund were included in the scheme for the improvement of the Halstead mill-hands. Of these the Home, as we have said, the Nursery, and the Amusement Society "have been relinquished; but the others are still at work." Added to these, about a year and a half ago, some of the most intelligent of the workmen commenced a Co-operative Society, which promises, through their earnest and honest industry, to prove a success. Miss Merryweather accepts such societies as a proof of advance in the workmen's condition:

They necessitate saving, and lead to ready-money purchases, besides stimulating business habits and unselfish exertions.

Here, then, is a field for the employment of educated women, who, provided they carry with them to their task of improving the moral and social, as well as physical condition of women engaged in factory-labour (in the language of Miss Parkes), "a certain share of mental and physical force" and "a cheerful, trusting spirit," but above all, we think, abounding sympathy and a loving heart, may hope to do much good, and, by training the affections, help to place a barrier between the unmitigated and increasing evils of the factory system to the home and women.

THE CHANNINGS: A DOMESTIC NOVEL OF REAL LIFE. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," &c. (London: Bentley).—Though perhaps adding little to the reputation which Mrs. Wood earned as the author of "East Lynne," it will, at least, detract nothing from it. The portraits of the different members of the Channing family are all well drawn and lifelike; and we may say the same of the Yorke family. It is really no love-story, as all the interest turns upon one or two matters of an entirely different nature, the most important of them the theft of a bank note; but the closing chapter gives us one actual wedding, and another in prospect. The story is ingeniously constructed, and the reader must be very good at guessing indeed who suspects the dénouement before it comes.

AGNES OF SORRENTO. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Minister's Wooing," &c.—This is a story of Italy several centuries back, and has been written mainly, we believe, in illustration of the Roman Catholic religion as the author views it. It is full of poetic language, rich descriptions, and chaste sentiments; though one who reads only for the sake of the story will occasionally tire at its dilatoriness, as it "drags its slow length along" sometimes almost beyond one's patience.

We say this, however, in warning only to the cursory reader; for those who admire *fine* writing and much sentiment, and have leisure to enjoy them, will be richly rewarded by the perusal of this book.

THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND: A STORY OF THE COAST OF MAINE. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "The Minister's Wooing," "Agnes of Sorrento," &c.—We have found time only to glance through this work, but this hasty glance has been sufficient to assure us that it is a creditable production. The scene of the story is on the coast of Maine, and the people who take part in it are New Englanders, which are represented with that faithfulness a life among them has enabled Mrs. Stowe to acquire.

MODERN METRE.—(London: Tait and Co., Ave Maria Lane.) We do not know whether the projector, or the verse-writing members of the population, or the verse-tortured editors of the periodical press, are most to be congratulated on the existence of this "medium for the poets of the day." We are only too happy to find it taking a periodical form, and promising to appear monthly. The taste of the editor is very catholic, the receptive powers of the publication omnivorous, and accordingly we find the sentimental and the comic, tragedy and *jeu d'esprit* in juxtaposition. As a nursery for metrical writers, we believe in its utility and consequent existence. If we had any doubts upon the subject, the present part would cause us to reject them; for much more than mere rhyme is evident in several of the contributions. Take "The Night Corncrake," which, in spite of one false rhyme—"not" does not rhyme to "sought"—is original in thought and quaint in conception. Again "The Door's on the Latch," though crudely written and only half-expressed, is full of true poetic feeling, and gives us hope of more perfect poetry from Byron Webber. While "The Mother's Prayer" is full of sweetness and pathetic earnestness. Once more we heartily wish "good speed" to "Modern Metre" and its many clients.

PUBLICATIONS.

MAGNET STORIES: NO MAN'S LAND. By Thomas Millar. (London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster-row.)—True to their title, the attraction of this pretty series of juvenile stories continues undiminished. In the current number, the author's name is a sufficient promise of the pleasantness of its contents, and, to all the little girls of our acquaintance who love boating with their brothers on quiet rivers, and all the boys who know how to handle a fishing-rod or sink a line, we promise a real feast in these pleasant pages. No one knows better than

Thomas Millar how to sketch rustic or river-side pictures with pen and ink, so we can almost see the plummy reeds waving and nodding on the shores of "No Man's Land," and hear the shrill cry of the tufted plover amongst the trees and bushes that grew upon the island. Moreover, every boy can learn for himself the lessons that old Peter the fisherman gave little Jack, touching bait and hooks and eel traps, &c.; for Peter had built himself a hut upon the island, and was, in fact, the sole inhabitant of "No Man's Land" till on the death of Jack's mother he took the poor orphan lad to live with him. But here we are actually telling the story, which would be quite unfair to the writer of it. So much as we should like to describe all the beauties of the island: the forget-me-nots that grew blue and bright at the bottom of the steep creek bank; the great clusters of marsh-marigold that reflected their large round golden-coloured cups in the water; or the huge dragon flies, as long as a bird, that spread out their gauze-like wings while hovering over the white water-lilies that grew in the creek, we must leave to our young readers the pleasure of seeking them for themselves.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. (19, Langham-place, Regent-street. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row).—The August number of the journal opens with a reprint of a paper, read at the recent meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, on the "Official Employment of Women in Works of Charity," by which the writer tells us he means "professional employment under definite and recognised conditions; such ministration being for the time the fixed and stated occupation of life, as opposed to the voluntary and occasional occupation in charitable service, which every right-minded person endeavours to combine with the business of life. An interesting *résumé* of the Life of Madame de Staël follows, and the Report of the Society for the Employment of Women fills a page or two. As far as figures go, Miss Rye, who fills "ably and gratuitously" the post of emigration agent, appears to have done most towards lightening the numbers of the unemployed at home. The gem of the number, in a literary sense, is a paper entitled "Our Fountain," by E. M. Elliot: a paper full of reflected life and motion, at once picturesque and graphic. The hopeless "Annals of Needlewomen" are continued, and offer, in their sad details, the strongest protest against the occupation as a source of livelihood. The scheme of the "Vassar Female College" is hopeful for the future, but painfully out of joint with the present state of things in America. We can only hope that the benevolent founder's prayer may be realized, and that he may live "to see the institution in successful operation." A letter from Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell informs

us that she is desirous of being able to offer an English bed in the infirmary, under her own and sister's management, at New York, where numbers of poor Englishwomen are constantly arriving. Mrs. Bodichon, of No. 5, Blandford-square, London, will be happy to receive contributions for the purpose until the 15th Oct. The remainder of the journal is taken up with the usual notices, &c.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.

Amongst the many wonders exhibited from time to time in this practical school of art, in its relation to science, we notice the ingenious automatic electric light invented by M. V. Serrin, of Paris, which has been shown under a variety of circumstances at this institution—now burning in an atmosphere of carbonic acid—now under water, and in juxtaposition with ordinary candles, which in such company appear to give no light at all. The invention is exhibited in the French Department at the International Exhibition, among the *Instruments de précision*, and has been successfully used in Spain for carrying on railway works, which the heat obliges the people employed, to labour at of nights only. M. Serrin's plan overcomes the old difficulty in an electric light of keeping the two charcoal points at a constantly equal distance.

In Memoriam.

In the obituary of the *Times* of the 20th ult many misty eyes besides our own read the announcement of the death of ANNE CHARLOTTE BARTHOLOMEW, "poet and painter," wife of Valentine Bartholomew, flower-painter to the Queen, whose name has found a niche in the pages of "*Men of the Times*," and whose memory holds a living place in the hearts of those intimate friends to whom her amiability, genial disposition, and kindly heart warmly endeared her. In early life Mrs. Bartholomew had achieved considerable notice as a writer of lyrical and other poems; she also wrote some dramatic pieces, and various contributions for the periodicals. She was probably coming into literary life just as Mrs. Hoffland and Joanna Bailey were leaving it, and since that period had continued to mingle much in the literary and artistic society of the metropolis. Mrs. Bartholomew was grand-niece of the late Rev. John Thomas, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, and had been twice married.

LADIES' PAGE.

CHILD'S RUFF.

MATERIALS:—Half oz. white single Berlin wool; half oz. ditto coloured—blue or magenta make a pretty mixture; a pair of ivory needles, moderate size.

Cast on 130 stitches. Begin with coloured wool; knit purl and plain, until you have eight ribs; then do the same in white, making the plain part of the white correspond to the rib part of the blue; repeat till you have four stripes of each, cut off loosely, dropping every fifth stitch; then run your finger through each to the end. Sew it up loosely on the inside, and turn it. Make whatever wool you may have left into tassels, and sew them on.

ANOTHER, FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

MATERIALS:—Seven skeins of white wool, and seven of pretty rose colour. Boulton's tapered knitting-needles, No. 15.

With the white wool cast on 130 stitches, and knit a row. Purl the next; and knit and purl alternately six rows. Join on the coloured wool. Purl the first row, and knit the next. Repeat these alternately until six coloured rows are done. Do the two stripes alternately three times more, then cast off loosely, dropping every fourth stitch, and subsequently undoing it to the foundation. Sew the edges together, and draw up the ends.

THE TASSELS.—Take some white wool, and also coloured, and wind together round a strong cord about twenty-four times. Tie the strands tightly at even distances of three-quarters of an inch. Cut them between every two ties, and string the balls thus formed on wool, with a rug needle, to form the tassels. Chenille tassels also look very pretty.

COUNTERPANE, IN CREOCHT.

TO BE WORKED IN SQUARES.

MATERIALS:—No. 6 of 8 of the Bear's Head Knitting Cotton, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby, with a suitable Hook.*

This counterpane is to be worked in squares, alternately close and open, arranged as in a chess-board, the open of one row joined to the close of another, and *vice versa*. They may be sewed together; but we prefer connecting them with a crochet-hook, one line piece by piece, and the next line to it when completed.

THE CLOSE SQUARE.—3 ch close into a round.

1st round.—* 5 ch, 1 sc under the chain of 3 four times, slip on two of the first set of 5 ch.

2nd.—* 3 sc under chain of 5, 5 ch * four times.

3rd.—5 sc, 3 on 3, and 2 under the chain of 5 beyond, * 5 ch, 7 sc on 3 sc and two chain at each end; * 3 times; and with 2 sc, to make the first five seven.

[N.B.—All the sc stitches are taken either under the chain or under the two sides of the sc stitch; and in the following rounds, as in this, the extra stitches can only be worked at one end of the first side in beginning the round, which is finished by doing them at the other end of that side.]

4th.—11 sc worked as the 7, with 5 ch after them, four times.

5th.—15 sc.

6th.—19 sc, with 5 ch after them, four times.

7th.—In this round a sc stitch is worked, as before, in every one of the former round, and 7 sc under every chain of 5.

8th (and last round).—Sc on every sc at the corners, working two in one ones; and along the sides, * 1 ch, miss 1, 1 dc; * as often as may be required.

THE OPEN SQUARE.—4 ch, close into a round, 5 ch, * 1 dc, 2 ch, * four times.

2nd round.—1 dc, 2 ch, 1 dc, 2 ch, all under the chain of 5; the same under the chain of 3 three times over.

3rd.—* under the next chain of 2, 2 dc, 3 ch, 2 dc (which forms the first corner), 3 ch, 1 dc under the next chain of 2, 3 ch, * repeat all round.

4th.—* 2 dc, 3 ch, 2 dc, all under the 3 ch, between the two pairs of dc; 2 ch, 1 dc under chain, 2 ch, 1 dc under chain, 2 ch, * four times.

5th.—* 2 dc, 3 ch, 2 dc, all under 3 ch at point, 3 ch, 1 dc under chain, 3 ch, 1 dc under chain, 3 ch, 1 dc under chain, 3 ch, * four times.

6th.—* 3 dc, 3 ch, 3 dc, all under 3 ch at point; between point and point work as before, but with one repetition more.

This design is extremely prettily done in double Berlin wool, of two colours, for a couvrepieds, or baby's blanket.

* The cottons of this firm have received a medal in the International Exhibition.

THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Toilet for the country: Muslin dress, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with two groups of three narrow flounces, separated by two puffings, in which a ribbon is run. The puffing of the last group has a heading. The body is made quite in the Swiss style, with braces and puffings over the shoulders, finished with two narrow frills, Bernese band of *mawse* or other coloured silk. A plaited Swiss *chemisette*, having a narrow puffing and a row of Valenciennes round the neck. Sleeves, demi large; finished at the bottom with two puffings, and below them two narrow frills. A sailor's hat, trimmed with *mawse* flowers and *barbs* of Chantilly lace. A parasol for half-toilet, made of silk, with a fret-pattern border. Gloves coming well over the wrist.

SECOND FIGURE.—Full toilet. Dress of Chinese foulard, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with a wide band of black silk, edged on each side with black lace. This band is undulating, and from each hollow rises an ornament of black lace insertions, forming a sheaf. The body, quite plain, is made with three points behind, and waistcoat points before. The sleeve is almost tight at the top, where a sheaf-shaped trimming of insertion is placed, and gets wider towards the bottom: it is cut with an elbow, and trimmed at the edge with an undulating band of black silk, edged on each side with lace. A shawl mantlelet of the material of the dress, rounded behind, and trimmed with a deep flounce of Chantilly lace, surmounted by a band of black silk, scalloped like those on the dress, and bordered with black lace. A drawn bonnet of

white crape, ornamented with black, and China blue feathers on the front. Inside a chicory *ruche* of blue silk, blue crape curtain veiled with *tulle*, and bordered with white and black blond. Plain linen under-sleeves, and collar to match.

I may here as well furnish you with a few hints for ball dresses and evening party toilets. One of the prettiest I have seen is a dress of blue silk: the skirt ornamented from the knees downwards, with two narrow silk flounces pinked at the edge, followed by a puffing of *tulle illusion* laid on a transparent of white silk. This puffing is decorated with trails of convolvuli, and is followed by two more small flounces, pinked at the edge. The body, plain and pointed, is trimmed round the shoulders with a white puffing, over which fall pinked flounces and convolvuli. The hair is ornamented with a trail of convolvuli, beginning behind and ending over the middle of the forehead. *Burnous* in the Algerian style, made of straw-coloured China crape, trimmed with Chantilly lace.

A very pretty toilet for a young lady is composed of white tartalane, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with seven narrow flounces, bordered with a ribbon of *ponceau* velvet. Body, round at the waist and gathered at the top, a row of tartalane flutings bordered by *ponceau* velvet. Sash in the mediæval style made of white silk piped with *ponceau* velvet. Necklace of gold beads. On the hair a wreath of white convolvuli. A new brown, pearl grey, and, for mourning, *peruana*, or the blue grey of the periwinkle flower, and scabiosa, are favourite shades.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

The *Times* of the 14th ult. affords us a text, apropos of thoughts on the condition of the Lancashire "hands," which have forced themselves upon our consideration: "If (observes the writer of a leader on the cotton famine)—if any can get employment and the means of living elsewhere, is it worth while to cleave to the closed mill, while mill after mill is still closing, or only kept open for charity? Can these men turn their hands to nothing but the loom, and its subsidiary employments? If it be not so, then we must consider it a perilous thing for a country to have so many inhabitants reduced to mere inanimate machines, with one function and no more, and the present crisis is not without advantage in opening our eyes to the danger." This is strongly written, but not with more verbal force than the occasion demands. "Win-

ter," to use a Norfolk phrase, "is making his bed of lavender and scented marjoram;" but what provision is there against its sharpness and inclemency, its hunger and its cold, for the more than four millions of our population reduced from busy, thrifty industry to the receipt of alms to save them from present starvation? Subscriptions cannot be maintained as a permanent drain upon the public. All hopes of pacification in America are vaguely distant, and in any case we cannot look to fields "trod by the hoof of battle," or displanted by fire, for the cotton crops for which our factories languish. Long months must pass, were the unlikely peace proclaimed to-morrow, before the plethoric bales with which the rapacious mills are fed, could be collected and sent over in sufficient quantity to half-alleviate the distress. India is unready,

Australia unprepared to more than prove her capability of growing cotton; but surely wherever the capability exists in our own colonies and dependences, it should by every means be encouraged, so that out of the "nettle danger we may pluck the flower of safety," and be rendered, for the future, independent of a market which, in the event of any international outbreak, may be closed upon us, and involve the purchasers in ruin certain as that of the purveyors. In the meanwhile no amount of public subscription, of private charity, of promised notes on the part of the Austrian automatic singing machine, or of Messrs. Aubert's and Linton's little warbler—silenced, since last we wrote, in the midst of his good work, though not till it had added some hundreds of pounds to the Mansion-house-fund for the relief of the famishing mill-hands; none of these aids, I was about to say, can more than temporarily afford relief to Lancashire, where (but I must tell the little story as it occurred) Mr. Linton had just deposited a subscription in the lucky-bag of the fairy-bird, had finished making his entry of the various coins of which it consisted, when one of the standers-by—a clergyman, who probably thought that, like other musical boxes, this was furnished with a certain set of airs, inquired if it could play "Home, sweet home!" "No, sir," was the quick rejoinder, "there is no 'Home, sweet home' for the starving hands in Lancashire." I know not if the words struck deeper than on the ears of others, but to my heart their pathos cut deep and sharp.—"No home, sweet home" for the starving mill-hands in Lancashire." Yet, in another portion of the International, where the colonies, like loving children, on a "Mothering Sunday," have poured their representative offerings into the lap of the land from whence they sprang, there are rich promises held forth to all who are able and willing to work—promises, not only of maintenance, but of abundance. At this very juncture "The local government for emigration to Victoria, are authorized to select and provide with *free passages*, in vessels to be chartered by them, unmarried female domestic servants of good character." And surely the Hulme Sewing Schools and L. N. P. can furnish

nurses and laundrymaids from amongst the bands of Lancashire women, and give others the benefit of their care and training till funds can be obtained for the purpose of assisting them to emigrate. Tasmania, too, asks help in this way, and offers wages to women servants, varying from £20 to £40 per annum; but the emigrants are expected to find their own passage to the colony. Once there, however, we learn, from a valuable and most interesting paper, prepared and read by the Tasmanian commissioner, Dr. Joseph Milligan, at a meeting of the Society of Arts, there is no difficulty in obtaining employment, and men earn, as shepherds and farm servants, from £30 to £45 per annum, with lodging and sustenance; while, without the latter, common labourers are paid from 4s. to 6s. per day. Land is to be had on the most reasonable and advantageous terms, to suit the convenience of emigrants burthened with large families, and possessed of small means; while the country is beautiful, with rivers and forests, mountains and valleys, and enjoys a dryer and warmer temperature than England. It is rich in corn and pasture lands, and the fruits of the mother country not only flourish, but arrive at a perfection of size, colour, and flavour which they never attain here. Coal is abundant, water plentiful, timber as a matter of course abounds, and iron ore is found in quantity: the whale-fishery is an important branch of wealth to the colony, but its great source of prosperity is its agricultural and pastoral capabilities—what then should hinder the men of the mills, who show themselves capable cultivators where allotment gardens are concerned, who, as we have ourselves seen, can tend pigs and milk cows, and at local agricultural shows bear off prizes for the best flowers and vegetables—what should hinder hundreds of these men from making new homes in a new land, and becoming shepherds and farm servants, or even labourers, at a rate of payment which the gentleman, from whose paper we have borrowed this information, personally assured us, enabled a man, if so minded, to subsist three days of the week without working, on the produce of the other three?

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY received, with thanks.—"The ills that never came;" "The Watchers;" "Cenone;" "Stanzas;" "Moments;" "The last parting."

Declined, with thanks.—"To Adaliza."—Once for all, we beg to decline being made the medium of the hopes and fears and personal idolatries of sentimentalists in verse. What is it to us if

"Bertram's bosom heaves a sigh?"

or

"Tears bedew sweet Stella's eye?"

We prescribe the penny post, pocket-handkerchiefs, and, for the present, any waters but those of the Castalian fountain.—"Memories:" We are weary

of them; and, moreover, these may very properly be included as coming under the genera above indicated.—"The Happy Days of Old."—"On the Diamond Portrait of Her Majesty" wants brilliancy and polish.—"The Withered Flowers."

Received, but not yet read.—"Pressing Engagements;" "Drawing the Seine."—"Men of Shakespeare;" "A Ride to Fortune;" "Facts of Fashion." The author of these last will hear from us in a few days.

ERRATUM.—In the notice of a lecture by Mr. Sale Barker, in our August number, read Genoa for "Gene."



11. 11. 11.

[illegible]





V I R T U E L E M O Y N E .

BY J. B. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF "RUTSON MORLEY."

CHAP. XXII.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF HENRY
ANGUS.

May, 185—

I have watched all morning, and there it is at last. Mist and darkness have compassed it about, but of a sudden the "base contagious clouds" are scattered, and there is the snowy Jungfrau high embosomed in its blue ethereal home. I gaze and write, and write and gaze, and write again. After all those soul-irritating disputes that for months have caused me to cease from human feeling, that have been the sepulture of all my highest affections and appreciations, a living burial under a mound of words, how my soul clings to that which is palpably beautiful, and visibly heavenward! How glorious it is, after those hours of dark reproof, after being told a thousand times that I had made shipwreck of my faith, to feel my burdened heart once more expand under the power of the visible beauty of Godhead, and to feel myself constrained to cry out, in faith and wonder, "The strength of the hills is His also!" How small and paltry seem now all those questions of words under the great reality of the Power before which we all bow adoringly!

Yes, glorious mountain, I comprehend thee, and I speak to thee. Like thee I have been under cloud and darkness, but *there* is the utmost peak, snow-white and stainless, and the blue beyond is heaven. I am weary of man. Teach me thine unassailable firmness, and thine unutterable peace. I am cast out from among those who were my brethren. Teach me the godlike tranquillity of thine isolation. Teach me, like thee, to point all the more directly heavenward because of solitude.

I left my country in angry mood, to let loose my fretted soul amid the wild and wide grandeur of tumultuous Alps; and lo, I am subdued. I have been wrong. I have not done well to be angry. I thought to find the very Alps astir; but see! was ever such peace, such immovable stillness, such inaccessible purity, shining with the very glory of heaven! From the war and tempest of my heart I fall back upon the old

foundation. Storm is but surface-work. Beneath are the still crystal depths; above, the unsullied white.

Once more the vapours gather; but I have seen the great mountain, and I know that it is there. I pause and wait.

Yet once more they are scattered like the enemies of God, and there, again, high in heaven, comes the golden glory, and anon, the rosy virgin tint! Oh Alp, Alp, Alp!

I can think now of others, and to whom do my thoughts turn more lovingly, more longingly, than to her to whom I bear good tidings? Oh, could I but find her abode! Even Mr. Hepburn has lost her track. Perhaps she has fancied that the truth has been so long in being discovered that even *he* may have ceased to believe in her innocence, for she has ceased to write him. I have caused the true story to be universally published, yet I could almost wish that she should not see it, and that Providence would privilege *me* to bear the happy news that she is acquitted before earth as well as heaven. I have left Britain with a double purpose. The first is already crowned with success. I feel myself once more a living man, not a scholastic problem. Thanks to the mountains and their Maker. But I have also left under a strong impression that her way and my way shall meet. Perhaps I have mistaken a secret longing for a heaven-sent conviction. Well; better far so sweet a mistake that springs from a true man's love than the heartless logic to which I would have been condemned had I lived as they would have had me live.

* * * * *

I have taught a thousand times over that we are creatures of a day. My experience teaches me that a day is too long to assign to such as we are. Our fate may turn on the pivot of a moment.

I have just received a note from Dr. Campbell, enclosing a letter addressed to me at Borrowbridge from my old friend Sir Arthur Mayfield. Virtue Le Moynes, under the assumed name of Mary Johnston, has lived nearly

two years, in his villa near Florence, as companion to his mother, Lady Mayfield. Under circumstances which he does not explain, her secret has become known to them, and she has disappeared. He appeals to my *interest* in her, and begs me, on the strength of it, to join him in searching after her. Why?

Because he loves her. He says so. He says he knows the sacrifice I made for her; and though I count it as nothing, surely to another it might have been a proof of something more than *interest*. I thought his was a soul of finest feeling, tremblingly sensitive to every touch of friendship. But here the divining spirit of sympathy has failed, and he appeals to me to help him to that which taken from me "leaves me poor indeed."

Sir Arthur Mayfield, young, handsome, rich, accomplished, noble, already famous in his country's annals, loves Virtue Le Moynes. Henry Angus, blank, blank, blank, loves her too. What have I to recommend me?

This. That I know the heavenly bridegroom of her soul; and that out of depths of darkness into which *he* never stumbled, I look up to what he was and long to be like him and pray for his simplicity of heart that I may be to her all that he would have been. This, and this alone, in the loftiness of his high estate, Sir Arthur Mayfield cannot do.

Well; I shall meet him. He has traced her to London, and there he waits me at the — Hotel, as Mr. Clinton.

What does this sudden return to England portend? That she should leave Lady Mayfield's house secretly, on the discovery of her real name and position, is exactly what I could have judged from her former course; but for this new movement I am at a loss to account. Perhaps she has read in the public prints, what I caused to be so universally diffused, and has taken London on her way to Borrowbridge to sit down once more, as she herself said in her letter to Mr. Hepburn, among the blameless people of God. Oh that I were but there as in the time past, that I might declare unto the great congregation the way of Him who putteth not the righteous to confusion. But He hath closed my mouth, and I must be silent, nor ever again justify the ways of God to man.

Perhaps, however, she has not read the story. The public interest in it is now over, and I have not seen it even alluded to for some weeks. It is quite possible that it may not have come under her eye. (Oh why this cruel, selfish wish that she should still believe herself guilty until I absolve her by the recital of that last act of my ministry!) If this be the case, I fancy she must have chosen London, as being, by very reason of its tumultuous greatness, more favourable to obscurity than solitude in a distant land.

Sir Arthur Mayfield was aware of her innocence before he set out in pursuit of her. He tells me that, though he loved her with his whole soul, and though when her place in his house was found vacant it seemed to him as if the sun

had wandered from its place in creation and left the world to darkness, still he felt that he had no right to track her steps. Now, like myself, he seeks her to tell her at once of her known innocence, and his unchanged love. I cannot but acknowledge he is an honourable man. Nevertheless I cannot yield to him. It would be worse for me than for him. I have known her much longer than he. How much oftener than he have I touched those "flower-soft hands!" How much farther than he have I entered into those depths of purity, whence spring the rich fountains of her soul! I have claims upon her—(no, no; not those, not those)—claims upon her dearest associations, which he cannot have.

Yes; I shall meet him.

But what if neither the old friend nor the new should be allowed to fill the place of him who had gone before? The straitest sect of our Pharisees has its Brides of Heaven. Perchance (yet Heaven forbid) *she* is already vowed to old memories. I know that in her rich nature there are deep germs of enthusiasm. Though she bears about with her the soft embodiment of all material beauty, yet is her spiritual nature such that she would die for an idea. I know her well. Sunshine, moonlight, starlight,—no one ever loved them more. Every chord of her soul vibrates with heavenly music to the invisible touches of Nature. But there is that within her which is more than most ethereal ether—that before which sunshine is dim, moonlight and starlight but type and imagery. One breath of the old enthusiasm, and all other considerations will sink from her mind. One note of the old music, and she is consecrated to what is higher than Alp or Himalaya.

Can Sir Arthur Mayfield know her thus? I trow not. He knows her as a beautiful girl, and probably that is all. His heart is on fire; but mine is already moulded to all that she loves and lives in.

Yes; I *must* meet him, and God defend the right, if right there be.

CHAP. XXIII.

London. It is but a small word. To those who live in it unthinkingly how commonplace must be the dusty streets, the dusty leaves, the dusty sparrows! How wearisome the vast monotony of dingy commerce! How unsuggestive the everlasting roar and rattle of this street, and the powdered dullness of that! Another stand-point and London is grand, the life-centre of the world, and perhaps—who knows?—of the universe. Who has yet analyzed it? Who has numbered its elements? When I re-visit it from the green solitude of a country home, I feel upon me a burden greater than I can bear. The problem of human life and of all existence takes me by the sleeve and with terrible importunity demands the long—

denied refuge of solution. Hungry villany staring at gilded ulceration, and longing to strike—that is one point of view. Fairy phantoms dancing merrily, with a few coughs between festivity and a family vault—that is another. Manly faces whitening daily because of the untruthfulness of that which should be the very shrine of truth—that is another. Mothers selling their daughters for what means millinery, jewellery, and upholstery—that is another. And, God be thanked, true hearts by the thousand, borne up in the battle of life by the strength of what is good, and beautiful, and heavenward—this, too, is London. What does it all mean? Whither does it all tend? Which is the negative element? Which the positive? Which is London? The day shall declare it.

In a hotel in London—no matter which, Clarendon, Grosvenor, Morley's, this history careth not—and in a lovely little parlour of that same hotel of indefinite individuality, sat a handsome English gentleman, unmistakably military, with his right arm resting on a newspaper that lay on the table before him, and his left buried under a palm-tree in the interior of Hindostan. Sir Arthur Mayfield had a house in London. It only needed a stroke of the pen to fill it with servants, and to make it once as habitable as would become the dwelling of noble refinement. But Sir Arthur, though a soldier, was acquainted with fear. His deeds in India had been widely blazoned in his own country, and he feared the penalty of Fame. At the time we speak of he was strictly *incog*. He had come to London without even the attendance of a single valet. The waiter, who helped him to dress, thought it was a pity so handsome a fellow should have lost an arm, but, like valets in general, had no idea that his services were expended on a hero. The hotel, in its aggregate capacity, wondered who and what he was; why he never went out of doors; why he sat continually with the same individual newspaper, apparently about a month old, before him; why he held daily interviews with a well-known member of the detective police; why he was always asking if a clerical-looking gentleman had been inquiring after him; why he looked so sad and anxious: in short, who, what, and why, generally considered. No force of wonder, however, was in the least degree efficacious in dragging Mr. Clinton into celebrity, or out of doors. But the clerical-looking gentleman came at last, and was shown up-stairs.

"Mr. Angus!"

"Sir Arthur!"

They sat down at opposite sides of the table, and for some moments gazed at each other in silence.

"Seven years make a great difference, Sir Arthur," said Mr. Angus, at length; "but I would have known you among tens of thousands."

"I was Arthur Mayfield when you used to live with us, sir; I wish to be so still to you. You are much changed too. You wear the

marks of a heavy warfare. But for the matter that brings us together, I would have begged you to try the air and the *délassements* of Italy along with us. Perhaps it is not too late. In the meantime let me thank you for this meeting. I had no idea, till you wrote me from Switzerland, that I was asking half the favour you had done me. You have come a long way to gratify me. I already owe you much. In every good deed I have done since I left you, I have felt your influence stimulating and helping me. In all my errors, you have been at once my reproach and my rescue. What can I do but thank you?"

Mr. Angus fidgeted uneasily in his chair, and waved his hand as if to shew that enough had been said on the subject.

"I annoy you, perhaps," resumed Sir Arthur; "yet it is my duty, once and for all, to let you know that I appreciate what you have been to me. And now—that you come to confer on me a new favour——"

"Stay, Sir Arthur," said Mr. Angus, interrupting him; "let us not speak about favours. Is Miss Le Moyne still in London?"

"No. She left to-day for Liverpool."

"Have you seen her?"

"No. It was not till to-day that we came again upon her path. I did not allow the detective to go further. My soul revolts against tracking her thus any longer. If you will accompany me I shall leave at once for Liverpool, and trust that Providence will bring about a meeting. I shall feel more justified in following her if you, her old and trusted friend, go with me. Had I not known you to be deeply interested in her welfare I should never have asked this favour. Were you other than I know you to be, I would offer you more than thanks. I would willingly yield my title, my fortune, everything that is not myself, to be united to *Virtue Le Moyne*."

What could Mr. Angus say? For a moment he felt almost subdued before the ardour of the young soldier, as again there flashed upon his mind the thought of all the advantages of birth and circumstance which his rival enjoyed over him. But he remembered his resolution not to yield; and though his affection for his pupil and friend wrestled strongly with his most cherished desires, he felt that it was due to himself not lightly to surrender the blessing. At the same time he felt the falsity of the position in which reticence would place him, and he resolved, as soon as possible, to reveal the true state of affairs.

"Has Miss Le Moyne ever given you any reason to believe that your love is returned, Sir Arthur?"

"I cannot say she has. Our companionship was very intimate, and I know that my society as a friend was agreeable to her. I spoke to her openly on the last day of her stay with us of my love for her, and though she refused me, yet, on looking back over what passed between us, it seems to me that it was only conditionally. There was no absolute refusal. Her objection

seemed merely to be founded on the strange position in which she was placed."

Mr. Angus could not suppress a groan, and placed his hands before his face to conceal his emotion. All his resolution vanished. What right had he to her now? Only a conditional refusal—and the adverse conditions wholly removed, what part or lot had he in her now? He had loved her years and years, but he had never once, like Sir Arthur, asked for a formal exchange of vows. Had not the knowledge of her former love been a curse to him in this respect? Yet was it not true that her bearing towards him during their late interview had been such as assuredly led him to believe that he was more than a friend to her? Was she weaker than he had believed? and had time and distance been too much for old affection? These, and many other thoughts, rushed through his mind, as Sir Arthur Mayfield, astonished at the sudden show of grief, sat gazing at him in silence, gradually allowing the thought to take possession of his mind that Henry Angus, too, loved Virtue Le Moyne.

"Mr. Angus," said he at length, rising and pacing up and down the little parlour, "I see it all now. Fool that I was not to have seen it long ago! What a dream of mingled joy and sadness has my life been for the last few months!—a dream, and nothing more. I am awake now. The vision was mine: the reality will be yours. I cannot oppose you, *you* of all others. Go on at once, I advise you, to Liverpool, and go alone. I return to Italy to embrace my mother, and then—India once more. There is work to do yet. Dangerous duty or friendly death—it is a grand choice, Mr. Angus—a glorious choice. Surely I might have known, that, to leave the pride of battle for a life of softness, was an unworthy descent. But the grand choice is there yet, thank heaven!"

He was talking wildly, and gesticulating fiercely with the one hand that duty had spared to him. Mr. Angus, now in his turn gazing in amazement at his rival, could see, however, from his looks, and judge from his accents, that there was nothing in his soul corresponding to the boldness of his words but sudden despair. To his surprise, the tables were turned at once in his favour. The soldier, with all his advantages, was in full retreat. He felt all the power of his position. One word from him, and Sir Arthur Mayfield would cease from all rivalry. He had but to claim her in the force of old affection, to urge what he had done for her, and to tell of all that had passed between them, and he knew that the young nobleman was too generous to stand in his way. But he, too, was honourable, and did not hold the doctrine that all was fair in love. If Virtue Le Moyne had indeed given Sir Arthur Mayfield only a conditional refusal, and the condition of that refusal now altogether removed, it was too plain, to his keen sense of rectitude, that, to allow Sir Arthur to retire from the contest under the idea of a previous attachment, which had only pos-

sibly existed, would leave him but a dishonourable victory.

"Do sit down, Sir Arthur, and let us talk the matter calmly over—if it is possible to talk calmly when each of us feels his happiness at stake. I have loved Virtue Le Moyne for years, and I think she cannot but know it—"

"And you gave her your all! You for years, and you her benefactor; I for months only, and I nothing to her but a gossiping associate! Hark you, Mr. Angus; you of all men know my character: you know that I am not the man to give up easily what I have once undertaken. Yet, sir, though this should kill me, as possibly it may, your claims upon her are so much greater than mine, that I could not prosecute my suit in the face of yours without a certain loss of that sense of honour which is dearer to me than even Virtue Le Moyne! I tell you, sir, that though it should kill me—"

"But what if it should kill Miss Le Moyne? Do I need to tell you that you must consult her happiness as well as your own? I know not that she loves either of us, though, according to your own showing, you seem to have had reason to count upon her affection. If, then, she loves you, and if she hears that even after the establishment of her innocence you, who formerly made her honourable offers, instead of fulfilling them, have utterly left her, and plunged yourself again into a life to which you are no longer so imperatively called as before, think what might be the effect of this upon so sensitive a girl! I thank heaven that her mind, once thoroughly shaken, has been brought safely through such furnaces of affliction as few have known. Though you are not, perhaps, aware of it, she stood the loss of a lover dead: I know not if she could stand the loss of a lover living. Be-think you again, Sir Arthur. We must not act abruptly here. Let us look upon each other as exactly in the same position, and consider what is to be done. I take your hand, Sir Arthur, and I feel that it is the hand of my most dear and honoured friend; and yet I tell you that, if the lady's heart is mine, I *shall* have her. On the other hand, if I have reason to believe that she has set her affections on you, I shall retire from this just and honourable rivalry, yielding her to you far more readily than I would to any other man."

Sir Arthur grasped his friend's hand in silence, and resumed his seat. "What do you propose to do?" asked he at length.

"First of all we must find out her abode. I propose to write to Mr. Hepburn, the school-master, at Borrowbridge, to give us notice of her arrival there, in case of that being her destination. I shall give him an address in Liverpool to which to send his reply. Meantime I think we should set out thither immediately."

"Together?"

"Now comes the awkward part," said Mr. Angus, laughing, in spite of their former seriousness. "We are declared rivals now, Sir Arthur; if, as is quite possible, being pledged

to neither, her affection may incline towards both, he who is first in the field will have great advantage."

"I say, Mr. Angus, I understand you are a heretic; but do you believe in Providence?"

"Most firmly I do."

"Let us travel separately, then, trusting that Providence will send the right man to the right place."

So exchanging addresses for Liverpool, these two parted, good-humouredly, almost laughingly, and yet each believing, correctly or not, that the success of the one would be the death of the other.

M O M E N T S.

Passing moments—oh! how varied
Seem their durance, as they fly!
Some, out-lengthened to a lifetime;
Some, like lightning, flashing by.
Some, unmarked, unheeded, leave us,
As the dew-drops leave the grass.
Some will sear a deepen'd impress
On the memory as they pass.

There are retrospective moments,
When the years, in sad review,
Crowded in one mental vision,
Will return, and pass anew;
As the smallest sheet of water
Can reflect each varied hue
Of the wide-spread Heavens above them,
In one comprehensive view.

There are some eventful moments
Seem to emulate long years,
And within elastic compass
Grasp a world of hopes and fears.
They are eras in a lifetime,
Towards which, former, future days
Must converge, and form a centre,
With their many-tinted rays.

There are moments—fleeting moments;
But how rapid is their flight!
Gliding like a sunbeam o'er us,
Full of happiness and light.
How we long to stop their flying,
And to hold each sunny beam,
Which will leave us, when it passes,
But a memory like a dream.

There are moments, fearful moments!
Of such agony and woe,
When time's wing, no longer rapid,
Seems to pause, or lingering go.
Oh! such moments are like ages,
For they wear life's youth away,
And they wither all its freshness,
As the heart's first hopes decay.

There are moments—oh! such moments
Are the turning points for life—
When the soul is roused to wrestle
In a strong contested strife.
Yes! a moment brings decision
Of such import, deep and high,
As, when time and space are ended,
Reaches all Eternity.

July 25th, 1862.

S. R.

P A N S I E S.

BY ADA TREYANION.

A gracious breeze the alders stirred,
And flung their leaves apart:
The green earth smiled, as though she heard
Sweet whispers at her heart.
High up, the lark sang 'mid the blue:
Low down, among the stems,
His partner listened, while the dew
Glistened around like gems.

We wandered 'mid the pansies fair,
Behind the manor-house;
A golden joy was in the air,
Each bloom was tremulous:
And many a pleasant country sound
Came in the warm soft tune,
Breathed by the tender zephyrs round,
Borne on the wings of June.

So clung about our happiness
The bright-eyed pansies seemed,
You decked with them my hair and dress,
And 'mid their blooms we dreamed:
Forgetful that in future years
Each flower would speak, though dumb,
And of departed smiles and tears,
Strange witness might become.

I learned, when joy had passed away,
To dread their blossoming;
Their beauty woke a drear dismay,
Which nothing else could bring.
The passion of a haunting grief
Made dim their purple dyes;
But slow time brought his sure relief,
And cleared my blinded eyes.

The pansies of our courting-time!
I deem you could not now
View our old favourites in their prime,
With calm unchanging brow:
But I can tend them, for I know
Each feeling round them cast
Will live again, except the woe,
When life's brief years are passed.
Ramsgate, 1861.

THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

It was on the night of the 31st of December 1860, that is to say on New Year's Eve, when I first crossed these mountains; and never shall I forget their beauty and grandeur. They were clothed in the snowy robes of winter. The moon shone brightly. As the train slowly ascended the grade from Altoona—a small town situated at the foot of the Alleghanies—the scenery was very fine. Hardy mountain pines, bending beneath the snow with which they were loaded, covered the uplifted rock masses; and far away down in the depths of the valley there was a mountain stream, which looked like a thread of silver in the moonbeams. We had a blazing fire of bituminous coal in the car, but the night was so intensely cold that the car windows were covered with a frost-work of feathery crystals, which it was necessary to be continually removing in order to get a sight of the passing scenery without. Unfortunately, just as the view was most enchanting, dense white cloud-masses of steam from the engine would hide it from me, and then the vapour would rise above my car window, and I would catch another glimpse of glorious nature. That night-journey over the Alleghanies impressed me so favourably, that I determined to re-visit them under more favourable circumstances, when their slopes should be again covered with verdure and flowers, and their trees with foliage.

The following account of my botanical trip to these mountains in the autumn of 1861 was prepared at Altoona. It was written under the inspiration of their scenery, and whilst the impression left by their many interesting and choice plants was still powerful and vivid.

*Altoona, Blair County, Pennsylvania,
September 28, 1861.*

It is impossible for me to enumerate all the beautiful plants which adorn the surface of these mountains. It is well known that elevation of the land above the level of the ocean has the same effect on its temperature and vegetation as an increase of distance from the equator. The traveller, for example, who ascends a mountain situated within the tropics, passes at first through the usual tropical vegetation peculiar to the country; but, as he ascends higher, the air becomes cooler, the tropical plants disappear, and European genera and even species, analogous if not absolutely identical with those of temperate climates, present themselves to his astonished vision. As he approaches the snow-line it may be truly said that he enters a climate very similar to that within the arctic circle, and accordingly the vegetation becomes wholly cryptogamous, and analogous to that which prevails during the vegetative season in the polar countries.

Now, although the summits of the Alleghanies do not reach the snow-line, yet they are sufficiently elevated to produce a well-marked difference between the vegetation which covers their heights and that which grows in the adjacent valleys—a difference so striking as to be wonderfully illustrative of the above important facts in botanical geography. And this to me was really the most instructive and interesting observation which my visit to these mountains enabled me to make.

The best places for botanizing near Altoona are The Kettle (a gloomy ravine in the Blue Mountains, which is rich in mosses and ferns), the Juniata Gap, and Clearfield Creek. The Juniata Gap is so called because the Juniata river, which pours into the Susquehanna, here commences in the form of a mountain streamlet. The Juniata Gap is about two miles from Altoona. There is a road called the Plank-road, which goes over the mountains, and which the traveller had better take.

The plank-road leads you first over a series of rounded billowy hills or landscape undulations, like the gentle heavings of a summer's sea. Over these you travel, and they render ascent so gradual that it would be imperceptible if it were not for the increase of your extent of view, and the improvement in the scenery. These hills slope up to the base of the mountains; they are the usual foot-hills which skirt the base of all mountain ranges, and over which the traveller has first to pass. These hills are covered with a flora which strictly preserves the true American type. The woods which cover them, and through which the road has been cut, consist for the most part of the different varieties of oak, hickory, birch, sour gum, sugar-maple, witch-hazel, spice-bush, sassafras, yellow-pine, and spruce-fir, with an undergrowth of kalmia, green-briar, blackberry, and sweet fern. As you continue the ascent, the road becomes steeper and your progress upward more toilsome, the prospect widens, and it is impossible to avoid stopping to feast the eyes with the beautiful romantic scenery. There can be no doubt that these are mountains. If you never knew the difference between hills and mountains before, you know the difference now. Rising behind the foot-hills is the first mountain range, up which you are now toiling, presenting a bold and in some places almost precipitous escarpment, a wall as it were rising before you. The eye follows this range until it perceives beyond, another rising still higher, beyond this still another, of a bluish tinge, owing to the effect of distance. As the eye continues to ascend the azure steps of this kingly portal to the skies, line rising above line, the mind can scarcely realize the fact that within each of these tints of

deeper and still deeper blue, there reposes a range of the richest and loveliest limestone valleys of Pennsylvania. Often with bars of clouds reposing on the horizon, it is impossible for the eye to distinguish the distant lines, or fix where the earth ceases and the heavens commence.

Amidst such scenery the most enthusiastic botanist will for awhile forget his plant-hunting propensity, stop to rest, and at the same time to admire the grandeur of nature. He will, however, still keep a bright look-out after specimens, for such is his nature, and he will be richly rewarded. The trees are of surpassing beauty and magnitude. For example, the mountain magnolia (*Magnolia acuminata*), with its dark green glossy leaves, often twelve inches long by six inches in width, its trunk straight as a plumb-line, grows to the height of 120 feet in these mountains. The tulip-tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*), justly regarded as the pride of the American forests, shoots up a stem as tall and straight as the mast of a ship, almost a hundred feet in height without a limb: it then branches into a kingly diadem of foliage and flowers.

At the time of my visit, the slopes of the mountains were covered with autumnal flowers; amongst which the golden-rod, aster, and sunflower were especially conspicuous. The mountain raspberry (*Rubus odoratus*) was in flower, and various species of Hawkweed, *Eupatorium*, *Rudbeckia*, and *Coreopsis*. The leaves of the sugar-maple were turning yellow, and those of the smooth sumach (*Rhus glabra*), a bright crimson.

The first plant which specially attracted my attention as different wholly from those of the country now far beneath me, was the *Rhododendron maximum*, or great laurel; then the white wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*), and the *Circæa alpina* (or Enchanter's nightshade), both common in England, but only found on the mountains in Pennsylvania. The *Oxalis stricta* (yellow wood-sorrel of the plains) had totally disappeared: in fact, the Flora had taken a high northern type.

And now the shrubby undergrowth is gradually disappearing; trees bearing true leaves are not so abundant, and trees of a lower type of organization, such as the juniper, pine, and fir, predominate; until at length we are fairly under the sombre shadow of the coniferous forest, surrounded by hemlock, spruce, and white pine, which have taken a savage and exclusive possession of the soil, destroying all other forms of vegetable life beneath them. The shrubbery has gone altogether; but under this coniferous forest there are most splendid beds of *Hypnum* (or leather-moss), especially of *Hypnum splendens* and *Hypnum cristicastrum*—the latter, the rarest and most beautiful of the British mosses.

During the whole period of his ascent, so far, the writer was constantly hearing the noise made by the Juniata Creek far below him in the depths of the gap. Determining, if possible, to leave nothing unexamined that was

really worth seeing, and anticipating some good botanizing, he struck off from the plank road in the direction of the creek, and after descending an almost precipitous slope, covered with fragmentary rock, he arrived at last at its margin. It would be difficult to conceive anything more attractive and wild than the scenery down in the depths of the Juniata gap. The mountains rising all around in precipitous slopes, covered by forests of evergreen, pines, and laurels, the Juniata Creek itself, its stream swift and arrowy, pouring along in its rocky bed, in numerous cascades and rapids.

The mosses which cover the stones in the bed of this stream were such as are usually found in such situations, with the exception of a species of *Fontinalis*, which is more rare, and which here was quite abundant. There was also on the banks an abundance of *Bryum punctatum*—a moss well known to English bryologists. It was in splendid fruiting condition.

Soon my progress up the creek was intercepted by an immense tree, which had fallen across its banks. This tree had evidently been firmly rooted on the mountain side for centuries; till, enfeebled by age, it had fallen down with a crash before the rude storm-wind; and there it probably yet lies in that forest graveyard, paying back the 'debt due to Nature,' yielding back to earth and air those borrowed elements out of which it originated. In some of the forests of these mountains the fallen stems of immense trees that have died of age half-cover the ground.

"Low lies the tree to whose erection went
Sweet influences from every element;
Whose living cone the leaves combined to build;
Whose lofty top the morning loved to gild."

After taking a drink from the mountain stream, refreshing himself with ripe huckleberries, blackberries, and the aromatic tea-berry (*Gaultheria procumbens*)—a quantity of which grew around him—the writer took a last view of that fallen tree, and again struggled upwards, through briar and bush, over fallen moss and fern-clad rock, admiring the autumnal flowers, and stopping to examine some of them, until at last he regained the mountain road, and sat down on an immense rock to rest himself. The sun was now out bright and warm; but then there was the scenery, and especially the pure mountain air, every draught of which was a luxury so different from the air in the valleys! The breeze across the rolling sea is sweet, but mountain breezes sweeter.

Soon my attention was attracted to a dark, repulsive-looking heben, which was growing on the surface of the rock on which I was seated. This I made out to be a species of *Umbilicaria*—the very genus which contains the celebrated species called by the French Canadians *Tripe de roche*; or, rock tripe; and which sustained the life of Franklin and the other Arctic explorers. Glad to have made the acquaintance of a plant so interesting, I now left the rock, and resumed my

journey along the mountain road. The ascent here became more gradual; the pine-forest passed through, my labours are nearly over. I near the summit. Now I am on the top of the Alleghany mountains of Pennsylvania!

The reader will probably be curious to know what I saw at this eminence. An apparently flat and sterile country, covered with trees stunted in their growth, and extending for miles and miles in a westerly direction; for the descent of these mountains is just as imperceptible as their ascent. It is now eight miles from Altoona, and I have been ascending the mountain all the way. I am now on its top, and shall have to travel in the same direction eight miles further before I am down again. Nay, I am giving an estimate of the magnitude of the Alleghanies far below their real size; for instead of sixteen in some parts, it is twenty and even thirty miles over them. The surface of an entire country has been upheaved.

But let us examine the vegetation on the top of the Alleghanies. There are trees, but their growth is stunted—dwarf-oaks and chestnuts. You look in vain for an oak-tree which grows higher than ten feet; and the average height of the chestnut-tree is only fifteen feet. Having been accustomed to the lofty forms of these trees in the lowlands, I confess that I was greatly surprised to find them so dwarfed; and even after I had convinced myself of the identity of the species with those growing below, I involuntarily asked some men, who were busy hauling timber on the top of the mountain, whether the woods had not been burnt or cut down. They told me no; and that these trees never grew any higher, on account of the cold weather which prevails on the "top of the mountain." I found it even then extremely difficult to believe that these puny mountain dwarfs were in reality oaks and chestnuts. How hard it is to give up ideas to which we have been accustomed from infancy, even when we are convinced that they are erroneous!

The scenery of the Alleghanies can never be forgotten by the writer. He does not regret that he availed himself of his chance to visit them. The glimpse of them by moonlight in the snowy robes of winter, their appearance when adorned with foliage and flowers, the purity of the mountain breeze, that rushing mountain stream, that fallen tree—these are images and thoughts of beauty which he obtained by his visit to the Alleghanies. He can now appreciate the poetry of Wordsworth, when he says—

"Therefore, let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after-years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies—oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief

Shall be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember Nature,
And these her benedictions!"

Mark the glory of collective man! United he puts forth his mightiest exertions of power. He builds cities, he founds empires, he carries his railroads over the top or through the centre of the mountains. Yet in a few thousand years his cities moulder, his empires fall, and all his greatness and glory perishes like the grass of the field! It is humiliating to the pride of our nature, it is mournful to contemplate. What is man, after all, but an ephemeron? And his life, however brilliant, does it not soon pass away like a morning dewdrop? But it is not thus with the works of that Infinite and Eternal Being, whose power alone has shattered these solid strata, uplifted these ponderous rocks, and piled them one on the other, even to the very heavens. When He builds, his works last forever, defying for countless ages the wastes of time and the ravages of decay!

The geologist looks at the Alleghanies, wooed up to their very summits, with their sides covered with broken and fragmentary rock. He thinks of the time that has elapsed since their upheaval, and tries to estimate it not by thousands but by millions of years. He is in the same difficulty as an astronomer looking through a telescope at some distant star, and trying to estimate the space which intervenes between our little planet and that far-off sun. Oh! there is something ineffably grand in these ancient monuments of nature, these bold projecting spurs, with their streamlets, which have made so long their music in these mountain gaps! Visitors to the Alleghanies not only get plenty of fresh mountain air and exercise, but are taught, by their impressive scenery, humility of mind and veneration for their Creator.

STANZAS.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Oh! warp'd and narrow heart,
That looking on this strange and varied scene
We call the world, can act a part so mean,
And, sinking into thine own little space,
Look in humanity's grand, though marr'd face,
Nor bid one care depart!

As if no cank'rous sin
Slowly and surely ate out the soul's life;
No passion in the heart made deadly strife;
No cruel wrong e'er wither'd hope and trust;
Or dull, cold doubt, like a destroying rust,
Dimm'd all most bright within;

Nor the old serpent still
Whisper'd to human hearts his trait'rous lies;
Blighting love's sacred fruit with blasphemies;
Nor disappointment's chill and wintry air
Stunted and dwarf'd the soul's spring blossoms fast,
Turning good into ill!

Oh! cold and selfish heart!
Awake! arouse! dost thou not hear the cry
Of deathless souls in bitter agony?
Canst thou not see nor heed the anguish deep,
The keen remorse that knows not blessed sleep,
That thou dost sit apart?

Viewing, with tearless eye
And unmov'd breast, sin's wretched countless band?
Oh! rouse thee! Use aright that listless hand;
Pour into aching wounds the oil and wine;
Tell trumpet-tongued of hope and love divine,
And immortality!

THE ILLS THAT NEVER CAME.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Ye faint of heart, long held in thrall
By strange and shadowy powers,
How must it grieve you to recall
Your phantom-haunted hours!
When each surrounding scene assumed
A bright and sunny guise,
Some object in the distance loomed
That caught your fearful eyes;
Then sudden chills and trembling thrills
O'er your weak spirit came;
You shuddered at advancing ill—
The ill that never came!

The outline of each flitting shade
Could rob you of repose,
You deemed the forms that you surveyed
A gathering host of foes;
Though dimly-traced—obscure—afar—
They cast a lowering gloom
O'er Life's best scenes, and e'en could mar
The tranquil joys of home.
When friends, esteemed and cherished long,
Your notice strove to claim,
Your thoughts were on a spectre-thing
Of ill that never came!

Look round you. On the suffering crowd
Your sympathy bestow,
Who meekly to the stroke have bowed
Of *real* pain and woe;
Who shrink not from the will of Heaven
In terror and dismay,
But feel that what His grace has given
His hand can take away.
Look on the world's fierce battle-strife,
And then recall in shame
The fancied trials of your life—
The ill that never came!

What means that sad and mournful glance?
That troubled sigh and start?
God loves a cheerful countenance,
God loves a trusting heart.

You serve a Master kind and good,
Beyond all earthly friends;
Take, then, in humble gratitude
The bounties that He sends;
And turn not from Truth's sober ways
Unreal ill to frame,
Like those that darkened former days—
The ill that never came!

ÆNONE.

BY WILLIAM READE.

Still breaks the morn upon the purple mountain,
Tinging with crimson the eastern sky;
Still flash the dewdrops of the silver fountain;
Slowly and silently pass the moments by.
Woe! woe is me! Would that I might die!

Changelessly, changelessly, in this mourning fashion
I must wail; weeping for the cruel one gone.
Ah! could he hear this sob of grief and passion,
He might remember the days when Love hath
shone.
Now the time surges sorrowfully on.

Goddess—queen, hear me! Hear me, Aphrodite!
Thou who hast sprung from the snowy foam.
Anadyomene! goddess, kind and mighty,
Teach him my Paris never more to roam.
Bring him, adored one! bring him gently home!

Goddess! it was thou who taught him thus to wander
Promising the loveliest in Hellas as a bride.
There he plays the truant, far away—there, yonder:
None speaking warning, none with word to chide.
Oh! bring my darling, goddess! to my side.

No consolation comes upon each morrow;
No solace hushes this inward pain.
In its monotony I endure my sorrow—
Knowing all hope of comfort is in vain,
Till thou hast brought him, goddess, back again.

Oh! have some pity, star-queen, on my anguish.
See, how these tears night and morning flow:
Let not my last hope thus to nothing languish;
See, how poor Ænone hath been stricken low.
Smiling goddess! cast some balm upon my woe.

Yet, yet, 'tis foolish! He is gone for ever:
I am all forgotten—passed all lightly by.
Cruelly, the Parcae us have loved to sever,
And all in vain this wailing woman's cry;
Nothing left (Ænone now—nothing but to die.

MRS. PAGE'S LIFE HISTORY.

(In Two Chapters.)

CHAP. I.

My friend Eliza Page—as she was when I first knew her, thirty years ago—might easily have been idealized by some painter into a type for the young English mother, who hushes her baby, or teaches older babies their catechism; or, with children playing about her, lifts from a lapful of snowy work her comely, well-contented face upon the visitation to the Royal Academy. Mrs. Page's lot was not less pleasant than herself. Married several years to a lawyer in good country practice—a thoroughly agreeable man, whom his friends loved and the world in general liked—she was mistress of a pretty house, and mother of a nursery full of well-looking, well-ordered children. On the particular evening which I have fixed for her introduction to the reader, we shall find her sitting at the open library-window, which looks first on gay flower-beds, and then across tangles of summer greenery, away over one of those lovely bays on our south-western coast. My friend's cap, under which smooth bands of very fair hair glisten, is dainty in its neatness; so is her blue muslin, which becomes its wearer well, and not the less because, like the furniture of the room, and everything about her, it shows care, taste, and economy rather than costliness. A work-basket at Mrs. Page's feet, and tiny rows of mended socks on the table at her elbow, bear witness to her active needle. This, however, was exchanged, an hour ago, for the book which lies half-open on her knee—one of Miss Bremer's charming novels; and that it has sent the reader into a day-dream you may tell by the fashion in which one foot is beating tattoo to her thoughts, and the abstracted sort of smile which ripples now and then over her whole face. Frank Page had bought the book in London the week before, to beguile his journey home, and had piqued his wife's curiosity by declaring the heroine—whose christian-name was the same as her own—to be her very counterpart. And Mrs. Page, when she came to read the novel, really did find a striking likeness to herself. Both the Elizas were of middle height, fair, with clear complexions: they were both happy in their husbands and children, made puddings and shirts, detested disorder, dirt, and flies, and had an equal penchant for well-scrubbed floors and clean table-linen. One, and only one episode of the story, however, had made the flesh-and-blood Eliza feel herself out-done by her shadowy counterpart. For Miss Bremer's heroine, in the midst of all her duties, and without neglecting any of them, finds time to write a book. She carefully keeps the secret of her authorship till, when the children are growing up, a good sum of money is wanted

for an extensive tour, which is to include the whole family. Then the mother astonishes them all, by confessing that the story, over which they had laughed and cried by turns, was of her own writing. She brings out the money the publisher had paid her, packs her husband, with all the boys and girls, off on their travels, reserving for herself the enjoyment, during their absence, of superintending a house-painting from attics to cellar. To Mrs. Page, this idea seemed not only new, but about the best thing she had ever seen in print; and, thinking it over, she determined to adopt the notion and act upon it.

"Don't I know exactly the sort of tale Miss Bremer means?" soliloquized Eliza, as she lay back in the easy-chair. "It couldn't have been anything in the style of the 'Scottish Chiefs' or the Waverley novels. No. Just the same sort of book as Miss Austen's 'Emma,' I should fancy. I recollect, when I read that, thinking how odd it was that a tale such as anybody could write, all about everyday sort of folks, should be so interesting that I couldn't lay the book down! Dear me! I remember all the people now—Emma and her father, and that conceited, money-hunting clergyman, Mr. —, Mr. —, I forget his name; but he got a disagreeable wife, and I was so glad he didn't marry Emma. Then there was the chatty old-maid—you felt just as if you'd had tea with her scores of times: I'm sure Miss Austen had. Of course they were all people she knew quite well, and she set down things just as she'd seen them happen. That's one way, and a good one it must be, to write a capital novel. It's so easy, I wonder more people don't find out the method," she went on, musingly. "I shall adopt the same plan—tell precisely the things that have happened to me and my friends, only altering names, and so on. And not one word will I say to Frank about it till the book is written and sold. I can just fancy what great eyes Frank will make when he sees—let me think, it won't do to fix the price at too much, or I may be disappointed—well, say one hundred and fifty pounds! I shall get as much as that at the very least."

The notion of such a stupendous sum, and to be arrived at, too, by comparatively easy means, was sufficiently exciting to make Mrs. Page walk up and down the room, absorbed in calculations of all that might be done with it. Presently, however, she made a full stop, pursed up her pretty mouth with acute determination, and exclaimed aloud, "No, nothing comes of building castles in the air: the way is to set to work to realize them!"

Eliza had evidently made up her mind to begin at once. The preliminaries were easy enough. There was a supply of foolscap, ready

ruled, in one of the library drawers. She took a quire, found a little gilt Cupid that held ink. Frank had bought it years back, when they were in Paris on their wedding-tour, but up to this time his godship had only served for show. Now, however, Eliza filled him, dipped an entirely new pen, decided on an appropriate name for her story, which came as pat as butter into her mind, and behold our impropituous authoress fairly at work. In a minute the title aforesaid, "*My Life History*," stood written in a clear hand at the top of the page, and the writer, passing to admire the same, felt herself an authoress truly and indeed. Of course she was to be her own heroine; the only question being should she introduce herself to her readers in the cradle, or in grown-up young lady condition? Wisely, as I take it, Mrs. Page decided the point on a ground which showed some knowledge of novel-reading human nature, "I'll skip the time when I was quite young," she thought; "even my school-days—not but that I could tell some good stories about them; and I'll begin when I was turned eighteen, just before my engagement, so as to make *that* the first thing—everybody likes offers and weddings. Don't I remember, when we read English history at school, all the girls liked Henry the Eighth's reign best, because he got married oftener than any of the other kings!" Acting upon this principle, Eliza wrote down, "Quite at the beginning of the present century, "Mrs. Aylmer, a clergyman's widow, settled with her four young daughters in a country-house. On the very day after their arrival, as they were sitting at dinner, there came a violent ring at the hall-door."

So far the "*Life History*" had progressed smoothly; but here was a hitch at the third sentence. Would it be quite *en règle* to bring so important a personage as "dear Frank," with such scant ceremony, upon the scene? to plump him down, as it were, at once before the reader, without due warning? Did not the rules of art demand at least a page explanatory, descriptive, or something of the sort, by way of background to the hero's first appearance? A grave question this, and not to be easily settled. Mrs. Page, staring at the foolscap, and rubbing her nose very hard, as if the solution of the difficulty lay with that organ, began to feel quite bewildered. Five, ten minutes passed, and still not another word had been written, when nurse appeared at the door; a shade of surprise, smoothed over by civility, on her face.

"Please, ma'am," said nurse, "I've took the liberty to put the children to bed—they were so tired, and baby's getting quite fractious."

Her mistress took out her watch. "Oh, nurse, it is late indeed; you should have called me half an hour back. I'll be up directly."

As she spoke she gathered her materials into a drawer, turned the key upon them, and then hurried away up-stairs, to be greeted by baby Charley with a crescendo howl when she opened the nursery-door.

"However could I forget him one moment—the darling!" thought mamma, as she covered Charley with kisses. "If I fancied this writing scheme would interfere with my duties, I'd give it up at once; but that it never shall."

Baby was soon appeased, and cooing like a little dove; and by-and-bye mamma, as she watched him drop off into a happy sleep, found her thoughts run again in the channel of the *magnum opus*. Not that she was meditating the action of the story; no, Mamma was too busy, vulgarly speaking, in counting her chickens before they were hatched. Now she had quite made up her mind to what object that honorarium of one hundred and fifty pounds was to be devoted. Not one penny of it should be touched till this darling child had left school; then what a famous fund there would be towards college expenses! Of course he must get a scholarship, and no doubt a fellowship afterwards, then a college living, and the next minute mamma would certainly have seen Charley into bishop's lawn-sleeves, had not nurse, who was putting away his things, cut short her speculations by asking, as she held up a small garment, "Don't you think, ma'am, it's quite time baby was shortened? He's turned four months, and, bless his heart, he grow like flowers in May!"

Mrs. Page gave a little sigh, as she agreed with nurse that it really was time to "shorten" Charley; for she knew she must be busier than usual with her needle for a fortnight to come; as, indeed, she was. And, then before the last tuck had been run in baby's last frock, back came her eldest boys, the twins, James and Frank, from school for the holidays; and you may fancy Mrs. Page found quite work enough without authorship, for six weeks at least. And when the boys had gone back to school, guests far less welcome appeared in the shape of measles and whooping-cough. There could be little rest and no leisure for mamma while all her little ones were spotted with measles or whooping in chorus like so many miniature Red Indians. Night and day she was head-nurse for weeks together; and afterwards, when her own children were recovering, she had time to find out that both these epidemics were raging in the town—to go through narrow lanes into close cottages, and see the darlings of other mothers wasting away, often for sheer want of the judicious care which had helped her own through these trials of childhood. Eliza Page was not the woman to keep aloof from her poor neighbours at such a time. Cheerfully and quietly she gave up book and pen—all, indeed, but her pressing home duties. From house to house she went; often bringing hope, and always comfort with her. The poor mothers clung to her, and were disposed to follow the simple rules she laid down, all the more because, as they said, she had brought her own little ones through bravely; all the more, too, because she bestowed actual help as well as rules. All that she could spare herself, or beg from others, Mrs. Page gave wisely as well as generously.

She made wholesome messes, which were gratefully appreciated by the sick little folks, at whose bedside she watched many a night that autumn and winter. Spring came at last; and what if it brought no money from the publisher? I imagine that the sight of certain wan small faces, which but for her would too surely have been missing from church and school—that these drew happier tears into the little woman's eyes, and sent a warmer thrill to her heart, than any literary success could have bestowed.

Well, the "Life History" once fairly laid aside, made no progress whatever year after year. Baby Charles had been superannuated by baby Tom; and Tom, in his turn, by wee Annie. And, still months and seasons came and went; always to find Mrs. Page the busiest of mothers and managers: a great deal too busy to do more with her pen than write a letter in a leisure half-hour. And, now, here were the elder girls in their teens, grown quite over their mother's head, and actually beginning to want to be chaperoned! Not that Eliza had ever entirely given up the literary scheme. She would occasionally unlock the drawer, take a forlorn peep at her foolscap, and make a desperate determination of beginning in earnest next Monday. But, as "next Monday" always brought next Monday's work, and so on for Tuesday, Wednesday—indeed, all the days in the week, it is not surprising that ten full years were gone, and yet not another line added to my friend's story. At this epoch, Master Charley was emerging out of tunics; and I am sure it was the sight of her handsome boy, in all the discomfort and pride of his first round jacket and corduroys, which set mamma thinking that some decided steps must be taken towards realizing a certain fund for college expenses. Her first notion that the book could easily be written in odd half-hours or so, she had long scouted as impracticable; but just now she really had a few days of comparative leisure on hand, and why shouldn't she make over the week's house-keeping to one of the girls, and regularly devote her time to authorship, at least till her husband's return? For Mr. Page had gone to London, and there business would keep him the next fortnight.

Eliza was determined not to let her resolution slacken. One day she spent in finishing off the work she had in hand; in balancing accounts, and returning a few calls. Then, in the evening, she summoned her eldest daughter Jane into the store-room. A bright, handsome girl was Jane Page, with a sweet face like her mamma's, only she had copied Mr. Page in her dark hair and eyes. As to the latter, they danced with delight when mamma gave her the housekeeping keys, and promoted her to the new dignity.

"I have taught you house-keeping, Jenny, and now I should like you to try your hand at it by yourself next week. You can't begin better than while your papa is away; but my love"—and now mamma, lowering her voice, confided to Jane her anxiety with respect to the

weekly bills, for some little time past ~~later~~ than usual.

"Do you think cook can be dishonest, mamma?" asked Jane. "Why, you remember what a first-rate character Mrs. Simpson gave her."

"No-o-o," was the dubious reply. Mamma, unsuspicious by nature, never thought downright ill of others till the last minute.

"No, Jane; I've watched closely, and if she had given things away I must have known. But the bills are too heavy, that's certain. She is wasteful in the kitchen, I think. However, you will take notice, and if you see anything wrong come to me at once." Jane nodded assent, and her mother went on: "You are to order dinner and everything, you know. Now, to-morrow order the cold sirloin: it was hardly more than cut to-day, and let me see, rice-pudding."

"Oh, mamma, not rice. Roly-poly, please, this once. Currant and raspberry roly-poly. That's what Charley and the little ones like best of all: do let us have it, as it's my first house-keeping day." And Jane clasped her hands with a gesture of mock entreaty, which nobody could have withstood.

Mrs. Page smiled. "Very well, Jenny; so it shall be; only not too much jam remember."

Off went mamma's proxy in high spirits, jingling her keys down the passage, and presently there were all the children shouting for joy over Jane's new dignity and the prospect of to-morrow's pudding. Punctual as clock-work was Mrs. Page's household. She herself saw both servants and her young people up-stairs to bed betimes, and by eleven o'clock all the house was dark and sleeping. This night, however, Eliza's candle was burning still. Not feeling sleepy after she went up-stairs, she had changed her gown for a warm dressing-wrap, and sat down to sew an hour, over a little frock she was braiding for Annie. Her thoughts, meantime not less busy than her fingers, were fixed on literary labours. She had succeeded in rearranging her ideas; had contrived a really clever introduction and quite a chain of incidents, when the hall-clock struck half-past twelve. Mrs. Page started to her feet. "I may as well begin my work at once," she thought; "now the house is quiet and my time is all my own. I shouldn't sleep a wink if I lay down with my head quite full of my story; why not go down-stairs, make up the kitchen fire, and write away there till I feel tired and sleepy?" So she folded up the frock, brushed out her hair, and curled it—that was not by any means to be neglected for authorship—and then, candle in hand, opened the door very softly, and went along the passage on tiptoe. One minute she topped at sundry doors, listening to the soft, regular breathing of the young sleepers inside: then stole down-stairs, and crossed the hall silent-footed as a thief, to the kitchen. The door was shut, as she had seen it when she went up to bed; she opened it softly. The next moment

past Mrs. Page had dropped her candlestick on the threshold in blank amazement. Was this actually her own kitchen or not? A glorious fire blazed half-way up the chimney; the parlour lamp, turned up to its full height, stood on the table, which was covered with a clean damask table-cloth, and glittering with glass and silver. The best china service was laid for four; the cold sirloin graced the top of the table; at the bottom was half a tongue and veal-pie; a smoking dish of eggs-and-bacon saluted Eliza's nostrils with a savoury smell, and on the brass cat before the fire a comfortable-looking pile of buttered toast was simmering. There could be no doubt as to what sort of household fairies she owed this uncommonly cheerful perspective; for fronting her at the head of the table sat Mrs. Cook, her mouth full of toast, and Jemima, house-maid, opposite cook. Both ladies in Sunday black silks, in ringlets, and smart caps with ribbons streaming half-way down their backs. Their lace collars and sleeves Eliza recognized as part of her daughter's wardrobe, and also the bracelet on cook's red arm: a pretty French bracelet it was of Jane's, which had disappeared a fortnight before. At the right hand of its present wearer, a serious footman, from a neighbouring house, was paying his respects to the cold beef, while Jemima affectionately piled the plate of her sailor-sweetheart with bacon and eggs.

Mercy on us! What a simultaneous start the supper-party gave when the servants saw their bewildered mistress standing, like the statue of the Commander, in the doorway! Jemima's sailor vanished through a window; Jemima herself, rushing into the pantry, there relieved her feelings by hysteric screeches; while the serious footman never tried to stir, but turned green and yellow in the face, and sat quivering, as if he were some monstrous jelly. Mrs. Cook alone displayed a courage equal to the present, or, indeed, any emergency. At the moment of the interruption she was just tossing off a glass of porter. She coolly finished it, drew the back of her hand across her lips, and then rising with a regular stand-up-and-confront-me air, faced her mistress.

"Please to suit yourself, mum," said cook, majestically, before the other had found breath to speak. "Hi leave your place this day month. Ladies," with withering emphasis, "hi 'ave lived with, and bin allus appy to serve; but to 'ave a missus cum a-prowlin about my kitching hall hours of the night, in curl-papers too, an' nothink better nor a dressing-gown, that's wulgarity hi aint used to put hup with."

Here was a striking scene for a chapter in the life-history, to say nothing of a very satisfactory solution to the rise in weekly bills! Unpleasant as the affair might be, the comic element in it was so strong, that Mrs. Page could hardly keep her countenance, when the footman, going down on his knees, besought her not to tell his master, under a fire of contemptuous reproach for want of pluck from his lady-love. The fellow was glad to sneak off, and Eliza sent her two damsels

up-stairs, with orders to pack their boxes for a departure at day-break. Cook tried hard to carry matters with a high hand, but a few resolute words and a threat of the police soon cowed her, and Mrs. Page having satisfied herself that none of her valuables were taking leave with the delinquents, saw them both off by seven a.m. But, alas! what literary leisure was to be looked for, when Betsey the nursemaid had to be maid-of-all-work for the nonce; her mistress, of course, taking Betsey's place in the nursery? Of course, the whole family had to wait upon themselves—an arrangement which was not quite so much fun to mamma as to her young people. They were busy and important all day about the house, and I may say of Jane's roll-pudding, made by her own hands, that all plates were sent up twice, and everybody declared it the very best that had ever been put upon table.

Well, the servants had been dismissed in April, and here was my friend with the bustle of mid-summer holidays about her before a suitable new cook and house-maid had been found and fairly broken in to what every mistress of a house calls her "ways." And all this time poor Eliza longed in vain for some single day of leisure over her book, and sighed secretly because it seemed further off than ever. Quite at the end of June, however, her patience was to be rewarded. All her young people, from the tallest to the shortest, were invited to spend the 1st of July with Mrs. Asprey. Mrs. Asprey, one of those hearty, genial old ladies who delight to see young happy faces about them, had brought the invitation herself, and, taking a paper from her reticule, had read therefrom such a programme of the entertainments as set everybody longing. A young party, more than fifty in number, were to eat junkets and strawberries on her lawn; they were to make hay in the meadow; there was to be cricket, trap-ball, dancing, archery, and fireworks in the evening—an announcement at which the boys set up a loud hurrah. "Mind you all come quite early, directly after breakfast," said the good old lady, looking round with a benevolent air, as she put her list back into her pocket. "I don't invite you, my dear," she added, nodding to Eliza. "The day's rest and quiet at home will do you a world of good—you know you can trust the dear young people to me."

As to the "dear young people," they thought the 1st of July never would come, and mamma longed for it hardly less than the juniors. It came at last, as bright a morning as ever smiled on *al-fresco* merry-making. The joyous party were started by half-past nine, and watched by papa and mamma from the hall door till the ringing voices had died in the distance, and the last flag, improvised out of a pocket handkerchief, was lost among the trees. "Why, Beessie," said Mr. Page, as they turned to enter the house together, "you'll hardly know what to do with yourself to-day; unluckily I have a world of business on my hands, and must ride

over to Yaxley at twelve. You won't see anything of me before dinner-time."

"Not know what to do with myself?" thought Eliza, with a smile; "if Frank could only guess how her day would be spent!" She gulped down a strong desire to disclose the secret, bid her husband good-bye, with an assurance that he need not fear her being dull, and in five minutes' time found herself actually alone for all the hours between ten and the six o'clock dinner. Could a finer chance for authorship ever have presented himself? Mrs. Page lost no time in bringing out her foolscap; she shook her head somewhat mournfully over the yellow paper, with its faded handwriting; the ink, too, had dried to dust in her gilt cupid. This she filled afresh, put another new pen into her holder, and sat down in the best mood possible for work. But here, at the very outset, was the old difficulty of Frank's presentation. The appropriate introduction which had come to her mind so readily on the night of the kitchen adventure was lost entirely, and for the life of her she could think of nothing in its place. So there Eliza sat some minutes, decorating her blotting-paper with those flourishes which are equally the resource of poets when the rhyme is not forthcoming, and of prosists when the sentiment or the situation refuses to be "got up." Could she do better, after all, than keep to her old beginning? "It is simple certainly, and quite in Miss Austen's style," said the historian, rather doubtfully, executing meanwhile an extraordinary flourish; "and yet I hardly know: a footman, now, it would be quite natural to bring in by ringing a bell; but a gentleman, and"—

But here the important deliberation was cut short by the unexpected apparition of cook, who, at this juncture, burst into the room, her face grewsome with fright and soot. "Please 'um! laws 'um! get, this minute, out of the house; it's all afire," gasped out the woman.

Eliza was not much alarmed; she thought flashed into her mind that cook must have been drinking. "What is the matter? Do speak quietly," she said, looking up.

"Lawk 'um, speak quiet with the house

burning double quick over our 'eads, and all my beautiful preserves a'bilin on the fire, an waggon-loads of soot dropped into 'em from the chimbley!" Cook wrung her hands over the picture she had drawn.

Cook's mistress was, sorry, too, about the preserves, but determined to take things easily. "Your kitchen chimney is on fire, that's all," she said, quietly, and made her way towards the scene of the catastrophe: "don't be afraid, Cook, it's all solid stone, and there's no danger whatever; we'll get the register shut, and then the soot will burn itself out without further mis—"

They had just reached the kitchen when a report which shook the house saluted their ears, and down in a moment came the whole chimney-ful of soot, covering walls, floor, and ceiling, and putting both mistress and maid in full mourning suits from top to toe. A minute afterwards, when they could just see across the place, there stood Jerry, the Irish gardener, on the hearth, in an heroic attitude, as black as if he had just come down the chimney itself, with his master's fowling-piece in his hand.

"Och, mistress, dear!" cried Jerry, as soon as he caught sight of her, "an 'tis I that have saved yer lives, an' the house an' all, by firing up the chimbley, an' bringing all the blacks down; thankful I am for that same chance, an' proud I'll be all me life to have done it, an' never a bit will I think of me eyesight gone entirely, an' me hair burnt off me head."

Poor Eliza! It really was too provoking to hear the man glorifying himself for all the mischief his ignorance had occasioned. Nobody could persuade him that the chimney was fire-proof, and that all the harm done was in consequence of his stupid blunder, so determined was Jerry to see himself in the light of a hero and martyr. Jerry escaped with hair well singed, and a blister or so; but of course all edibles, both in kitchen and larder, were spoiled with soot and smuts, to say nothing of at least a fortnight's scrubbing for cook and a char-woman.

"THE ELDER BROTHER."

People who, among the imperative occupations of pleasure or business, find scant time for reading, and so restrict themselves wholly to the literature of the present day, little dream of the treasures hidden in older books. It is a good office to remind them at intervals of the existence of those treasures by bringing out from the darkness some solitary gem, and flashing it for a moment before their eyes. The richest coffer of all, to my mind, in that ancient storehouse, is that which bears the superscription, "OLD PLAYS." Herein lie the very regalia of the hoarded riches. Of late years the

editing of dramatist, after dramatist, and the publishing of some few in a popular form, prove a certain demand for this kind of literature. Charles Lamb's specimens of the Garrick plays in Hone's "Table-Book" no doubt had an influence on the popular mind. Far and wide these extracts were diffused in Hone's cheap weekly sheets. No educated person now talks of Shakespeare as; at once, the originator and perfecter of the drama—a monstrous prodigy and anachronism. We 'all know that he was a playwright among playwrights; that he worked not alone, but among a crowd of eager emulous

poets; that the way had been prepared before him, and that others took up the mantle when he laid it aside. Our present estimate of Shakespeare is altogether different from the old estimate.

Still, though we know of the existence of this choir of old poets, and can glibly repeat half-a-dozen of their names, our knowledge of them the main stops here. Scribes write familiarly of *Kit Marlowe* in the biography-books, and omit from the list of his works the most exquisite of all his writings, namely, the fragment of "*Hero and Leander*." Even such critics as Hallam sometimes trip when they get among these dramatists. Though the names of the playwrights are often taken in vain, their plays are still known but little. If our modern dramatists would but turn to these old stores of wit and wisdom, instead of adapting from the French, nine times out of ten their robberies would remain undiscovered. At second-hand our stage might revive and flourish again.

The play, of which the name stands at the head of this paper, is by no means a scarce play, and yet I believe that it will be new to a sufficient number of readers to warrant some discussion of it here. It is a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's, and the plot of it has been stolen by later dramatists. To one great division of readers it will certainly be new. There is no Bowdler's family edition of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The character of the "*Elder Brother*," and the idea of which that is the expression, I take for my text rather than the whole play.

The first scene introduces my Lord Lewis walking in the park of his country-seat with his daughter Angelina, who is attended by her sou-brette. Lewis is holding forth on the healthful effects of exercise. I recommend the subsequent passage (as indeed the whole scope and meaning of the play) to the attention of my fair readers. De Quincey, somewhere in his "*Opium Confessions*," impresses on feminine minds the fact that there is nothing within the whole range of the cosmetic art so efficacious for giving brightness and sweetness to the eyes as a long, steady walk. My Lord Lewis fails to bring forward this special instance, but his argument is to the same effect:

Lewis. 'Tis for your health
The want of exercise takes from your beauties,
And sloth dries up your sweetness * * * *
All that I aim at is, to win thee from
The practice of an idle foolish state,
Used by great women, who think any labour
(Though in the service of themselves) a blemish
To their fair fortunes.

Angelina. Make me understand, sir,
What 'tis you point at.

Lewis. At the custom, how
Virgins of wealthy families waste their youth.
After a long sleep, when you wake, your woman
Presents your breakfast; then you sleep again,
Then rise, and being trimmed by others' hands,
You are led to dinner, and that ended, either
To cards or to your couch (as if you were
Born without motion); after this to supper,

And then to bed: and so your life runs round
Without variety or action, daughter.

* * * * * From this idleness,
Diseases, both in body and in mind,
Grow strong upon you: where a stirring nature,
With wholesome exercise, guards both from danger.
I'd have thee rise with the sun, walk, dance, or hunt,
Visit the groves and springs, and learn the virtues
Of plants and simples."

Hereupon the sou-brette breaks in with a recommendation. Plants and simples are very well in their way; but she suggests that "a noble husband" would be a much better source of amusement to her young mistress—

"And then the knowledge of your plants and simples,
As I take it, were superfluous."

Angelina blushes and scolds, but Angelina is of marriageable age—fourteen or thereabouts—and "Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho! young maids must marry" (as Professor Kingsley hath it). The suggestion is looked upon as not a bad one. There is a neighbour of Lewis, a certain Justice Brissac, and this Brissac has two sons, the elder a scholar, the younger a courtier. Angelina has heard of them. "To which does she incline of the two?" inquires her father. Angelina answers prudently. A courtier is all very well in his way, but all his accomplishments and expectations of court favour are worth little, "if he want a present fortune." That is the main point. "What thinks she of the scholar?"

Angelina. 'Tis, if he be nothing else,
As of the courtier. All his songs and sonnets
His anagrams, acrostics, epigrams,
His deep and philosophical discourse
Of nature's hidden secrets, make not up
A perfect husband. He can hardly borrow
The stars of the celestial crown to make me
A fire for my head; nor Charles'-Wain for a coach,
Nor Ganymede for a page, nor a rich gown
From Juno's wardrobe; * * * *
* * * * No, no, father;
Though I could be well pleased to have my husband
A courtier and a scholar, young and valiant,
These are but gaudy nothings, if there be not
Something to make a substance.

Lewis. And what is that?

Angelina. A full estate; and, that said, I've said all.

A sensible young lady, this Angelina; and further, not so revoltingly covetous and money-seeking as at the first blush might be imagined. Angelina has as yet seen neither of the brothers; she has never looked on a man with the eyes of love. She is arguing quite abstractedly. If that thing called a husband is necessary to be had, why, then, by all means, a rich husband. This qualification strikes her as paramount on first and general consideration of the subject. She is the reverse of sentimental. She has formed no charming ideal—no image of a dear pale scholar or beautiful young courtier preoccupies her mind. Again I say, a sensible girl.

The marriage question having been thus opened, Lewis hastens to lay the matter before

Brissac. The two sons are just returning home; Lewis shall judge which of the two will be the fittest husband for his daughter.

Charles, the scholar, the "Elder Brother," is preceded by some dozens of cart-loads of books under charge of his servant Andrew, a facetious fellow who lards his talk with scraps of learning. "Where's my Charles?" asks Brissac; and Andrew answers—

"Contemplating

The number of the sands in the highway
And, from that, purposes to make a judgment
Of the remainder in the sea."

—handing at the same time a letter wherein Charles has sent, as herald to himself, his duty to his father. "Pot-hooks and andirons!" cries Brissac. "I much pity you!" quoth Andrew—

"It is the Syrian character, or the Arabic. Would you have it said, so great and deep a scholar As master Charles is, should ask blessing In any Christian language?"

Soon after, the sons enter to Brissac and Lewis.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Bid my subseer carry my hackney to The buttery, and give him his bever; it is a civil And sober beast, and will drink moderately; And, that done, turn him into the quadrangle.

Brissac. He cannot out of his university tone.

Enter EUSTACE (the younger brother) with EGBERT and COWSY (two courtier friends).

Eustace. Lackey, take care our courses be well-rubbed And clothed; they have outstripped the wind in speed.

Lewis [*aside*]. Ay, marry sir, there's metal in this young fellow!

What a sheep's look his elder-brother has!

Charles. Your blessing, sir! [*Kneels.*

Brissac. Rise, Charles; thou hast it.

Eustace. Sir, though it be unusual in the court (Since 'tis the country's garb) I bend my knee, And do expect what follows [*Kneels.*

Brissac. Courtly begged.

My blessing! take it.

Eustace. [*To LEWIS.*] Your Lordship's vowed adorer.

What a thing this brother is! Yet I'll vouchsafe him

The new Italian shrug. [*Bows.*] How clownishly The book-worm does return it!

Charles. I am glad you're well. [*Takes up a book and reads.*

This Charles is undoubtedly a terrible prig. We will not stop to inquire whether we have in him as true a picture of the student fresh from college of that day, as the pictures Mr. Leech draws us of the sucking babes of Alma Mater of the present.

While Eustace makes agreeable small-talk, Charles is engrossed with his book, muttering of Aristotle and of Plato, and the Lord knows what. His father chides him for this ill-timed study. Quoth Charles, in answer—

"Man's life, sir, being

So short, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious."

The father speaks of practical duties—farms to be tilled, for instance; and Charles instantly refers to Virgil at much length of wind. "Heyday, heyday!" quoth Brissac; "Georgics, and Bucolics, and bees! Art mad!" and goes on to ask whether, among all the learning of the books, he has ever come upon the subject of "a well-shaped wealthy bride.

"'Tis frequent, sir, in story," Charles replies, and begins to expatiate upon "Spartan dames and Roman ladies." Portia and Cornelia, Clytemnestra and Tullia.

In fine, Charles states plainly that he has no taste for matrimony or agriculture, save so far as those subjects are touched upon in his beloved books.

* * * "Give me leave

To enjoy myself; that place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I, then,
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No, be it your care
To augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge. Lights there for my
study!" [*Exit.*

Such is our first introduction to the hero of the play. It is natural enough that Brissac and Lewis should despise this uncouth self-opiniated bookworm. Compared with the easy graces and neatly-turned courtesies of Eustace, Charles's pedantries are abominable. The reader agrees with the two old men—a fellow who goes back for his notions of woman-kind to the days of Portia or Cornelia would be inferior to "your plants and simples" as a companion for the sprightly Angelina. And yet the reader has some misgiving. There is a certain depth in Charles which one does not fathom in a moment, while in Eustace one becomes quickly conscious that there is no depth whatsoever. We laugh at Charles, and are inclined to look up with awe at Eustace's court-breeding, on first introduction; but these impressions soon begin to change places. In Eustace's fine clothes, fine manners, and fine words we see all that he has to show—there is no reserve. He has surface and nothing more; nay, after a time we find even this surface to be a falsity and illusion—he turns out to be a thing of absolutely no dimensions; a mere phantasm, a vapour blown into that shape only by stress of the prevalent wind.

Brissac and Lewis however, purblind "old ignorant elders," as they are, greatly admire Eustace. His father finds in him some comfort

against his misfortune in his elder son. He is the husband for Angelina, not a doubt of it, decides Lewis.

* * * * * "Were he
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain
Were soon struck up."

Brissac. What's that, my Lord?

Lewis. The heir.

Brissac. Come, that shall breed no difference.

You see

Charles has given o'er the world; I'll undertake,
And with much ease, to buy his birthright of him
For a dry-fat of new books."

Eustace consents to bestow himself on Angelina.

"She's mine, sir, fear it not:

In all my travels, I ne'er met a virgin

That could resist my courtship."

So Eustace pays his devoirs to the young lady, while Charles remains shut up in his study, attaching himself to the dames and damsels of antiquity.

At length the day arrives on which the wedding is to be celebrated. The deed for the transference of the birthright is ready drawn up, needing only the signature of Charles, which is sure to be obtained without the slightest difficulty.

This is Angelina's opinion of her promised husband.

A husband's welcome,
And, as an humble wife, I'll entertain him:
No sovereignty I aim at; 'tis the man's, sir;
For she that seeks it kills her husband's honour.
The gentleman I have seen, and well observed him,
Yet find not that graced excellence you promise;
A pretty gentleman, and he may please too;
And some few flashes I have heard come from him,
But not to admiration, as to others;
He's young and may be good, yet he must make it;
And I may help, and helped too, thank him also.
It is your pleasure I should make him mine,
And 't has been still my duty to observe you."

Still a wondrously sensible young woman. Eustace, "pretty gentleman" as he is, has made no startling impression on this virgin. She is of another kind to those of whose submission the travelled courtier boasts. Her views of what a husband should be are little changed by the love-making to which she has submitted. She has observed him well, and found him something wanting. He is shallow, though he can talk. Still he is young, and there may be the making of a man in him. Each must help the other, though Angelina leans to the opinion that the helping will mostly fall to her share.

Having formed no romantic ideal, that non-existence cannot be outraged. She does not revolt against this phantasm of a husband. She accepts him with as little emotion as she accepted the first abstract notion of marriage. A husband being necessary, and this being the chosen husband—well and good. She has changed a little in her views of marital qualifications. Before, when husband was but a general term, she in-

sisted on fortune as the chief necessity. Now, the individual man being chosen, she turns her attention to his disposition and character, and not to his fortune. She studies the duties of married life—the mutual helpfulness, the wifely submission. Husband concrete, having taken the place of husband abstract, is necessarily viewed in more intimate detail.

The young lady displays in all this excellent reason and temper, but that is all. Her heart is quite untouched. Up to this time she does not know that she possesses a heart—she does not know what love is.

The wedding ceremony is to take place at Brissac's house. They are preparing a great feast there, and Charles is disturbed among his books by the squeaking of slaughtered pigs, and geese and turkeys, and by the chopping of herbs and breaking of marrow-bones. Loads of fish, flesh, and fowl are borne into the kitchens.

Charles. What a noise is in this house! My head is broken!

In every corner, as if the earth were shaken
With some strange cholic, there are stirrings and motions.
What planet rules this house?

Andrew informs him that Eustace is going to be married.

Charles. Married? to whom?

Andrew. Why, to a dainty gentlewoman,
Young, sweet, and modest.

Charles. Are there modest women?
How do they look?

Andrew. Oh, you'd bless yourself to see them.

He parts with his book! He never did so before yet!

[Aside.]

Presently the rumbling of the coach which brings Angelina is heard, and Charles sees her, for the first time, as she enters the house.

"Andrew! [he breaks forth as he gazes upon her]
Andrew! she has a face looks like a story!"

—a charming touch of true poetry, which needs no comment. This is the first note of preparation for the *peripeteia* of the play. The pure young virgin face is a revelation to Charles. Ah me! the womankind of real flesh-and-blood are quite different to those stone monuments of Portia and Cornelia. "Get me my book again," says poor Charles. Oh, the weariness of the dead pages after the *story* of Angelina's face!

No praise, it seems to me, would be too high, of the masterly manner in which this book-worm is drawn. Making allowance for the necessary brevity, concentration, and antithesis of stage-dialogue, there is absolutely no exaggeration in the presentment of the character. And, be it noted, such a character—which has to suffer revolution, on whose change of aspect the whole plot of a piece depends—is the most difficult to portray. Charles is to appear ridiculous at first, and he does appear so. He is to appear as a man noble and complete afterwards, and his former eccentricities do not at all detract from this subsequent nobility. Reading again the first portion of the play by the

light of the after-portion, we discover that our laugh on first reading was, for the most part, a laugh of ignorance, arising from a wrong estimate of the character. The servant, Andrew (with his scraps of misapplied learning), and the uncle, Miramont (with his admiration of the sound of Greek), we find have been cleverly used to heighten the temporary impression of absurdity in the hero. Charles's absence of mind, devotion to study, love of books, illustrations from the classics, and general lack of interest in things about him, are effects from the life he leads as direct as are Eustace's fine manners, fine clothes, talk of travels and general trivialities, from the life he leads. Everybody who has devoted even the smallest portion of his life to study will sympathize fully with Charles's feeling of the preciousness of time; with his strong love for his books—those sole companions and friends; with his estimate of immediate surroundings as mere interruptions to the business of reading. No one, who by choice or by circumstances has been led into solitary and studious habits, can have failed to undergo precisely the same feelings. That Charles's address is awkward, his back bowed, and his clothes shabby, follows on his course of life, just as Eustace's trim foppishness follows on his. Hear what Robert Burton has to say of the students: "Because they cannot ride a horse, which every clown can do; salute and court a gentlewoman, carve at table, cringe and make *congés*, which every common swasher can do, '*hos populus ridet*,' &c.: they are laughed to scorn and accounted silly fools by our gallants."

The truth is that Charles is awkward in such matters simply because he has never yet turned his attention to them, being otherwise occupied. We shall find that he has a very pretty knack of "courting a gentlewoman" when the time for that business arrives.

To proceed. Charles retires to his study, book in hand, but somewhat else, we fancy, in his head. To him enter Miramont, his uncle; and they talk of Eustace's getting of the birth-right, and so forth. "Will he have my books too?" asks Charles. "Must my brother have all?—that fair woman too?"

Brissac enters with the deed of transference for Charles to sign. Charles says he will go down into the room where all are assembled.

"Because I'd see the thing they call *the gentlewoman*."

I see no women, but through contemplation; And there I'll do 't before the company, And wish my brother fortune."

Meanwhile, Miramont has been talking with Angelina about Charles, who is his favourite nephew.

Angelina. Can he speak, sir?

Miramont. 'Faith, yes; but not to women: His language is to Heaven and heavenly wonders; To Nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Angelina. And does he speak well there?

Miramont. Oh, admirably!

But he's too bashful to behold a woman; There's none that sees him, nor he troubles none.

Angelina. He is a man.

Miramont. 'Faith, yes; and a clear sweet spirit.

Angelina. Then conversation, methinks—

Miramont. So think I;

But 'tis his rugged fate, and so I leave you.

Here Charles enters, with his father. It will be better for me to transcribe this scene, condensing where I can.

Charles, on entrance, has been addressed by many of the company, but he is engrossed with sight of Angelina.

The Notary. Here's the deed, sir, ready.

Charles. No, you must pardon me awhile: I tell you

I am in contemplation; do not trouble me.

Brissac. Come, leave thy study, Charles.

Charles. I'll leave my life first:

I study now to be a man; I've found it.

Before, what man was, was my argument.

Eustace. Will you write, brother?

Charles. No, brother, no; I have no time for poor things;

I'm taking the height of that bright constellation.

Brissac. I say you trifle time, son.

Charles. I will not seal, sir:

I am your eldest, and I'll keep my birthright.

Had you only showed me land, I had delivered it;

'Tis dirt, 'tis labour.....

But you have opened to me such a treasure—

(I find my mind free; Heaven direct my fortune!)

Miramont. Can he speak now? Is this a son to sacrifice?

Charles. Such an inimitable piece of beauty, That I have studied long and now found only, That I'll part sooner with my soul of reason, And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly, And only make the number of things up, Than yield one foot of land if she be tied to't!

Lenox. He speaks unhappily.

Angelina. And, methinks, bravely!

This the mere scholar!

Eustace. You but vex yourself, brother,

And vex your study too.

Charles. Go you and study;

For 'tis time, young Eustace. You want man and manners;

I have studied both, although I made no show on't.

Go, turn the volumes over I have read;

Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee;

Wear out the tedious night with thy dim lamp,

And sooner loose the day than leave a doubt;

Distil the sweetness from the poet's spring,

And learn to love; thou know'st not what fair is.

Traverse the stories of the great heroes,

The wise and civil lives of good men walk through:

Thou hast seen nothing but the face of countries,

And brought home nothing but their empty words.

Why shouldst thou wear a jewel of this worth,

That hast no worth within thee to preserve her?

Here follows an exquisite song, addressed to Angelina.

Miramont. What say you to the scholar now?

Angelina. I wonder!—

Is he your brother, sir?

Eustace. Yes. 'Would he were buried!

I fear he'll make an ass of me; a younker. [Aside.

Angelina. Speak not so softly, sir; 'tis very likely.

* * * * *

Charles. You, happy you! why did you break
unto me?

The rosy-flagored morn ne'er broke so sweetly.
I am a man, and have desires within me;
Affections too, though they were drowned awhile,
And lay dead, till the spring of beauty raised them.
Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump;
A chaos of confus'dness dwelt in me;
Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distin-
guish'd

And into form he drew my faculties;
And now I know my land, and now I love too.

Brissac. We had best remove the maid.

Charles. It is too late, sir;
I have her figure here. Nay, frown not, Eustace,
There are less worthy souls for younger brothers:
This is no form of silk, but sanctity,
Which wild lascivious hearts can never dignify.

* * * * *

Charles. Do not you think me mad?

Angelina. No, certain, sir:

I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

Charles. You look upon my clothes, and laugh
at me;

My scurvy clothes!

Angelina. They have rich linings, sir.

I would your brother—

Charles. His are gold and gaudy.

Angelina. But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of
copper.

Charles. Can you love me?" * * * *

Charles continues, at great length, to describe
what their mutual loves would be, his speech
ending:

"One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn;
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy."

Angelina. And one hand seal the match: I am
yours for ever!

Lewis. Nay, stay, stay, stay!

Angelina. Nay, certainly, 'tis done, sir.

Brissac. There was a contract.

"Only conditional," says Angelina; and then
she turns and addresses herself to the unfor-
tunate Eustace.

Angelina. Pray be not angry, sir, at what I say
(Or, if you be, 'tis at your own adventure);
You have the outside of a pretty gentleman,
But, by my troth, your inside is but barren.
'Tis not a face I only am in love with;

Nor will I say your face is excellent—

A reasonable hunting-face to court the wind with;
Nor they're not words, unless they be well placed
too,

Nor your sweet *damn-me's*, nor your hired verses,
Nor telling me of clothes, nor coach and horses,
No, nor your visits each day in new suits,
Nor your black patches you wear variously—
Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some
lozenges

(All which but show you still a younger brother)—
Nor your long travels, nor your little knowledge
Can make me dote upon you. 'Faith! go study,
And glean some goodness, that you may show
manly

(Your brother, at my suit, I'm sure will teach you);
Or only study how to get a wife, sir,
You're cast far behind.

The above outline, meagre as it is (I have cut
out very much, and there are many evident cor-
ruptions of text) will give my readers the drift of
this fine scene. I do not know a scene of *revolu-*
tion in any play that surpasses it in dramatic
force and vigour of writing. Charles, Angelina,
Eustace, and, through them, the minor cha-
racters, all change their places by this sudden
whirl of Fortune's wheel; and yet each in the
change is simply developing his, or her, natural
character.

The critics ascribe the change in the hero to
the miraculous power of love; and Cibber, steal-
ing the nobly simple plot of this play to combine
with the complexities of "The Custom of the
Country," has called the hybrid product, "Love
makes a man." I protest against such an in-
terpretation. Charles is not transformed, but de-
veloped and completed. The essential meaning
of the piece lies in the contrast between the two
brothers—Charles, the man; Eustace, the mere
phantasm. Eustace, far from being worthy of
marrying a wife, needs to be sent to the dame-
school, and must have much impertinence and
frivolity thrashed out of him before any alphabet
of real knowledge can be instilled into his empty
head. Send him back to the nursery, instead of
installing him as heir; give him a coral and
bells to play with, instead of a wife to cherish.
His fine words, and clothes, and *cougés*, turn out
to be the mere tricks of a spoiled baby.

But Charles possesses the solidity, the abso-
lute substance of manhood. The awkward,
shabby scholar who gave but ungracefully "the
last Italian shrug," and was inept at small
talk, has gifts and graces which he can use upon
occasion. He has root, and can put forth
flowers when spring-time comes. He has a
store of wisdom, earned by patient labour—a
basis whereon to build firmly what "lordly
pleasure-houses" he pleases. He has had no
experience in the courting of gentleness, but
when the right lady appears he practices that art
and mystery successfully enough. He has
never fought a duel, but upon need he manages
to put to flight his brother and the two courtiers.
In unaccustomed situations, he can draw upon
his stores of knowledge, though he lacks ex-
perience. But, above all, he is great and good
and manly in his *purity*—

"Whiteness of name!"

You must be mine!

I have read of virtuous temperance
And studied it among my other secrets."

To interpret this play in the "Love-makes-a-
man" fashion is to desecrate it. The man noble
and wise must be existent in his prime before
he can experience a worthy love. Charles is no
lout transformed by a pretty face. He is ripe
for love; he has earned the right to win and
wear a wife before the destined wife comes.
The play is no story of "Beauty and the Beast,"
but a story of a wise modest temperate man
attaining his crowning completion in the loving
and being loved by a woman worthy of him.

If transformation from loutishness into manhood had been the meaning, surely we should have found evidence of the same in the humility of the transformed. Angelina would have been to him a deity to be worshipped, knees in the dust. On the contrary, his manner to her is peremptory. He has read the story of her face. He knows that she belongs to him and not to another. He is the deity, not she. He does not doubt of success. This is the concrete of that abstract beauty which he has studied so long in Plato—his by right of laborious search and victorious discovery. Most men are inclined to be self-doubting in love. "How can I (with all my sins) be worthy of this divine innocence and beauty?" *Markedly*, this feeling is lacking in Charles. He, self-doubting before, now first appreciates and claims acknowledgment of his own worthiness. Not this poor fribble of an Eustace; but he, Charles, heir by seniority and by nature, is the mate for Angelina.

Love does for him this much: it bestows on him the crowning gift of self-knowledge. He (who had never cared to think what he was hitherto), craving for the possession of this perfect Angelina, begins to measure himself against her, and finds himself *not* wanting. He undergoes no passive transformation, but love inspires him with a revelation, veiled hitherto.

And not only does he himself awake to his own worth, but the rest (all save the fathers, "those dim old men") pay it instant acknowledgment.

Eustace's airs and graces are over. He is on his retreat to the nursery and the dame-school.

And Angelina?

When last we discussed this young lady's conduct, she quite acquiesced in her pending marriage with Eustace. She had formed a tolerably accurate, but a hopeful rather than prejudiced, opinion of her future husband. She was devoting herself to sensible consideration of wifely duties and amenities. She had no idea of love. Eustace had awakened in her no sympathies; neither, poor neutral mortal, any antipathies. *Apathy* simply—and so, a full use of the reason and no warping of the temper.

I have said again and again that she had not formed an ideal of a man. So Eustace, compared with no standard of perfection, seemed a passable husband. Angelina, with all her sense, cannot determine the negative without a standard of comparison. That Eustace is *no* man, but a phantasm, is at that time beyond her power of knowing. But the positive she can determine. She knows a man when at length she sees him. She recognizes Charles at once. "*Is he your brother, sir?*" The wonder that the relationship *can* exist is most forcibly put. I believe her, "Tis very likely," to be uttered more in simple truth than malice. Afterwards, her rating of Eustace springs from her feeling of injury at the

wrong that he was about to do in marrying her. "*You marry me?*" To her and to Charles that projected wedding comes out as nothing less than an abominable adultery. Her heart is awake at last, all her sympathies thrilling towards this wise and noble man. Contrasting the brothers, and just having discovered the grievous wrong about to have been committed on her, is it to be wondered that she pours out on Eustace that torrent of contempt?

* * * * *

And now we may leave these lovers. They led a happy life, be sure. Do not you see that Angelina with her common sense is the very help-mate for Charles, the studious and dreamy? On the other hand, what most sensible girl could become wearied of Charles's pure, earnest, poetic love? He will always be saying the finest things to her. He is never tired of reading the story of her face, and trying to find mystical meanings there, as scholars will. He reads it waking and sleeping; nay, he will even penetrate to Angelina's dreams—

"I would behold your dreams too, if 'twere possible; Those were rich shows."

Is not that a pretty love-conceit?

As for the rest of the play, we need not describe it here. The Elder Brother and his sensible little wife are the only figures on the stage which we greatly care for.

J. A.

THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world, many confidently asserting that London, or, as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior, both in size and the number of its inhabitants. But such is not the case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is, without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of 1,500,000 dwellings, and 5,000,000 of human souls. Many of the streets are nineteen Japanese miles in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles. The commerce of Jeddo far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along its coast is constantly white with the sails of ships. Their vessels sail to the southern portion of the empire, where they are laden with rice, tea, sea-coal, tobacco, silk, cotton, and tropical fruits, all of which find a ready market in the north; and then return freighted with salt, oil, isinglass and various other productions of the north, which have a market in the south.

A P L E A F O R F U N G I .

“ There’s a thing that grows by the fainting flower,
 And springs in the shade of the lady’s bower;
 The Lily shrinks, and the Rose turns pale,
 When they feel its breath in the summer gale;
 And the Tulip curls its leaves in pride,
 And the blue-eyed Violet starts aside;
 But the Lily may flaunt and the Tulip stare—
 For what does the honest Toadstool care ! ”

These are not days of blindness. The world can no longer be divided into the two classes, “ eyes,” and “ no eyes.” People’s eyes are very wide open indeed, and there is an evident desire to see as much and as far as possible. In a recent tour in the Highlands, I saw this eagerness constantly evinced. Coach-passengers, steam-boat passengers, pedestrians—all were in a fever for *seeing*. Some were so thoroughly carried away by the profusion of beauty around them, that they forgot that they were seeing; but the generality were absorbed in following the steps of other men, seeing what had been described, and doing what others had done. These gazed intently on Ossian’s Cave, and found it easier to extend their belief to Ossian’s shower-bath, than to follow one flight of his fanciful imaginings. Ladies recognized the graceful oak and beach-ferns from the top of the coach; others exclaimed upon the shamrock, the grass-of-Parnassus, and the lesser scabious empurpling the meadows; sprigs of the bog-myrtle were gathered and passed from hand to hand, and many a weather-stained hat and bonnet was garnished with the ling or woodbine. Some even noticed the broad patches of the lichen, called “ lungs of the oak,” which half covered the boles of many a tree in the Trosachs and other passes; and the copper-coloured lichen blotching the rocks in Lord Breadalbane’s deer forest attracted the attention of a few. Birds, beasts, and insects, rocks, streams, and mountains, highland cottages, and the bare-legged children swarming from them, all received their full meed of observation. The beautiful, the curious, the useful, all were noted—all, but with one exception.

O, ye open-eyed peopled of Britain, thirsty for information, hungry to see and know! hear the plea of the only neglected objects in your way. We, the Fungi, meet you everywhere. We clustered up the side of the highland roads, hoping in vain for a share of the universally distributed praises. We knew that you liked strong contrasts, so we sprang in the shape of black tongues from among the soft green moss; but you praised the moss and forgot us. We tried another hue, and displayed orange and

violet branches amid the soft sward on the moorlands; still no notice was vouchsafed us. We stood in our accustomed mushroom form, firm and stately, under the trees, our tops covered with brilliant scarlet flecked with white. The passers-by praised those very trees which sheltered us, and the squirrels leaping among them, and the weeds beneath, but not one word for our glorious hues! Oh, dear people, what is lacking in us, that you ever turn away from us? We may vie with any other family of plants in marvellous structure, beauty of form and tint, and importance in the history of man. Give us a half-hour’s attention, and you will become our friends for a life.

Like other plants we have three parts, and, like the mosses and liverworts, these parts are formed of cells. Our *spore* answers to their *roots*; our growing part, be it umbrella-shaped as in the mushroom, branched as in the clavaria, or cupped as in peziza, stands for their stems and leaves; while our spores answer to their fruit. We have cells of various shapes, sometimes round or oval, sometimes—as in moulds—branched in a fanciful manner, so as to look under the microscope like crystal trees. We have two kinds of fruit; one where a seed or *spore* is formed at the end of the cells, the other where seed-like bodies, or *sporidia*, are formed *within* the cell. This distinction divides our numerous family into two divisions.

The first group of the spore class has the *hymenium*, or fruit-bearing part, open to the air. The troop of fungi called Agarics, and represented by the common mushroom, stand first in this group. They have a cellular stem, a cap like the top of an umbrella (*pileus*), and folds underneath (*lamellæ*), upon which cells are spread, constituting the *hymenium*, which cells produce the *spores* from their tips. The colour of the spores forms the mark of scientific distinction. The sap-balls, also belonging to this group, have their hymenium spread within tubes, whilst in hydnum it is upon spines, in auricula upon a nearly flat surface, in clavaria upon club-shaped branches, and in tremella mingled in jelly.

The second group of spore fungi have the

hymenium, concealed in a double or single bag. The first order, the subterranean ball-fungi, has the spores in vein-like tubes traversing the inside of the plant. The phallus, so offensive in its odour, has its spores in jelly, which oozes forth as the head bursts from the bag, and has become dispersed before the tall stem has attained its growth; the puff-balls carry their dusty spores in a double sac; while the bird's-nest fungi open the mouth of their enduring case, and leave the bundles of seed only attached by an elastic cord to the bottom, or side, of the now open vessel.

The third group, the dust fungi, are exceedingly minute and dust-like, generally without bag, the whole plant turning to dust. These appear as spots on dead or diseased leaves and stems, and form beautiful objects for microscopic investigation.

The fourth group is characterized by the prominence of the thread-shaped cells, as the third was by the dusty spores. They are also microscopic objects, and include black, blue, yellow, and red moulds.

The sporidia family is less numerous in its groups. The morel carries its hymenium upon a honey-combed exterior, the cells of which contain the sporidia; while in the peziza it is spread within the cup. The second order, that of the truffle, has fruitful cells (or *asci*), in chambers formed within the plant. The candle-snuff fungus (or *sphaeria*) has the fruit upon a club (or hunch), springing generally from rotten wood; while the hoof-fungus assumes an agaric shape, but bears the *asci* within the head. This group is named, from its *asci*, *Ascomycoetes*.

The second and last group of sporidia fungi is characterised by threads. It consists of mould closely resembling those of the above-mentioned thread group, except in the circumstance of their bearing *asci* and sporidia instead of spores.

We produce seed in enormous quantities, and throw it out in a circular manner. Hence arise the fairy-rings, with which all are familiar. Our decay enriches the ground beneath us, but renders it unfit for the production of fresh fungi, so our seeds only vegetate beyond our present circle, and thus the ring increases year by year, while last year's ring is marked by richest verdure. We are easy to please in the selection of a home, and are content to grow like shelves on a dying tree, or in varied form on any decaying matter. Evanescent as is the life of some of us, yet others can bear any climate, and endure any hardship, vegetating on cold cinders, on iron recently heated, in chemical solutions, and in tanks and tunnels. We grow like stars upon the most carefully plastered and well-aired walls, and you, dear ladies, have doubtless got some of us in your wardrobes; if not, how do you account for the mildew-spots on those gloves, laid by only for a season?

Enough of our structure. We could tell you much more, but we have only stipulated for half-an-hour, and even Fungi must keep their word; so we pass on to plead for our beauty.

You who rave about the beauty of column and capital, please to notice the tall stem, often fringed with the delicate veil which has fallen from beneath the folds, and the stately rounded or conic head of the agarici. Do you want stalactites in miniature? Behold the countless spines of the hydnum, and its delicate apricot hue. You stop to admire the old tree stump, but without considering how much the coating of yellow velvet, shading to umber, and rising into frills and puckers, heightens the tint of the dark wood, nor how the curious ear-like forms, shading from white to brown, and partly covered with green algae, relieve the otherwise stiff contour of the straighter side. The downs are speckled with clumps of yellow coral, and occasionally with similar forms of an amethyst tint; but if you gather them for their loveliness, you will throw them away when told that they are fungi! The tremulous masses of orange, claret, or white jelly, which you would approve highly if flavoured with wine and lemon and placed on your table, you term ugly and unsightly just because they are fungi. The little *nidulariæ*, no bigger than a lady's thimble, with the seed-bundles lying like eggs at the bottom of the bell-shaped cup, would be accounted gems if they were not fungi; the scarlet cordiopsis and black candle-snuff *sphaeria* would be wondered at, and admired by any other name, and you would rave with delight over the forms which decorate the woods in winter—open cups of orange, scarlet, brown and lilac, which children (less prejudiced observers) call fairy-baths, and gather for the winter nosegay: these you would regard as treasures did they belong to any other vegetable group. Just look at our pictures (the colours are faithful—you can't exaggerate the tints of fungi), and say if we do not deserve more note. Then we have use as well as beauty. Who is insensible to the excellence of stewed mushrooms, pickled mushrooms, and mushroom ketchup? What scientific gastronomist does not know the truffled turkey of France, the garlic-flavoured truffle of Italy, or how much the famous Strasbourg pie is indebted for its excellence to the admixture of truffles? You must go to France to learn the use of the apricot-coloured chanterelles, which cluster in such abundance under your forest-trees, from Windsor Park to the Northern Highlands. There they would make a savoury dish of what you deem unworthy to be trodden under your feet. The morels which grow on field-borders in April and May are fully appreciated by some, and in many a Yorkshire kitchen you will find a string of them hung from the ceiling, to the great advantage of the household gravies. But this fungus had its greatest glory in Germany, where they used to burn down forests, because it flourished so well upon wood ashes, until the practice was stopped by law. None of you will deny the utility of yeast, which is one of the thread fungi; you would do ill without it, whether you have it dried as German yeast for bread, or in its living state to ferment our useful beer. Much has been said against us, and not

without reason; for we have our Chamber of Horrors, our Guy Fawkes, our Wat Tyler, and our Cardinal Wolsey.

They say we killed an Emperor, but we plead that it was gluttony that did it; and many of the disorders charged upon us are the result of imprudence. Eat plenty of bread with us, and we promise to do you no harm. Of course we here refer only to the edible kinds—the mushroom, grey mushroom, chanterelle, hydnum, morel, and truffle; we have poisonous members, pray don't eat them. Yet this need be no cause for anger: there are ferns that are in part edible, but you don't resent upon the rest that they are not so. Take our poisonous members for their beauty, and shudder, if you will, in our Chamber of Horrors. Here is the dry-rot, a fungus of the auricula group, growing flat upon the wood, and striking its spawn into every fibre; it is an evil genius, we don't defend it; it harms in secret; we yield it to justice as our Guy Fawkes. Here is the potato mould: you will need the

microscope to see it: its tiny, thread-like cells use up the starch in the potato, and leave it a rotting mass; we have no defence for it: to the hangman with it—it is our Wat Tyler. Here is the vinegar mould, or its relative the wine mould: they spoil the good things given for our use and enjoyment, and we have no plea for them. And, lastly, here is the ergot, the leader of all the microscopic fungi which destroy cereals—bunt, smut, &c. We will employ counsel for it, for it does good as well as evil. To destroy corn is a great sin,—a very great sin, the greater because that diseased corn has taken away many lives, induced fearful diseases, and caused the misery of thousands. But in this case the tree of knowledge has tended to the healing of the nations, and in the hands of the faculty this fearful poison has become a valuable medicine; so let ergot live—but in confinement, for his present tends to redeem the past. We take it as the representative of Cardinal Wolsey.

THE TERRIBLE GUEST.

(From the Russian).

It was on a sunny day during the short Russian summer, in the year 18—, that the château of Justice Gaurila Michailovitch P——, who presided over a district in the W—— department, was deserted by its usual inhabitants.

His worship had set out early in the morning, in a britzka, with his lady, Prascovia Yegorovna, for the neighbouring city, intending first to go to church; then to eat and to drink with sundry friends; to hear the news; to read the St. Petersburg papers; and, finally, to play at "Vastou" at the governor's. It was expected that all these urgent avocations would detain the worthy justice until the evening.

"When the cat's away,
The mice will play."

The servants of the obâteau immediately followed the example of their master and mistress. That heavy-headed rascal, the butler, went off to see his pretty cousin in the village; the red-nosed cook betook himself to the public-house to drink brandy; the cook-maid pretended that she wanted to catch cray-fish in the river; Procher and Daria, more open in their mutual courtship, went a-nutting in the wood; Vaska and Natasha looked up some great baskets, and strayed to the heath to gather cranberries. From all this it will readily be perceived that the justice's château was in the heart of the country: and so it was, and in a very lonely situation too; otherwise, the thrilling event to be presently related might never

have occurred at all. In fact, the residence of the justice Gaurila Michailovitch P——, notwithstanding its imposing designation, was a mere structure of wood, with an odd-looking green roof; planted upon a small eminence, between a wood, a morass, and a river. At some distance ran the high road, leading to the village three or four English miles distant.

So, on this lovely summer's day, when the river ran in sunny ripples, when the morass flushed with green, and the wood resounded with the songs of nightingales, the wooden château, usually so thronged with servitors during all the summer and autumn months, remained silent and deserted. Yet not quite; for Duna, the under-housemaid, the rose of the district, the very pearl of dainty serving-maidens, remained at home, in expectation of a visit from her lover, the governor's valet. To this fine gentleman she had, somehow or other, contrived to convey the information that her master and mistress would be absent the whole of the day; and she had little doubt that he would fly to her on the wings of love, as soon as his morning duties were completed.

She feared to stay alone on the ground-floor of the great silent house; so she looked carefully to the fastenings of the doors, and then ran briskly up-stairs to her own little bed-room on the third floor. There she hummed a tune to distract her sense of loneliness, smartened up a little before the glass, and, finally, set her-

self to watch from her open chamber-window for the approach of her lover.

She could see far along the high-road that traversed the landscape like a strip of greyish calico, and she scanned with eager interest the figures discernible upon it. But none of them looked in the least like Ivan; unless, indeed, that far-off black speck should prove to be he. In her impatience to ascertain the possibility of this, she bethought herself of her master's telescope, and began to descend the stairs to the grand saloon in quest thereof. Hardly had she taken a few steps before a gentle rap-tap sounded at the outer-door, and awakened a slight echo through the empty hall.

"'Tis he!" she cried, "and I never saw him come!"

Down she went, three or four steps at a bound, and, without pausing to give a thought to the possible imprudence of her act, unlocked and unbolted the hall-door. There stood a big ugly fellow in an old frieze coat and greasy cap. His face was a bush of reddish, bristling hair, through which peered ominously a great red nose, blue swollen lips, fiery eyes, and a frowning brow beset with scars. What a contrast to her handsome and well-dressed lover!

Duna shrieked aloud, and attempted to close the door. But the ruffian had already inserted one foot with a portion of the leg belonging to it; and he easily pushed the frightened girl aside, and stepped within the hall; then closed the door behind him, locked it, and pocketed the key.

Duna made a great effort, and recovered the use of her tongue.

"Who are you? and what do you want?" she cried. "Why do you put the key in your pocket?"

"Don't be alarmed, my little dear," replied her repulsive visitor, smiling with an odious expression of leering admiration. "You must be very dull all alone here."

"Not so dull as that I wish for *your* society," retorted Duna, attempting to resume her usual pretty sauciness. "I desire to know what you mean by pocketing that key."

The wretch sidled up to her, and playfully patted her cheek. She sprang from him to the other side of the hall.

"Why did you lock the door? I insist upon your returning that key this instant, or I will raise an alarm."

"It would be of no use in the world, my best darling. I know perfectly well that there is not a soul within hearing."

"A fine thing indeed, to come in without your leave, or by your leave, and lock the door as if you were at home!"

"And so I am, and so I mean to make myself. I am always in my element when I am fortunate enough to be alone with so pretty a darling as you, my dear girl," rejoined the monster, again approaching her cheek with his coarse dirty hand. Duna could have gone into fits, but she once more rallied her spirits.

"I insist upon knowing your name. It is

very unhandsome of a stranger to make fun of a girl, and tease her so."

"I never confide in any one," he replied, with a look and tone that made the poor girl's blood run cold in her veins.

Duna was well known all over the district as a girl of high spirit and undaunted resolution. She rather looked down on the country populace, having been brought up in the best milliner's shop of the most fashionable quarter of St. Petersburg; and had refused the overtures of many a provincial clerk, with his bashful tongue and his inky fingers. But it was easy for a girl, brought up on the *Nezaka Perspective*, to scorn and flout a rustic admirer. A gigantic, muscular, unshaved ruffian, with lurid eyes and a scarlet nose, was a different sort of affair altogether, and enough to terrify any one. Pretty Duna took refuge in a flood of tears.

"Don't cry, I beg of you. I won't hurt you, you dear little duck," said the horrid fellow, as he once more drew near her. She stretched out both her arms to keep him off.

"Again I say, who are you?" she cried with an assumption of courage, that was sadly belied by her quavering voice and gushing tears. "You shall tell me immediately who you are."

"Who I am?" he repeated, with slow and jeering emphasis, pausing between every word.

"Yes, your business, your station."

"I am—a robber."

"A robber!" she echoed, in a despairing tone, and turning as pale as ashes.

"Yes, a robber by name, a villain by profession," he replied, smiling into her blue eyes with odious tenderness.

A cold tremor ran through Duna's frame, caused more by the smile than by the confession; but, seeing that her tormentor was secretly sporting with her uneasiness, she endeavoured to recover herself, and cried out hurriedly—"A robber! What a miserable life!"

"Every man to his trade," said the man, gloomily. "I was something else once; but I say, my beauty, give me something to eat. I have not tasted these three days. We will breakfast together, and then—"

He threw his arm round her neck, and attempted to kiss her. Oh! that hateful bush of hair, and that frightful red nose, so nearly approaching her own! They put her in a passion at length; and with the passion came strength—the strength that makes a heroine of many a weak woman in moments of deadly peril. She pushed him back with all her force; and he stumbled, and nearly fell on the waxed floor.

"Hands off, Mr. Robber! You are not going to frighten me. Give up the key this very moment, and begone!"

"Breakfast!" growled the stranger.

"I'll give you nothing; there is nothing to eat in the house. Go to some public-house and get your breakfast. But I dare say you have had enough to eat and drink already; you smell of brandy enough to knock one down."

"Nothing to eat!" muttered the stranger.

"Come! don't dare to joke with me," he added in a louder tone. "Do you see this?" And he lowered at her from beneath his bushy eyebrows, as he suddenly pulled something out of his long jack-boot, and presented it before her. It was an open broad-bladed knife with black specks upon the shining steel: traces of blood recently wiped off in haste.

"Do you see this?" he said again. "It is no time for joking."

Poor Duna stared with all her eyes, while his basilisk glances appeared to convert her into stone.

"Breakfast!" shouted the robber. "Quick! Show me into a room; look up everything you have; and place it on the table. I have no time to lose!"

Pale, and half-fainting, Duna tottered to a cupboard. The fellow replaced his knife in his boot, and followed her step by step. She took out cold roast veal, bread, brandy, cheese, and butter, and placed them on the same table where the justice and his lady had breakfasted before going to town. The ruffian seated himself on one of the handsome leathern-bottomed chairs, caught Duna by the arm, and forced her into a seat beside him.

"I say," he remarked, bolting the meat voraciously, and leering sideways at his pretty companion, "this is what I call jolly. I gave you a start, didn't I?"

Duna had great hopes that the breakfast would pacify her horrible guest; or, that he would drink himself into a stupor, when she might be able to take means to get rid of him. Besides, she momentarily expected her lover; and if she could only slip out while the ruffian was carousing, and admit him by another door, she would send him off for assistance. Her slender Ivan could never, no never, contend alone with a broad-shouldered wretch like that. And she glanced at her visitor with a visible shudder.

He was awaiting her answer to his last remark, and frowning fiercely at the delay. So she thought it expedient to reply.

"A start? Of course you did. I wonder who would not have been frightened!"

"You did wrong to resist me. If you had at once done what I wished you—Come! your health! Take a little drop to keep me company."

"I never touch brandy."

"That is a pity. It is capital stuff. What's your name?"

"Catharine Nicola."

"You lie!" he said, with an awful scowl, and his mouth full of bread-and-cheese. "Your name is Avdotya Yeremeyevna."

"Then if you know it, why do you ask me?"

"To test your candour. Capital brandy this! Have you any more of it?"

"There is another bottle in the cupboard."

"Be kind enough to bring it here. Thank you. By your leave I will give you a kiss for this."

Duna dared not resist. She submitted herself with the best grace she could to the rude caress, only wiping the place where his sharp

beard had nearly rubbed the skin from her delicate cheek.

"You will find that I am up to a thing or two," he went on, pouring out another tumbler-full of brandy. "Yesterday a clerk brought your master the sum of 1,500 roubles from Ivanovitch F—, whose case came on last week before the district court. Is not that true?"

"Really I cannot tell. I know nothing of my master's business."

"Pooh! you servants have ways and means of finding out. Where does your master keep his money?"

"I do not know."

"But I do. We will find it together, Avdotya Yeremeyevna. My sweet pet—my darling!"

"What do you wish?"

"I wish, my love, that you could be a little sociable."

Poor Duna was obliged to make a show of gaiety. Her guest was now in a happy humour: he laughed, chatted, and joked with her. She gradually recovered from her terrors, grew bolder, evaded his familiarities, smiled coquettishly upon him, and disguised her intense anxiety beneath a mask of cheerfulness, secretly praying all the while that her red-nosed admirer might eat and drink himself into a state of helplessness, and that her incomparable Ivan might meanwhile arrive, to indemnify her sensitive little heart for all the torture she had endured.

And what had become of this dilatory Ivan? Having obtained leave of his master to dispose of himself for the rest of the day, he had speedily left the town, and sped along the road with a heart brimful of hope and tenderness. He did not walk—he flew. Cupid had shod his heels with feathers from his own light wings. But alas! on every road there is a brandy-shop, and Ivan was obliged to pass one. He would have hastened by without a pause; but around the portal, and at the open windows, stood his acquaintances, his valued friends, and he must go in for a moment to drink with them. The moment lengthened itself into half an hour; Ivan was fast becoming intoxicated: he forgot Duna and his appointment, and remained carousing with his boon companions. It was one of the victories sometimes achieved by friendship over love.

The ugly vagabond at the château had meanwhile emptied his sixth glass of brandy: at the seventh he grew gloomy, knitted his brows, and compressed his lips: a dark shadow passed over his countenance; he sprang from his seat, nearly overturning his companion by the suddenness of his movement. He looked uneasily round the room, took up the brandy-bottle, a piece of meat, and the remainder of the bread from the table, and stowed them in some of the numberless pockets of his frieze-cloak, then turned grimly to Duna.

"Thank you for your hospitality. . . . So Gaurila Michailovitch keeps his money in his secretary—eh? Why don't you speak? You see I am not such a bad fellow as you thought

me at first, my pretty one. I love you—oh, I love you so much, that I permit you to tell me what sort of death you would prefer to die! Shall I cut off your head? or would you rather be hanged from that convenient beam, for instance—eh? Don't be afraid, only tell me what you would like best, my charming Duna!"

"Why do you take so much delight in plaguing me?" asked Duna, never crediting for a moment that the cruel jester with the red nose could really be in earnest.

"Why don't you answer?" replied he, busily examining the secretary and the lock, and talking all the while. "I want to know whether you would rather—be hanged, or— Oh, ho! Gaurila Michailovitch secures his money behind two locks, does he? Well, it is not the first we have persuaded to open." Thus muttering in a half soliloquy, he drew an instrument from his pocket, and began to use it upon the lock. Duna meanwhile stood as if petrified in the middle of the room, watching his movements with a vacant stare. "Well, what is it? Speak out boldly, Avdotya Yeremeyevna; cannot you make up your mind? Curse the lock! I wait your answer, my darling. This is the strongest lock I have seen this long while. Come, moments are precious!" The lock gave way with a crash. "Whew! what a lot of fine things! Ducats, bank-notes, watches. They don't go; most likely spoiled. Are all these crumbs of office? I don't want that ring, but I'll take these diamonds!"

Thus the villain went on chatting to himself and to Duna, while cramming his pockets with valuables. He then turned abruptly to the stupefied girl—"Well, my dear, your choice? Beheading, hanging, or what is it to be? Waste no time, but let me know at once what death you will die!"

"It is a very bad joke, this, sir," stammered Duna. "Are you not ashamed?"

"It is no joke, my little one."

"What have I done to deserve your cruelty? I have not hindered you at all; you have taken what you pleased!"

"Very true; but I never leave eye-witnesses behind me. I do not usually stand upon ceremony; but as you, my dear, are such a sweet, amiable, good-natured little darling, I give you your choice of deaths. I am a polite man! I, too, was brought up in St. Petersburg!"

Still Duna did not reply. She could not believe that he was in earnest—that her last hour of life was quickly running out.

"Come, come!" said the wretch, gruffly, "a truce to compliments. I tell you plainly, girl, that I ought to be far from here already: I have lost too much time as it is. I am really extremely sorry, for you are a genteel little creature; but you must die by my hand. Do you think I am going to be such a fool as to leave you alive, to describe my moustachios, eyes, nose, mouth, which way I went, and what clothes I wear? Answer speedily—what death will you die?"

"Duna's limbs grew icy-cold; her life-

blood was curdling back upon her heart. She tottered and fell to the ground. Then she crawled to the robber's feet, and embraced his knees, while floods of tears bathed her agonized visage.

"Have mercy upon me!" she shrieked: "spare my life, I implore you! I am too young to die! Oh! by the Holy Virgin and all the saints, I swear to you that I will not say a syllable to anyone. For the sake of the blessed St. Nicholas, have compassion upon a poor girl, who never did you any harm! Oh! I will pray for you all my life, as for my own father, my brother, my lover—Oh! oh! oh!"

The savage shook off her grasp, kicking her in the breast as he did so. In vain she sought to move his compassion; in vain she stretched her imploring arms towards him; in vain she raised to his fierce visage her streaming eyes, and pleaded frantically for all the dear joys of a happy youthful existence, about to be interred in an untimely grave. The villain only appeared to grow harder and harder, becoming every moment more cruel and bloodthirsty in his regards. Stamping with impatience, he at length caught her by the hair, forced back her head, drew his knife from his boot, and appeared about to plunge it into her slender throat.

"Oh! oh!" moaned the wretched girl, "for the love of heaven, not that knife! Hang me! hang me! Not a bloody death! Hang me to the beam rather!"

"Soh! soh!" said he, with a hideous grin, "the little one can speak at last! Well, well! I thought I should bring you to reason. I cannot refuse you the favour you ask of me, you are such a nice girl. Fear not, Duna. You shall die an enviable death. It is an ugly end, that by the knife. If I had my choice, when my time comes, I would rather be hanged than knouted. Come! we will look about for a cord."

Poor Duna, helpless in mind and body, benumbed by terror, faint and shivering, and all but lifeless, submitted mechanically to her tyrant's commands. The rope was found in a distant store-room, and the murderer returned with his victim to the apartment where the remains of the breakfast still stood upon the table. Displaying his knife for a moment before her eyes, and threatening to kill her instantly if she dared to move from the spot, he placed a chair on the table, and sprang upon it, taking the rope with him. Having fastened it securely round the beam, he once more drew the knife from his boot, cut off the spare end of the rope that dangled from the beam, then stuck the knife into the wood, and commenced making a noose after the most approved hangman's fashion. Duna, meanwhile, stood spell-bound in the middle of the room: her veins alternately ran fire and chilled into ice, while lurid sparks danced before her feeble vision; she saw and comprehended all as in a dream. Her thoughts were in confusion; internally she confessed her sins over and over again, prayed wildly to all the saints, and bade numberless farewells to her

lover, her kind mistress, her favourite fellow-servants, and all that was dear to her on earth.

"Patience, my pretty one!" rambled on the murderer, as he knotted the rope; "you shall see how nicely you shall be hanged. I am not new at the job. There! all is ready, only we must first try whether the rope will bear you. I would not for the world have you fall to the ground and break your ribs. Now draw the chair from beneath my feet.

Duna unconsciously walked to the table, and drew away the chair as requested. The robber clung to the rope with both hands, having slipped it over one arm as far as his elbow, to convince himself that it was strong enough by swinging upon it with the whole weight of his body.

"Push the table on one side."

Duna obeyed him.

"All right; it is an excellent rope; it would bear you and me together."

He let go the rope, and was about to jump to the ground. Apparently he had intended to startle the poor girl by his bold and sudden leap; but the noose so carefully prepared for her slid along his arm, and caught him by the wrist. Duna's executioner had hanged himself by the hand!

He already began to experience the most acute pain, yet he wished to conceal the danger of his position from the girl, lest she should avail herself of the opportunity to make her escape. In vain he tried to reach the imprisoned member with his left-hand; the weight of his body prevented his rising himself so as to bring his shoulders parallel. At length he began to fling himself wildly through the air, in hopes that the rope might snap; but it was a useless attempt. The cord fully deserved the praise he had bestowed upon it. Where then was the knife that would sever it in a moment? Ah! desperation, there it was, sticking up in the beam, where no one could reach it! How could he get at it?

He made a despairing effort. He collected all his strength into one violent spring, hoping that perhaps he might shake out the knife. The effort failed.

And now his torture became intense, almost too much for flesh and blood to endure. The weight of his muscular frame dangling in the air by one wrist only, drew the cord tighter and tighter, until it cut to the bone; the joints of his arm snapped and began to part asunder; the blood oozed out from the lacerated skin, and trickled down his sleeve. His head was on fire with the disturbance of the circulation, the life-stream rushing in torrents to his brain. It seemed as if every moment his hand would be torn off. He even began to wish that it might happen so. What if the people of the house should return!—if he should be taken in this predicament! Rage, disappointment, impatience, the thoughts of his guilty life, of his numberless crimes, and of the punishment which would inevitably await his misdeeds if captured, filled with horror his tumultuous imagination, and drove him to despair. His forehead was covered

with great icy drops, and a cry of acute agony, long-repressed by his tiger-like endurance, burst at length from the strong man's iron bosom.

But what, all this time, had become of his respite victim? There she still stood, a little below and on one side, in a species of trance, looking on with idiotic indifference. For a long period she had neither understood nor attempted to understand what her visitor was about; she saw his fall, she perceived his frantic struggles; and still remained upright where she had placed herself after moving the table, in statue-like immovability. From this condition the involuntary cry of the murderer at length aroused her. As if still struggling with some hideous dream, she dimly beheld him bleeding; she saw blood dropping on the floor; she perceived his mouth gaping hideously, displaying its yellow, misshapen fangs, and his fiery eyes starting from their sockets; she understood the anguish pictured on his ghastly features, and guessed at length what had happened. Hope stirred faintly in her bosom; she began to look upon deliverance as possible.

"Push the table nearer, Avdotya!" The robber spoke in strangely altered, but still harsh and commanding accents, which again terrified Duna, and appeared to compel obedience. She lost the little presence of mind she had acquired, and pushed the corner of the table towards him. He reached it with the toes of one foot, and raised himself up a little. Ah! the heavenly enjoyment this moment of relief afforded him! Never in his whole life before had he tasted happiness like that which the temporary respite gave him, not even after his most successful crime. He again breathed freely; his agony became bearable. He endeavoured with his left hand to relieve his right; but it was numbed and powerless. The knot had likewise become too tight to be undone without assistance. He must command or coax Duna to his will.

"Avdotya Yeremeyevna, dear friend, good girl, jump upon the table, quick—ah! pray do!—untie my arm. I only meant to frighten you; I will not kill you. Oh, for the love of Heaven, make haste! Oh, how my head swims!"

The kind-hearted girl pitied the miscreant in his state of extreme torture. A divine feeling of compassion extinguished the recollection of her own danger. Like every other woman, she thought with her heart; and prudence lay dormant in her brain. Pity prevailed over fear, and stifled the instinct of self-preservation. Springing upon the table, she laboured to undo the knot; but it had been too securely fastened. Her slender fingers made no impression whatever upon it, strained as it was to the utmost by the convulsive struggles of the villain still in its clutch.

"Sweet, sweet Duna, only fetch a knife to cut the rope, I am dying with pain."

She jumped off the table, and ran to the pantry. Poor girl! she little knew what a reward the red-nosed guest was meditating, as a return for her kindness. She found the knife; she returned to the scene of action. Just as

she reached the open door, the table, on which the robber had contrived to rest his foot so long, overturned with a loud noise. He had upset it in his endeavours to reach it with the other foot. He was again swinging with all his weight in the air. A loud yell testified to the renewal of his former agonies. Duna stopped short on the threshold. His hideously distorted features struck her with horror; she seemed to behold Satan himself in personal presence. The sight chained her to the spot; she shuddered all over, and dared not move a step in any direction.

She glanced around, and caught sight of an open window. Could she but avail herself of this fortunate circumstance! But he suffers so horribly, the rope must be cut. How dreadfully he screams!

Duna advanced a few steps towards him. As she came forward, the frightful gaping mouth swung full in view. Duna tottered backwards, and almost unconsciously found herself near the open window. She mechanically raised herself on to the sill, and dropped into the court beneath.

Still she dared not make her escape. She had lost sight of that hideous satanic mouth; but she was still under the influence of her tormentor. He had fascinated her, as a serpent fascinates the little helpless bird fluttering on the bough above. Her life seemed still in his power. Her knees trembled beneath her, and she dared not leave the window.

Within, the miscreant was howling savagely: "Ha! devil's jade, you have managed cleverly. Well for you. I'd have slit your weasand, like a chicken's!"

These fearful words, uttered in an indescribable agony of rage and despair, acted like an electric shock on the trembling creature outside the window, and suddenly restored her energies. She raised herself from her crouching position, and ran desperately to the gate. Once through, she ran and ran with all her might. She looked eagerly towards the highroad; no one was in sight. She struggled up a rising ground; her strength was almost exhausted. With her fast-dimming eyes she caught a glimpse of several figures advancing towards her. The sight restored her faculties.

"Ah! there is our butler, and Vaska, and Prochar. Ivan too! *Ivan* is with them."

It was Ivan, the incomparable valet; the long-expected, long-sighed-for. He and the servants of the château were all returning together from the brandy-shop, laughing, and cracking jokes upon their betters, with their caps very much upon one side, and their steps remarkably zig-zag. Duna fled towards them, pale as death, with staring eyes and dishevelled hair, her neckerchief awry, her wits wandering.

"Come along!" she screamed, in piercing accents. "Quicker, quicker; the villain is hanging. Oh, make haste; he is hanging—hanging!"

"Hey! you darling little doveling!" they shouted to her, in reply, with a peal of tipsy laughter: "You sweet little rose of the woods—hanging?—hanging? Who is hanging? Where is he? Bonny Dunushka, give us a kiss. Oh, 'tis a merry world!"

"Hush, hush; he is *hanging*, I tell you. Don't laugh, but come along. Run quickly to the château. Take hatchets, guns—everything you can. He is a robber, a murderer, a cruel thief, with moustaches and a great red nose!"

They hastened on; armed themselves as well as they could with the tools from an outhouse; broke open the house-door, and proceeded to the parlour. There swung the murderer, a lifeless weight. He had swooned away; blood was streaming from his nose and mouth; the arm by which he hung had parted in all its joints, and had grown nearly a foot longer than formerly. They took him down, and bound him securely. The Justice and his lady returned in the evening, and the murderer was conveyed to prison. When delivered to the proper authorities, they admitted that never until then had so long an arm come within their jurisdiction.

The monster's horrid jest had proved his horrible punishment. He had tied the knot for himself. The awful moment in which poor Duna's foot hung, as it were, over the very verge of the grave—that very moment brought deliverance to the innocent, exemplary punishment to the guilty. The finger of Providence was there, as everywhere. As our author justly observes, it is a falsehood to maintain that vice and crime always prosper in this world.

METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

It may seem to some of my readers that I have wandered from my subject, and forgotten the title of these articles, which purport to be a series of papers on "Methods of Study in Natural History." But some idea of the progress of natural history, of its growth as a science, of the gradual evolving of general principles out of a chaotic mass of facts, is a better aid to the student than direct instruction upon special modes of investigation; and it is with the intention of presenting the study of natural his-

tory from this point of view that I have chosen my title.

I have endeavoured thus far to show how scientific facts have been systematized so as to form a classification that daily grows more true to Nature, in proportion as its errors are corrected by a more intimate acquaintance with the facts; but I will now attempt a more difficult task, and try to give some idea of the mental process by which facts are transformed into scientific truth. I fear that the subject may seem

very dry to my readers, and I would again ask their indulgence for details absolutely essential to my purpose, but which would indeed be very wearisome, did they not lead us up to an intelligent and most significant interpretation of their meaning.

I should be glad to remove the idea that science is the mere amassing of facts. It is true that scientific results grow out of facts, but not till they have been fertilized by thought. The facts must be collected, but their mere accumulation will never advance the sum of human knowledge by one step. It is the comparison of facts, and their transformation into ideas, that lead to a deeper insight into the significance of Nature. Stringing words together in incoherent succession does not make an intelligible sentence. Facts are the words of God, and we may heap them together endlessly, but they will teach us little or nothing till we place them in their true relations and recognize the thought that binds them together as a consistent whole.

I have spoken of the plans that lie at the foundation of all the variety of the Animal Kingdom as so many structural ideas which must have had an intellectual existence in the Creative Conception independently of any special material expression of them. Difficult though it be to present these plans as pure abstract formulæ, distinct from the animals that represent them, I would nevertheless attempt to do it, in order to show how the countless forms of animal life have been generalized into the few grand, but simple intellectual conceptions on which all the past populations of the earth as well as the present creation are founded. In such attempts to divest the thought of its material expression, especially when that expression is multiplied in such thousandfold variety of form and colour, our familiarity with living animals is almost an obstacle to our success. For I shall hardly be able to allude to the formula of the Radiates, for instance—the abstract idea that includes all the structural possibilities of that division of the Animal Kingdom—without recalling to my readers a Polyp or a Jelly-fish, a Sea-urchin or a Star-fish. Neither can I present the structural elements of the Mollusk plan, without reminding them of an Oyster or a Clam, a Snail or a Cattle-fish; or of the Articulate plan, without calling up at once the form of a Worm, a Lobster, or an insect; or of the Vertebrate plan, without giving it the special character of Fish, Reptile, Bird, or Mammal. Yet I insist that all living beings are but the different modes of expressing these formulæ, and that all animals have, within the limits of their own branch of the Animal Kingdom, the same structural elements, though each branch is entirely distinct. If this be true, and if these organic formulæ have the precision of mathematical formulæ, with which I have compared them, they should be susceptible of the same tests.

The mathematician proves the identity of propositions that have the same mathematical value and significance by their convertibility. If they have the same mathematical quantities,

it must be possible to transform them, one into another, without changing anything that is essential in either. The problem before us is of the same character. If, for instance, all Radiates, be they Sea-anemones, Jelly-fishes, Star-fishes, or Sea-urchins, are only various modes expressing the same organic formula, each having the sum of all its structural elements, it should be possible to demonstrate that they are reciprocally convertible. This is actually the case, and I hope to be able to convince my readers that it is no fanciful theory, but may be demonstrated as clearly as the problems of the geometer. The naturalist has his mathematics, as well as the geometer and the astronomer; and if the mathematics of the Animal Kingdom have a greater flexibility than those of the positive sciences, and are therefore not so easily resolved into their invariable elements, it is because they have the freedom and pliability of life, and evade our efforts to bring all their external variety within the limits of the same structural law which nevertheless controls and includes them all.

I wish that I could take as the illustration of this statement animals with whose structure the least scientific of my readers might be presumed to be familiar; but such a comparison of the Vertebrates, showing the identity and relation of structural elements throughout the branch, or even in any one of its classes, would be too extensive and complicated, and I must resort to the Radiates—that branch of the Animal Kingdom which, though less generally known, has the simplest structural elements.

I will take, then, for the further illustration of my subject, the Radiates, and especially the class of Echinoderms, Star-fishes, Sea-urchins, and the like, both in the fossil and the living types; and though some special description of these animals is absolutely essential, I will beg my readers to remember that the general idea, and not its special manifestations, is the thing I am aiming at, and that, if we analyze the special parts characteristic of these different groups, it is only that we may resolve them back again into the structural plan that includes them all.

I have already, in a previous article, named the different orders of this class in their relative rank, and have compared the standing of the living ones, according to the greater or less complication of their structure, with the succession of the fossil ones. Of the five orders, Beche-de-Mer, Sea-urchins, Star-fishes, Ophiurans, and Crinoids; or, to name them all according to their scientific nomenclature, Holothurians, Echinoids, Asteroids, Ophiurans, and Crinoids, the last-named are lowest in structure and earliest in time. Cuvier was the first naturalist who detected the true nature of the Crinoids, and placed them where they belong in the classification of the Animal Kingdom. They had been observed before, and long and laborious investigations had been undertaken upon them, but they were especially baffling to the student, because they were known only in the fossil condition from incomplete specimens; and though

they still have their representatives among the type Echinoderms as it exists at present, yet, partly owing to the rarity of the living specimens and partly to the imperfect condition of the fossil ones, the relation between them was not recognized. The errors about them certainly did not arise from any want of interest in the subject among naturalists, for no less than three hundred and eighty different authors have published their investigations upon the Crinoids, and the books that have been printed about these animals, many of which were written long before their animal nature was suspected, would furnish a library in themselves. The ancients knew little about them. The only one to be found in the European seas resembles the Star-fish closely, and they called it *Asterias*; but even Aristotle was ignorant of its true structural relations, and alludes only to its motion and general appearance. Some account of the gradual steps by which naturalists have deciphered the true nature of these lowest Echinoderms and their history in past times may not be without interest, and is very instructive as showing how such problems may be solved.

In the sixteenth century some stones were found bearing the impression of a star on their surface. They received the name of Trochites, and gave rise to much discussion. Naturalists puzzled their brains about them, called them star-shaped crystals, aquatic plants, corals; and to these last Linnæus himself, the great authority of the time on all such questions, referred them. Beside these stony stars, which were found in great quantities when attention was once called to them, impressions of a peculiar kind had been observed in the rocks, resembling flowers on long stems, called "stone lilies," naturally enough, for their long graceful stems, terminating either in a branching crown or a closer cup, recal the lily tribe among flowers. The long stems of these seeming lilies are divided transversely at regular intervals; the stem is easily broken at any of these natural divisions, and on each such fragment is stamped a star-like impression resembling those found upon the loose stones or Trochites.

About a century ago, Guettard the naturalist described a curious specimen from Porto Rico, so similar to these fossil lilies of the rocks that he believed they must have some relation to each other. He did not detect its animal nature, but from its long stem and branching crown he called it a marine palm. Thus far neither the true nature of the living specimen, nor of the trochites, nor of the fossil lilies was understood, but it was nevertheless an important step to have found that there was a relation between them. A century passed away, and Guettard's specimen, preserved at the Jardin des Plantes, waited with sphynx-like patience for the man who shall solve this riddle.

Cuvier, who held the key to so many of the secrets of Nature, detected at last its true structure; he pronounced it to be a Star-fish with a stem, and at once the three series of facts respecting the Trochites, the fossil lilies, and

Guettard's marine palm assumed their true relation to each other. The Trochites were recognized as simply the broken portions of the stem of some of these old fossil Crinoids, and the Crinoids themselves were seen to be the ancient representatives of the present Comatulæ and Star-fishes with stems. So is it often with the study of Nature; many scattered links are collected before the man comes who sees the connection between them, and speaks the word that reconstructs the broken chain.

I will begin my comparison of all Echinoderms with an analysis of the Star-fishes and Sea-urchins, because I think I can best show the identity of parts between them, notwithstanding the difference in their external form; the Sea-urchins having always a spherical body, while the Star-fishes are always star-shaped, though in some the star is only hinted at, sketched out, as it were, in a simply pentagonal outline, while in others the indentations between the rays are very deep, and the rays themselves so intricate in their ramifications as to be broken up into a complete network of branches. But under all this variety of outline, our problem remains always the same: to build with the same number of pieces a star and a sphere, having the liberty, however, of cutting the pieces differently and changing their relative proportions. Let us take first the Sea-urchin, and examine in detail all parts of its external structure. I shall say nothing of the internal structure of any of these animals, because it does not affect the comparison of their different forms and the external arrangement of parts, which is the subject of the present article.

On the lower side is the mouth, and we may call that side and all the parts that radiate from it the *oral region*. On the upper side is a small area to which the parts converge, and which, from its position just opposite the so-called mouth or oral opening, we may call the *ab-oral region*. I prefer these more general terms, because, if we speak of the mouth, we are at once reminded of the mouth of the higher animals, and in this sense the word, as applied to the aperture through which the Sea-urchins receive their food, is a mis-nomer. Very naturally the habit has become prevalent of naming the different parts of animals from their function, and not from their structure; and in all animals the aperture through which food enters the body is called the mouth, though there is not the least structural relation between the organs so designated, except within the limits of each different branch or division. To speak of these opposite regions in the Sea-urchin as the upper and lower sides would equally mislead us, since, as we have seen, there is, properly speaking, no above and below, no right and left sides, no front and hind extremities in these animals, all parts being evenly distributed around a vertical axis. I will, therefore, although it has been my wish to avoid technicalities as much as possible in these papers, make use of the unfamiliar terms oral and ab-oral regions, to indicate the mouth with the parts diverging from it,

and the opposite area towards which all these parts converge.*

The whole surface of the animal is divided by zones—ten in number, five broader ones alternating with five narrow ones. The five broad zones are composed of large plates on which are the most prominent spines, attached to tubercles that remain on the surface even when the spines drop off after death, and mark the places where the spines have been. The five small zones are perforated with regular rows of holes, and through these perforations pass the suckers (or water-tubes) which are their locomotive appendages. For this reason these narrower zones are called the *ambulacra*, while the broader zones intervening between them and supporting the spines are called the *inter-ambulacra*. Motion, however, is not the only function of these suckers; they are subservient also to respiration and circulation, taking in water, which is conveyed through them into various parts of the body.

The oral aperture is occupied by five plates, which may be called jaws, remembering always that here again this word signifies the function, and not the structure usually associated with the presence of jaws in the higher animals; and each of these jaws or plates terminates in a tooth. Even the mode of eating in these animals is controlled by their radiate structure; for these jaws, evenly distributed about the circular oral aperture, open to receive the prey and then are brought together to crush it, the points meeting in the centre, thus working concentrically, instead of moving up and down or from right to left, as in other animals. From the oral opening the ten zones diverge, spreading over the whole surface, like the ribs on a melon, and converging in the opposite direction till they meet in the small space which we have called the ab-oral region opposite the starting-point.

Here the broad zones terminate in five large plates differing somewhat from those that form the zones in other parts of the body, and called ovarian plates, because the eggs pass out through certain openings in them; while the five narrow zones terminate in five small plates, on each of which is an eye, making thus five eyes alternating with five ovarian plates. The centre of this area containing the ovarian plates and the visual plates is filled up with small movable plates closing the space between them. I should add that one of the five ovarian plates is larger than the other four, and has a peculiar structure, long a puzzle to naturalists. It is perforated with minute holes, forming an exceedingly delicate sieve, and this is actually the purpose it serves. It is, as it were, a filter, and opens into a canal which conducts water through the interior of the body; closed by this sieve on the outside, all the water that passes into it is

purified from all foreign substances that might be injurious to the animal, and is thus fitted to pass into the water-system, from which arise the main branches leading to the minute suckers which project through the holes in the narrow zones of plates.

Now in order to transform theoretically our Sea-Urchin into a Star-Fish, what have we to do? Let the reader imagine for a moment that the small ab-oral area closing the space between the ovarian plates and the eye-plates is elastic and may be stretched out indefinitely; then split the five broad zones along the centre and draw them down to the same level with the mouth, carrying the ovarian plates between them. We have then a star, just as, dividing, for instance, the peel of an orange into five compartments, leaving them, of course, united at the base, then stripping it off and spreading it out flat, we should have a five-rayed star. But in thus dividing the broad zones of the Sea-Urchins, we leave the narrow zones in their original relation to them, except that every narrow zone, instead of being placed between two broad zones, has now one-half of each of the zones with which it alternated in the Sea-Urchin on either side of it and lies between them. Along the centre of every such ray, diverging from the central opening or the mouth, we have a furrow, corresponding exactly to the narrower zones of the Sea-Urchin. It is composed of comparatively small perforated plates through which pass the suckers or locomotive appendages. On either side of the furrows are other plates corresponding to the plates of the broad zones in the Sea-Urchin. Where shall we look for the five eyes? Of course, at the tip of every ray; exactly where they were when the rays were drawn up to form the summit of a sphere, so that the eyes, which are now at their extremities, were clustered together at their point of meeting. Where shall we look for the ovarian plates? At each angle of the five rays, because, when the broad zones of which they formed the summit were divided, they followed the split, and now occupy the place which, though it seems so different on the surface of the Star-Fish, is nevertheless, relatively to the rest of the body, the same as they occupied in the Sea-Urchin. Assuming, as we premised, that the central area of the ab-oral region, forming the space between the plates at the summit of the zones in the Sea-Urchin, is elastic, it has stretched with the spreading out of the zones, following the indentation between the rays, and now forms the whole upper surface of the body. All the internal organs of the animal lie between the oral and ab-oral regions, just as they did in the Sea-Urchin, only that in the Star-Fish these regions are coequal in extent, while in the Sea-Urchin the ab-oral region is very contracted, and the oral region with the parts belonging to it occupies the greater part of its surface.

Such being the identity of parts between a Star-Fish and a Sea-Urchin, let us see now how the Star-Fish may be transformed into the

* When reference is made to the whole structure, including the internal organs as well as the solid parts of the surface, the terms *actinal* and *ab-actinal* are preferable to oral and ab-oral.

Pedunculated Crinoid, the earliest representative of its Class, or into a Comatula, one of the free animals that represent the Crinoids in our day.

We have seen that in the Sea-Urchins the ab-oral region is very contracted, the oral region and the parts radiating from it and forming the sides being the predominant features in the structure; and we shall find, as we proceed in our comparison, that the different proportion of these three parts, the oral and ab-oral regions and the sides, determines the different outlines of the various Orders in this Class. In the Sea-Urchin the oral region and the sides are predominant, while the ab-oral region is very small. In the Star-Fish, the oral and ab-oral regions are brought into equal relations, neither preponderating over the other, and the sides are compressed, so that, seen in profile, the outline of the Star-Fish is that of a slightly convex disk, instead of a sphere, as in the Sea-Urchin. But when we come to the Crinoids, we find that the great preponderance of the ab-oral region determines all that peculiarity of form that distinguishes them from the other Echinoderms, while the oral region is comparatively insignificant. The ab-oral region in the Crinoid rises to form a sort of cup-like or calyx-like projection. The plates forming it, which in the Star-Fish or the Sea-Urchin are movable, are soldered together so as to be perfectly immovable in the Crinoid. Let this seeming calyx be now prolonged into a stem, and we see at once how striking is the resemblance to a flower; turn it downwards, an attitude which is natural to these Crinoids, and the likeness to a drooping lily is still more remarkable. The oral region, with the radiating ambulacra, is now limited to the small flat area opposite the juncture of the stem with the calyx; and whether it stretches out to form long arms, or is more compact, so as to close the calyx like a cup, it seems in either case to form a flower-like crown. In these groups of Echinoderms the interambulacral plates are absent; there are no rows of plates of a different kind alternating with the ambulacral ones, as in the Sea-Urchins and the Star-Fishes, but the ab-oral region closes immediately upon the ambulacra.

It seems a contradiction to say, that, though these Crinoids were the only representatives of their Class in the early geological ages, while it includes five Orders at the present time, Echinoderms were as numerous and various then as now. But, paradoxical as it may seem, this is nevertheless true, not only for this Class, but for many others in the Animal Kingdom. The same numerical proportions, the same richness and vividness of conception were manifested in the early creation as now; and though many of the groups were wanting that are most prominent in modern geological periods, those that existed were expressed in such endless variety that the Animal Kingdom seems to have been as full then as it is to-day. The Class of the Echinoderms is one of the most remarkable instances of this. In the Silurian period,

the Crinoids stood alone; there were neither Ophiurans, Asteroids, Echinoids, nor Holothurians; and yet in a single locality, Lockport, in the State of New York, over an area of not more than a few square miles, where the Silurian deposits have been carefully examined, there have been found more different Species of Echinoderms than are living now along our whole Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida.

There is nothing more striking in these early populations of the earth than the richness of the types. It would seem as if, before the world was prepared for the manifold existences that find their home here now, when organic life was limited by the absence of many of the present physical conditions, the whole wealth of the Creative Thought lavished itself upon the forms already introduced upon the globe. After thirty years' study of the fossil Crinoids, I am every day astonished by some new evidence of the ingenuity, the invention, the skill, if I may so speak, shown in varying this single pattern of animal life. When one has become by long study of nature in some sense intimate with the animal creation, it is impossible not to recognize in it the immediate action of thought, and even to specialize the intellectual faculties it reveals. It speaks of an infinite power of combination and analysis, of reminiscence and prophecy, of that which has been in eternal harmony with that which is to be; and while we stand in reverence before the grandeur of the Creative Conception as a whole, there breaks from it such lightness of fancy, such richness of invention, such variety and vividness of colour, nay, even the ripple of mirthfulness—for Nature has its humorous side also—that we lose our grasp of its completeness in wonder at its details, and our sense of its unity is clouded by its marvellous fertility. There may seem to be an irreverence in thus characterizing the Creative Thought by epithets which we derive from the exercise of our own mental faculties; but it is nevertheless true, that the nearer we come to Nature, the more does it seem to us that all our intellectual endowments are merely the echo of the Almighty Mind, and that the eternal archetypes of all manifestations of thought in man are found in the Creation, of which he is the crowning work.

In no group of the animal kingdom is the fertility of invention more striking than in the Crinoids. They seem like the productions of one who handles his work with an infinite ease and delight, taking pleasure in presenting the same thought under a thousand different aspects. Some new cut of the plates, some slight change in their relative positions is constantly varying their outlines, from a close cup to an open crown, from the long, pear-shaped oval of the calyx in some, to its circular or square or pentagonal form in others. An angle that is simple in one projects by a fold in the surface and becomes a fluted column in another; a plate that was smooth but now, has here a symmetrical figure upon it drawn in beaded lines; the stem which is perfectly un-

broken in one, except by the transverse divisions common to them all, in the next puts out feathery plumes at every such transverse break. In some the plates of the stem are all rigid and firmly soldered together; in others they are articulated upon each other in such a manner as to give it the greatest flexibility, and allow the seeming slower to wave and bend upon its stalk. It would require an endless number of illustrations to give even a faint idea of the variety of these fossil Crinoids. There is no change that the fancy can suggest within the limits of the same structure that does not find expression among them. Since I have become intimate with their wonderful complications, I have sometimes amused myself with anticipating some new variation of the theme, by the introduction of some undescribed structural complication, and then seeking for it among the specimens at my command, and I have never failed to find it in one or other of these ever-changing forms.

The modern Crinoid without stem, or the Comatula, though agreeing with the ancient in all the essential elements of structure, differs from it in some specific features. It drops its stem when full-grown, though the ab-oral region still remains the predominant part of the body and retains its cup-like or calyx-like form. The Comatulæ are not abundant, and though represented by a number of species, yet the type as it exists at present is meagre in comparison to its richness of former times. Indeed, this group of Echinoderms, which in the earliest periods was the exponent of all its kind, has dwindled gradually, in proportion as other representatives of the class have come in, and there exists only one species now, the *Pentacrinus* of the West Indies, which retains its stem in its adult condition. It is a singular fact, to which I have before alluded, and which would seem to have especial reference to the maintenance of the same numeric proportions in all times, that, while a class is represented by few types, those types are wonderfully rich and varied; but in proportion as other expressions of the same structure are introduced, the first dwindle, and, if they do not entirely disappear, become at least much less prominent than before.

There remain only two other orders to be considered, the Ophiurans and the Holothurians. The Ophiurans approach the Crinoids more nearly than any other group of Echinoderms, and in their classifications are placed next above them. In them the ab-oral region, which has such a remarkable predominance in the Crinoid, has become depressed; it no longer extends into a stem, nor does it even rise into the calyx-like or cup-like projection so characteristic of the Crinoids—though, when the animal is living, the ab-oral side of the disk is still quite convex. The disk in the Ophiurans is small in comparison to the length of the arms, and perfectly circular; it does not merge gradually in the arms as in the Star-fish, but the arms start abruptly from its periphery. In these, as in the Crinoids, the interambulacral plates are absent, and the inter-

ambulacral spaces are filled by an encroachment of the ab-oral regions upon them. There is an infinite variety and beauty both of form and colour in these Sea-Stars. The arms frequently measure many times the diameter of the whole disk, and are so different in size and ornamentation in the different species that at first sight one might take them for animals entirely distinct from each other. In some the arms are comparatively short and quite simple. In others they are very long, and may be either stretched to their full length or partly contracted to form a variety of graceful curves; in some they are fringed all along the edges—in others they are so ramified that every arm seems like a little bush, as it were, and, intertwining with each other, they make a thick net-work all around the animal. In the geological succession, these Ophiurans follow the Crinoids, being introduced at about the Carboniferous period, and perhaps earlier. They have had their representatives in all succeeding times, and are still very numerous in the present epoch.

To show the correspondence of the Holothurians with the typical formula of the whole class of Echinoderms, I will return to the Sea-Urchins, since they are more nearly allied with that order than with any of the other groups. We have seen that the Sea-Urchins approach most nearly to the sphere, and that in them the oral region and the sides predominate so greatly over the ab-oral region that the latter is reduced to a small area on the summit of the sphere. In order to transform the Sea-Urchin into a Holothurian, we have only to stretch it out from end to end till it becomes a cylinder, with the oral region or mouth at one extremity, and the ab-oral region, which in the Holothurian is reduced to its minimum, at the other. The zones of the Sea-Urchin now extend as parallel rows on the Holothurian, running from one end to the other of the long cylindrical body. On account of their form, some of them have been taken for Worms, and so classified by naturalists; but as soon as their true structure was understood, which agrees in every respect with that of the other Echinoderms, and has no affinity whatever with the articulated structure of the Worms, they found their true place in our classifications.

The natural attitude of these animals is different from that of the other Echinoderms: they lie on one side, and move with the oral opening forward, and this has been one cause of the mistakes as to their true nature. But when we would compare animals, we should place them, not in the attitude which is natural to them in their native element, but in what I would call their normal position—that is such a position as brings the corresponding parts in all into the same relation. For instance, the natural attitude of the Crinoid is with the ab-oral region downward, attached to a stem, and the oral region or mouth upward; the Ophiuran turns its oral region, along which all the suckers or ambulacra are arranged, toward the surface along which it

moves; the Star-Fish does the same; the Sea-Urchin also has its oral opening downward; but the Holothurian moves on one side, mouth foremost, dragging itself onward, like all the rest, by means of its rows of Suckers. If, now, we compare these animals in the various attitudes natural to them, we may fail to recognize the identity of parts, or, at least, it will not strike us at once. But if we place them all—Holothurian, Sea-Urchin, Star-Fish, Ophiuran, and Crinoid—with the oral or mouth side downward, for instance, we shall see immediately that the small area at the opposite end of the Holothurian corresponds to the area on the top of the Sea-Urchin; that the upper side of the Star-Fish is the same region enlarged; that, in the Ophiuran, that region makes one side of the small circular disk; while in the Crinoid it is enlarged and extended to make the calyx-like projection and stem. In the same way, if we place them in the same attitude, we shall see that the long, straight rows of suckers along the length of the Holothurian, and the arching zones of suckers on the spherical body of the Sea-urchin, and the furrows with the suckers protruding from them along the arms of the Star-fish and Ophiuran, and the radiating series of pores from the oral opening in the Crinoid, are one and the same thing in all, only altered somewhat in their relative proportion and extent. Around the oral opening of the Holothurian there are appendages capable of the most extraordinary changes, which seem at first to be peculiar to these animals, and to have no affinity with any corresponding feature in the same class. But a closer investigation has shown them to be only modifications of the locomotive suckers of the Star-fish and Sea-urchin, but ramifying to such an extent as to assume the form of branching feelers. The little tufts projecting from the oral side in the Sea-urchins, described as gills, are another form of the same kind of appendage.

The Holothurians have not the hard, brittle surface of the other Echinoderms; on the contrary, their envelope is tough and leathery, capable of great contraction and dilation. No idea can be formed of the beauty of these animals either from dried specimens or from those preserved in alcohol. Of course, in either case, they lose their colour, become shrunken, and the moveable appendages about the mouth shrivel up. One who had seen the Holothurian only as preserved in museums would be amazed at the spectacle of the living animal, especially if his first introduction should be to one of the deep, rich crimson-coloured species, such as are found in quantities in the Bay of Fundy. I have seen such an animal, when first thrown into a tank of sea-water, remain for a while closely contracted, looking like a soft crimson ball. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, as it becomes accustomed to its new position, it begins to elongate; the fringes creep softly out, spreading gradually all their ramifications, till one end of the animal seems crowned with feathery, crimson sea-weeds of the most delicate tracery. It is much to be regretted that these lower

marine animals are not better known. The plumage of the tropical birds, the down on the most brilliant butterfly's wing, are not more beautiful in colouring than the hues of many Radiates, and there is no grace of motion surpassing the movements of some of them in their native element. The habit of keeping marine animals in tanks is happily growing constantly more popular, and before long the beauty of these inhabitants of the ocean will be as familiar to us as that of Birds and Insects. Many of the most beautiful among them are, however, difficult to obtain, and not easily kept alive in confinement, so that they are not often seen in aquariums.

Having thus endeavoured to sketch each different kind of Echinoderm, let us try to forget them all in their individuality, and think only of the structural formula that applies equally to each. In all, the body has three distinct regions, the oral, the ab-oral, and the sides; but by giving a predominance to one or other of these regions, a variety of outlines characteristic of the different groups is produced. In all, the parts radiate from the oral opening, and join in the ab-oral region. In all, this radiation is accompanied by rows of suckers following the line of the diverging rays. It is always the same structure, but, endowed with the freedom of life, it is never monotonous, notwithstanding its absolute permanence. In short, drop off the stem of the Crinoid, and depress its calyx to form a flat disk, and we have an Ophiuran; expand that disk, and let it merge gradually in the arms, and we have a Star-fish; draw up the rays of the Star-fish, and unite them at the tips so as to form a spherical outline, and we have a Sea-urchin; stretch out the Sea-urchin to form a cylinder, and we have a Holothurian.

And now let me ask, Is it my ingenuity that has imposed upon these structures the conclusion I have drawn from them? Have I so combined them in my thought that they have become to me a plastic form, out of which I draw a Crinoid, an Ophiuran, a Star-fish, a Sea-urchin, or a Holothurian at will? Or is this structural idea inherent in them all, so that every observer who has a true insight into their organization must find it written there? Had our scientific results anything to do with our invention, every naturalist's conclusions would be coloured by his individual opinions; but when we find all naturalists converging more and more towards each other, arriving, as their knowledge increases, at exactly the same views, then we must believe that these structures are the creative ideas in living reality. In other words, so far as there is truth in them, our systems are what they are, not because Aristotle, Linnæus, Cuvier, or all the men who ever studied Nature, have so thought and so expressed their thought, but because God so thought and so expressed his thought in material forms when he laid the plan of Creation, and when man himself existed only in the intellectual conception of his Maker.

"I F O N L Y —."

BY SHIRLEY GÉRARD,

Author of "After Ten Years," "Cupid a Medium," &c., &c.

"The most varied, the most useful, the most complicated in its sentimental relations and capacities—in its depths of relief, regret, passionate yearning, chastened joy, penitent sorrow, and bitter misery, among all tenses is, without doubt, the preter-pluperfect subjunctive. We can none of us do without some of the grave warnings which its experience teaches and burns upon the memory; but most unhappy is the man who is driven to living in it altogether, and who ceases to mingle the care for what is and what *shall be*, with the sigh for what *might have been*." *

I think it is the French *penete* writer, Joubert, who said that "It is always our impotencies which irritate us."

I am curious to know, if he had been asked to classify these impotencies, which he would have put down as the most irritating? And pre-supposing that all thinking people in the world acknowledge the truth of his remark, I am curious to know which they would put down as the most irritating? As I cannot, however, take the "sense" of my cotemporaries upon the subject, I shall speak for myself, and challenge contradiction, by saying that of all the impotencies which cause us to fall foul of ourselves and others, the most heart-rending, the most bitter, and the most irritating is our inability to essay or to undo anything which has been said or done; or, as the case may be, has been left unsaid or undone by us in our intercourse with our fellows.

What can be more miserable than the state of mind in which we sit down to contemplate what "might have been," "if only——"

Ah, that small tormentor "if!"—a very musquito of a word, which stings us most unmercifully, and which we cannot kill. I think, like the eastern king in the story, who went through the world looking for a happy man, I shall set out to find a man who is without an "if" in his life. But my search would be fruitless: there is not such a being in existence.

There are "ifs" of many kinds—"ifs" of omission, and "ifs" of commission. "Ah, if I had but said a few kind words!" "Oh, if I had not yielded to that temptation!" The skeletons in our cupboards are almost all "ifs"—the "ifs" of sorrow; the "ifs" of remorse; the "ifs" of opportunities lost, of unkindness, of

ingratitude, of misplaced affection, of misplaced confidence, and of doubt. I shall take a few examples from the mass around me.

Let us enter that dark house, in an upper window of which burns a faint light. Let us go up the creaking stairs, on which the footsteps of happy children never fall, and so on into a room where the furniture is scanty and very old, and in which avarice and want glare at each other from every corner. In the grate there is a meagre fire smouldering: the ashes are choking it, and the heat it sends out is worse than no heat at all. A candle upon the shaky old table is wasting swiftly from a long unsnuffed wick, and the heavy smell of boiling tallow floats through the room. There is a slice of stale bread upon a broken plate near the candle. It is so stale that the sharp teeth of a bold and bright-eyed little mouse fail to nibble a crumb from it, and it actually turns away and drops upon the floor with a sudden plunge. The noise of its fall, slight though it is, vibrates through the empty room; but a rigid figure upon the chair beside the table is not roused. The head has fallen back, the jaw has fallen down, the bony fingers have stiffened round a canvas-bag, the string of which they were in the act of untying when God took back the wasted life of his unprofitable servant.

An open letter lies upon the ground at the dead man's feet. A few lines from it will tell a mournful history:

"Ah, father, if you had not loved your gold better than your only child, that child would not have been placed where he now stands—on the brink of a felon's grave."

The miser had died with that "if" ringing in his ears.

* * * * *

The night is dark and stormy; fierce gusts tear round the corners of the streets—howl past the silent houses, and away, away into the open country, where it riots madly among the trees, and sweeps the dust in thick clouds from the dry, white roads. Away, still away, past snug farm-houses sheltered under their close ricks of corn and hay; past the thick-walled mansions of country squires; past the wayside inn, with its many gables; past the ruined church, round which the ivy twines. Away, away, away, faster than the mind can follow, we know not where.

The moon rises pale and watery, but still with

* From "The Sentiment of Grammar" in the *Saturday Review*, June 1st, 1861.

sufficient brilliancy to give a silver lining to the heavy clouds which pass across her in rapid succession. At intervals these clouds break into cold swift showers, which fall unheeded upon the bowed head and bent shoulders of a man who is walking rapidly along the solitary road. The wan moonlight falls partially upon his face: it is haggard, but eager, and every feature wears the unmistakable expression of some aching void, some keen sorrow. He pauses now and then, as if uncertain of his way, and looks around as though seeking guidance from some familiar landmark. Some two or three hundred yards before him there is a thick grove of beech trees, above which, in daylight, the chimneys of an old-fashioned farm-house can be seen. At present they are quite invisible; but presently a prolonged gleam from the moon lights up the scene, and suddenly pausing again and looking up, the man catches sight of the white stone-work above the tree tops, and, clasping his hands, exclaims, "My God! so near?" His pace slackens after this, and it seems as though he has reached a point which he has anxiously longed for, and yet fears to gain.

He has found the landmark for which he has been seeking, and a very few steps brings him before a gate with a turnstile beside it. He passes through the latter, and, going swiftly up a short and grass-grown avenue, stops at the house-door. There is a pretty porch before it, of light trellis-work, covered with the now leafless stems of a climbing rose. The ground within the porch is flagged; but the clay having given way beneath, the flags themselves have sunk in the centre, and some blades of grass have sprung up in the crevices. There is a brass knocker on the door, and a brass bell-handle in the wall, both rusty from want of cleaning; and the foot-scraper is choked up and useless with the mud of years.

With a bitter sigh the man notes these traces of neglect; but when the knocker refuses to move, and the bell-wire gives way with a slight pull, he turns aside and goes round the angle of the house. A path leads him through a neglected garden; but he passes through it without heeding. He is peering into every window, and looking in vain for some sign of life within. He has reached the back of the rambling old building, but the offices stop him there, and, returning again past the hall-door, he goes round to the other side of the house. There is a thin ray of light streaming through a shuttered window. The man draws his breath hard, and involuntarily his footsteps fall with caution as he approaches the spot. He kneels with one knee upon the sill, and tries to peer into the room. His heart is beating wildly; for the place is familiar ground. How often, oh! how often, had he looked through that window at the moon sailing in the bright heavens above him, and wondered, with a child's wonder, if she could see him lying upon his little bed. He could remember, too, how often,

when the innocence of those childish days was beginning to steal from him, how he had crept noiselessly through that window on summer nights, to join a party of reckless young companions in some forbidden pleasure. But more than all, he remembered how, one dark night in winter, fifteen years ago, he had stolen through it, his hand clasped upon a small leather purse, and his face white with terror; for he had just remorselessly robbed those who loved him better than their lives—and from that hour he had remained an outcast from his home.

And an outcast he had been, in every sense of the word, for fifteen years; but he was returning now, to seek that forgiveness without which he felt his life would continue the miserable failure it had ever been. He felt that his mother's blessing, his father's warm clasp of the hand, could alone restore that self-respect, the want of which had eaten into his life, and stranded him so often on the brink of utter, hopeless ruin.

He had been a wanderer over half the world; had landed at Southampton, with very little money in his purse, but strong in the resolution not to lose an hour before setting out for the old place. He had gone up to London, intending merely to pass through it; but there he unexpectedly met some of his former companions, who enticed him—poor weak fool—from one scene of amusement and carousal to another, until he found himself, when at length he started upon his journey, obliged, from want of money, to perform more than one-half of it on foot.

But he comforted himself with the assurance that it was the "last time;" he would never again put himself into the power of doubtful companions: he would avoid temptation: he would yet make himself worthy of the humble and, but for his sin, untarnished name which he bore. How was it that these consoling reflections vanished as he knelt at the window of the room which had once been his own, and tried to see what was passing within? A miserable presentiment stole over him that the turning point of his life had been passed unheeded, and that he was now too late. He tried the sash, found it unfastened, and pushed it softly up: the shutters fell back, and the next moment he stood within the chamber.

One glance was sufficient to show him how little it was changed since he had last seen it; the little dressing-glass, which had been considered "good enough" for a school-boy, was still upon the dressing-table of painted deal; on a rack nailed to the wall were some fishing-rods and walking-sticks of every colour and size; and upon a second rack close by were ranged the wicket stumps for cricket, and resting against the wall in a corner were two bats; hanging over the handle of one of these was a white jean cap, and behind the door, upon a

peg, there was a round jacket of rough pilot cloth.

It was but the work of an instant for the man to recognise these objects; he passed his hand across his eyes, and, turning away, approached the little bed, impelled by some irresistible impulse. The light from two tall candles placed upon a table at its foot fell full on the spotless linen, it was stretched without crease or fold over the entire bed; but through it he could distinctly trace the rigid outline of a dead face. Could he have been deceived? Yes, certainly deceived; for, as he gazed intently, he surely saw the regular rise and fall of the breath beneath. Stepping lightly forward he turned down the sheet; but one look was enough, he was indeed too late: his mother—the only woman who had ever loved him with a pure and unselfish affection—was lying before him in her last, long sleep.

Awe-struck by the majesty of death, and stung to the soul with horror and remorse, he uttered a low, wailing cry, and dashing through the window disappeared into the night. His after-career need not be traced, but in happiness or misery there was an "if" to haunt him.

"If I had but resisted that last temptation I might have faced the world again purified and strengthened by my mother's blessing."

It is Christmas Eve, the streets of London are one blaze of gaslight, the lamps burn with a bright and steady flame, for the night is still and crisp, with a hard frost; gaslight streams also from the gaily-decorated shop-windows, and penetrates through the drawn blinds of countless private houses, within which many groups of happy people gather, and with eager voices and warm pressures of the hand wish each other a "merry Christmas!"

And, are all the inmates of those warmed and lighted homes happy? Are there any "ifs" and "might have beens" to stand like a surly screen before the bright hearth-stones, and dim the soft wax-light to a feeble glimmer? Too many, I fear.

In a house situated on the quietest side of one of those quiet squares which are to be found here and there in some of the most populous quarters of London, there is little sign of life on this Christmas Eve. The shutters of a room on the ground-floor are unclosed, and the passers-by, had there been any such in that quiet region, could have seen without difficulty what was passing within. The windows of the second and third storeys are quite dark; but there is a ruddy glow shining through the blinds of the fourth. The room thus lighted is a nursery; the walls are not hung, but pasted over with coloured prints from the *Illustrated London News*, and the floor is littered with toys. At a low table in one corner of the room sit three very little children: the eldest, a girl, is not more than six years old, the youngest not quite three; they are busy and happy over a play-feast—"keeping Christmas," as they say.

If not plentiful, the food is at least varied in quality: on one small plate there is a dark and uninviting-looking compound, called by courtesy a plum-pudding! This delicacy had been made at a very early hour in the morning, had been mixed, flattened, stirred up, and flattened again at least one hundred times during the day, and was finally boiled in a doll's pinafore at a proper hour for the repast. There were also three raisins and one almond cut into three pieces upon another little plate; there were two lumps of sugar; there was one fig, one apple, and a really large supply of small comfits; but the crowning glory of the entertainment consisted in three oranges, and about half a glass of wine, which had with much care and caution been equally divided into three miniature wine-glasses, and was to be the solemn conclusion of the repast. I do not think there could have been three happier little creatures in the world than were those children at that moment: no heavier care weighed upon their innocent hearts than the difficulty of deciding which of the delicious morsels should be eaten first.

At a table, covered with a white cloth and drawn close to the screened fire, sat the nurse and another female servant at tea; they were speaking in low tones, as though their conversation was in some way connected with the children but was not overheard by them.

"Of all nights in the year, to choose Christmas Eve to run away!" the nurse's friend was saying. "Do they ever speak of her?" she added, glancing towards the children.

"Miss Mabel sometimes asks me where she is, and when she will come back; but I keep warning her to hold her tongue before the master, and the child's sharp enough to know that all isn't right. God help her when she's a few years older and hears the truth."

And the lighted room below, what aspect did it present on that Christmas Eve? It was a comfortable and cheerful apartment; there were a few well-chosen paintings on the walls, some rich plate on the sideboard, and the furniture was solid and handsome. On the table there were decanters of wine untouched, and a dessert wholly untasted. The dinner which they had replaced had been sent away in like manner: it had been well cooked and well served, but the master of the house had turned from it with absolute disgust.

He was sitting in an arm-chair beside the fire, not leaning back with outstretched feet in an attitude of comfort, but stooping forward with his hands clasped listlessly before him—a perfect picture of a desponding and helpless man. He was not young, and there were traces of long hours of mental work upon his face; and besides these, there was an expression of deep sorrow—a sorrow in which there was more of shame than sadness—that blotted out all kindness from his dark eyes, and, as it were, took from his mouth the power of a genial smile.

I have said that the window of that ground-floor room was unshuttered; from the inside the

night looked very dark and still; so dark that had the man cowering over the fire even glanced in that direction he could not have seen a thin, worn, and most miserable face—a woman's face—intently watching the scene within. She was well and even carefully dressed; but her neatness appeared more the effect of long habit than present care. But oh! the expression of her face! a deep flush burned upon both cheeks, and lighted up her dry eyes, until they gleamed in the darkness almost fiercely.

Who was she? what was she? She had once been the mistress of that house, she was still the wife of that man, she was the mother of those children at their play feast up-stairs. Yes, she was all that; but she was cut off from them for ever; no power on earth could enable her to take her former place in that household. It was but another chapter of the old, old story: A beautiful woman without religion, beyond the fact that she went to church every Sunday, and with little cultivation of mind beyond the art of attracting everyone who came within her influence. And yet, brimful of vanity and folly as she was, she had a heart. But her husband, an elderly, undemonstrative, studious, professional man (he was a doctor) was not the person calculated to secure its love. He loved her as such men only can love; but she was wanting in that second-sight, that faith in others which is only bestowed upon a woman by unselfish love existing in herself, and which enables her to detect and trust fully an affection not exhibited by outward signs.

I have called it the old old story, and so it was. Jealous of her husband's profession, jealous of the very books he studied so intently, the deluded woman was but too willing to listen to the tempter's voice, and that Christmas Eve it was twelve months since she had left her happy home.

Yes, her happy home; she could call it so now, when it was closed to her for ever. How wistfully her eager eyes took in every detail of that familiar room. How yearningly they rested upon the listless figure in the chair. The next moment that figure was aroused by a timid knock at the door; a look of impatience crossed his face. A call on that night! The servants were merry-making downstairs, and could not hear that feeble tap. He rose, drew down the blind as he passed the window, went into the hall, and opened the door. A woman was there, shrinking into the shadow of the portico; there was a thick veil over her face.

"I am wanted, I suppose," the Doctor said. "Come in, the night is miserably cold." He took her to the room he had just left; he closed the door; the next moment he was conscious that his faithless wife was kneeling at his feet.

I shall not detail the scene between them: it was painful beyond any power of description. With broken words and deep blushes of shame the wretched woman told him why she had come. The life she had led was hateful to her; she implored him to speak one word of for-

giveness to her, as an erring woman, not as a guilty wife—that she knew could never be; and to prove that such forgiveness was sincere, by giving her the means of an honest livelihood, and thereby rescuing her from deeper degradation. She humbled herself to the dust, she appealed to the love he had once cherished for her, she besought him for the sake of his children to save their mother—but in vain: he would not listen to her; he heaped scornful and heartless words upon her. She rose from before him pale enough then, and trembling with emotion: he opened the door for her to pass out; but his heart did not relent, when her low moan of despair as she turned away, fell upon his ear.

But there was no sleep for him that night. Hour after hour he walked up and down his bedroom, trying to believe that he had acted as a stern sense of duty and morality had taught him. At three o'clock there was a hasty pull at the night bell. He hurried down-stairs. A respectable-looking man stood on the steps; his face was white and his words incoherent.

"For God's sake, come sir," he said. "There's a young woman dying a few yards off: it's murder, sir! poison! as sure as——"

A chill crept over the doctor; a presentiment of coming evil. "Go on," was all he said; and the man hurried away before him, stopping again when only a few yards distant.

Lying on the flags—her head resting against a lamp-post—was the woman who had knelt before the doctor a few hours before. Her hands were twisted together; her features were contracted with pain: she was quite dead, and the strong odour of prussic acid upon her lips told the sad tale in all its horror.

There was no one abroad in that quiet street but the doctor and the man who had brought him out. The latter had been returning, he explained, from spending the evening with some friends, and had found the wretched creature dying. The doctor's emotion, stern and controlled although it was, could not be wholly concealed; but the man standing by his side entirely misinterpreted the broken words which fell in hollow tones from his white lips—"Ah, if I had—too late—for ever."

Years passed on. The doctor's family grew up around him; but there was a shadow ever hanging over his life. Day and night he saw before him the pleading face—the imploring eyes of his wretched wife! In every strain of music which fell upon his ear—in every accent of friendship—in the bustle of his professional life—in the quiet of his home—he heard without ceasing the mournful echo from his own repentant heart—"If only ——"

* * * * *

There are signs of packing up in a bedroom of a small but comfortable house. There are signs still more ominous of departure—of a broken family circle—than even packing up. Go through the sitting-rooms—you will find the pictures taken down—the furniture

piled together and marked for the morrow's sale by the auctioneer's man.

Again it is another chapter of an old story. A father has just died, leaving his widow and only child with hardly any provision. The widow has already gone to stay with some friends in London until her affairs are settled; her daughter has remained behind to pack up the few things they wish to keep "in memoriam." This is essentially the way of the world. We have a book, an ornament, an article of furniture to remind us of the past; but the truest memorials are in our own hearts: there we treasure a look, a smile, a simple loving word.

She was no longer a girl—this daughter; and she looked even older than her actual age. Can there be an "if" in her placid life, to give that indescribable expression to her dark eyes? Watch her, as, having finished her packing in the upper-room, she goes down-stairs, and stands before a writing-table in the little drawing-room. This table is her own especial property—has been hers since she was a young girl; its contents must now be removed, for it is also to be packed up: she could not bear to part with it.

She begins to take out papers and books. These are carried up-stairs, and again she is standing before the table with her hand upon a small drawer. As she pulls it out, she turns and looks at the grate: there is a fire there, and her colour rises faintly. With the drawer in her hand she crosses the room, and kneels down upon the hearth. What does it contain? Watch her still, as she takes out one by one; first an

old glove, neatly folded; then a faded rose; an envelope, within which withered leaves crackle and break! There is something—a date, perhaps, written upon it. Without opening this she lays it almost tenderly upon the bright coals. Is that all? No; there are a few letters still. These she reads, and there is a smile upon her face as she does so; but it fades quickly, and as she lays them also upon the fire, you can see that her lips are quivering, and you can hear the few words which explain all—

"Ah! if he had but known!"

The glove and the withered rose she does not destroy. No doubt she is weak-minded to a degree; but it is hard, especially for a woman, to break the last link between the present and the past.

* * * * *

And so the world goes round.

Many have trials, great and terrible to bear. Sorrows, which are like the never-dying worm; yet, even after the most violent storms, the bent and bruised flowers will revive in the genial sunshine! but the gnawing pain of unavailing regret is the canker at the root, eating away the substance and the life.

Pastors may preach; friends may counsel; we may preach to ourselves, and counsel ourselves; but, so long as human nature is the frail and faulty thing it is, so long shall the majority "mingle the care for what is and what *shall* be, with the sigh for what *might* have been." "If only——."

B A D E N G L I S H .

BY THE REV. H. ESTRIDGE.

Few things are more generally neglected among us than the study of our own native tongue. But there is perhaps nothing from which the possession of a sound education may be more safely inferred than the habit of writing and speaking English correctly. It implies much more than might be at first suspected.

It is our object in this paper to point out some common errors and defects; grouping our observations as much as possible under the five heads of Spelling, Pronunciation, Punctuation, Faulty Phrases, and Style.

1. **SPELLING.**—The following words among others are frequently to be found misspelt, even in books: Amphitryon(1), aisle, analyse, artisan, apophthegm(2), ascendancy, beggar(3), business, ceiling, chestnut(4), damascene(5), diocese(6), desert, disamfit, dilapidated, eyot, fagot, favour,

galloping(7), gnaw(8), gypsy(9), harassed, hare-brained(10), hostler(11), indict(12), judgment(13), kerbstone, lantern(14), licence(15), mussel(16), napátha, odour, oxyde, partisan, passed(17), Philippi(18), ploughed(19), profane(20), professed(21), recal(22), sanitary(23), singing, skate(24), Siren(25), Sphinx(25), stationery(26), until(27), withheld(28), whooping(29)—cough.

Remarks.—1. The *i* and *y* are generally transposed. 2. The *ph* often omitted. 3. Nouns formed from verbs in this way almost always end in *er*. 4. A glance at the derivation will shew the importance of retaining the *t*. 5. Popularly contracted into 'damson'. 6. Falsely written 'diocess'. 7. The accent is on the first syllable, so that the final *p* ought not to be doubled. Words ending in *l* are the only exceptions to this rule. 8. Now and then spelt 'knav'.

9. A corruption of Egyptian, arising from a mistaken notion of their origin. Sometimes misspelt 'gipsy'. 10. Not *hair-brained*. 11. A contraction of 'hosteler': sometimes robbed of its (silent) *h*. 12. Not to be confounded with 'indite'. 13. "judgement" is obsolete. 14. Not now 'lanthorn'. 15. The verb has *s*. 16. A shell-fish: distinct from 'muscle'. 17. The verb: sometimes mistaken for 'past,' the participle. 18. Sometimes written and pronounced *Phillipi*. 19. Formerly written 'plowed,' as in the Bible. 20. In old-fashioned books and music spelt 'prophane'. 21. Sometimes distorted into 'proffered'. 22. Rightly or wrongly, the tendency of the present day is to write words of this sort with one *l*. 23. Used of *preventive* measures: 'sanatory' of *curative*. Here is one of those useful divergences, of which our language affords many examples: such as *check*, *cheque*; *mask*, *masque*; *drachm*, *dram*; *ton*, *tun*; *band*, *bond*; *break*, *breach*; *draft*, *draught*; &c. 24. 'skait' is quite obsolete. 25. These words are too often written with *y*, even by those who profess to know Greek. 26. A noun: sometimes confused with the adjective 'stationary'. 27. Sometimes endowed with a double *l*. 28. Occasionally deprived of an *h*. 29. Nonsense without the *w*.

Too many persons spell merely by "rule of thumb." They seem to have no other test than the purely empirical one of writing a word down in different forms, and then choosing that which strikes their eye as most likely. But a well informed person will know not only which is the right spelling, but also *why* it is right. "Habits of spelling" (says a high authority) "are apt to become fixed, and a bad speller cannot be trusted to copy without mistakes even a wellspelt manuscript." And Lord Chesterfield writes to his son as follows: "Orthography is so absolutely necessary for a gentleman, that one false spelling may fix a ridicule upon him for the rest of his life. Bad spelling is unpardonable: even a woman of tolerable education would despise a lover who sent her an ill-spelled note."

People will often become very angry if their spelling is called in question; and this generally in proportion to the justice of the charge. Bad spelling however is frightfully common even among those who might justly be expected to know better. "And truly" (says Dean Trench) "slovenly misspelling is evidence of an inaccuracy and ignorance which reaches very far beyond." In the same admirable little book, "English Past and Present," he exposes the absurdities of the phonetic system. It is indeed folly to attempt to introduce radical changes into a settled language. But when for instance the spelling of a word seems to be fluctuating between two forms, it is well worth while to try and turn the balance in favour of the more correct. And such is the aim of the present paper.

Many people, again, are evidently puzzled how to divide words in writing; and the common rules to "separate consonants," and, if there is only one, to "give it to the latter syllable," are

calculated only to mislead. The only safe rule is to divide a word according to its root-meaning. Words long enough to require division will generally be found to consist either of two short words, or of a root and a termination; and the hyphen should be placed so as to keep these as far as possible distinct and complete. Thus, *Amphi-tryon*, *ana-lyse*, *apo-phthegm*, *ascendancy*, *busi-ness*, *ceil-ing*, *dilapid-ated*.

2. PRONUNCIATION.—This is a wide subject, and can only be dealt with generally, because so much must be left open as a matter of usage and taste. And matters of taste are proverbially liable to change, even in the course of one generation. What was vulgar or peculiar thirty years ago is now in many cases the recognized standard. What was then the received pronunciation would often now be thought pedantic or obsolete. So that Trench very justly speaks of "that greatest of all absurdities, a Pronouncing Dictionary."

Still, however, there are some general rules which may safely be laid down. Let the consonants in every syllable, and especially final ones, have their full effect; so far at least as can be done without pedantry. They are the bones of a word. Give the *n* in 'condemning', for example, as well as in 'condemnation.' Let tongue, teeth, and lips have free play, so that every sound may come forth sharply cut. Thus let not 'affect' and 'effect' be pronounced indiscriminately as if written *æffect*, or 'offend' like *æffend*. What is the distinguishing characteristic of childish and of adult speech? The one is mainly vowel talk (therein resembling the sounds of animals) the other is consonantal. What makes the difference between the utterance of an educated and uneducated person? The tone and inflection of voice of course count for something, but the chief thing is distinctness of articulation. This chiselling-out of the syllables, moreover, is one great secret of success in public speaking and in singing. Want of culture may perhaps escape notice while the mouth is shut, but no longer. The crow in the fable was detected by his croak.

Avoid provincialisms. Any word that departs without good cause from the accepted pronunciation in good society is so far a vulgarity. A man who speaks correctly does not betray from what part of the country he comes, whereas a north or west countryman (if uncultivated) is known as soon as he opens his lips. The increased intercommunication, however, which railways have produced, is doing much to rub out these peculiarities of dialect. Nevertheless an Irishman, even if he has shaken off the broader indications, will probably shew his nationality in his first sentence, by pronouncing it like *æt*, and *-eth* or *-ed* like *-æth* or *-æd*: 'speakæth,' 'endud.' The intonation and broad vowels of a Scotchman are equally unmistakable to a cultivated ear. A curious mistake has arisen in Gloucestershire from the prevalent habit of dropping the *w* at the beginning of a word. Robin Wood was a local celebrity of the last century, and has given his name to more than one place in the county; shortened however into Robin 'qed. With

equal ignorance of history and etymology, the gap is sometimes filled up with an H; and a fine eminence near the city of Gloucester is accordingly apt to be called Robin Hood's Hill. It is to be lamented that what was originally a local barbarism is sometimes able to creep into higher use; and it is accordingly too common to hear even refined lips changing *e* into *a*, and talking of Darby, Barkeley, and Barkshire.

When two pronunciations of the same word are current, choose that which accords with its derivation; seeking also to diminish and not increase the anomalies in our mother-tongue. Thus pronounce 'manifold' in the same way as 'many', of which it is a compound. Let double *s* have its right force; not pronouncing 'dissolve' like 'dizsolve'. 'Duty' is not *dooty*, nor 'stupid' *stoopid*. Do not say either 'soot' or 'shuit' for 'suit'; or put an *sh* into 'issue', any more than into 'pursue'. 'Christian' also is somewhat open to objection. There is a difference between a single and a double consonant: therefore beware of saying (or reading) *pösess*, *öfend*, *öfect*. 'Offer', 'office', and 'coffee' should not be pronounced *orffer*, *orffice*, *corffee*, nor 'offal' and 'animal' like 'offle' and 'animle.' 'Suddenly' moreover is often sounded like 'sudd'nly' and 'reckoning' like 'reck'ning'. 'Reel' for *real* is of course inadmissible, and so is 'parshal' for 'partial'. It used to be fashionable to say 'gyard', 'gyde', and 'kynd', for 'guard', 'guide', and 'kind'. The pronunciation of *a* is an open question; but we incline to 'command' rather than 'commarnd', and we enter a decided protest against 'aunt' and 'launch' being pronounced as if written 'ant' and 'lanch. *G* is silent before *n* in such words as 'cognisance' and 'benign'. The pronunciation of 'knowledge' is disputed, but the *o* is generally shortened. 'Authority', 'unity', and 'quiet' are not improved by being pronounced 'athority', 'unuty', and 'quiat'. There is no *j* in 'guardian'. Plebeian should not be written or pronounced 'plebian', and it is no kindness to words like 'affiance' to clip their first syllable. It is scarcely advisable to pronounce 'behold' like 'burhold'. 'Gather', 'catch', and 'thank' are sometimes spoken as if spelt with *e*. 'Lieutenant' is a French word, and there is no ground whatever for calling it 'leftenant'. Some people wrongly give to *t* in 'nature', 'righteous', 'plenteous', and 'covetous' the sound of *ch*: It is well to sound *t* before *m*: thus 'a/mne', to distinguish it from 'arms.' And it is a pity that *k* is no longer sounded after *w* (excepting in Ireland and America); so that there is now no difference between 'which' and 'witch', were and 'where'. But custom has decided against it; as also against 'great', being sounded as 'greet', 'tea' as 'tay', and oblige as 'obleege', which last came to us originally as a French word. The *k* in hospital, humble, herb, &c., which used to be silent, is now more often sounded, and with advantage. Final *r* should be sounded if the next word begins with a vowel: but it should not be put

in where it does not exist, as is sometimes heard in "drawr it." 'Drought' should rhyme with 'out', not with 'ort.' The larger number of sounds given to 'ough' is one of the most curious features in our language. 'Hough' is a disputed word, but is probably identical with *hock*.

It often happens in reading aloud that people come to words which they do not know how to pronounce. Nor can this be wondered at, in the case of modern proper names; which, though familiar enough to the eye in newspapers, may nevertheless be strange to the ear. The tendency of the English is to throw the accent as forward as possible. Many words adopted from other languages were no sooner felt to be thoroughly naturalized than their pronunciation (and often their spelling too) was altered in accordance with this tendency. Thus acceptable, aristocrat, industry, desultory, peremptory, commendable, commune, exemplary, demonstrate, contemplate, advertise, contrary, revenue, blasphemous, illustrated, theatre, and others, which used formerly to have the accent on the second syllable, now have it on the first, in spite of their original derivation. Clematis and arbutus are a curious exception: they ought to be (and by the Latins were) accented on the first syllable. 'Success' has the accent on the last. A neat retort is told of a young barrister, who, in pleading before the scholarly Lord Mansfield, repeatedly annoyed him by using the word 'curator' with the *a* short. He was as often interrupted from the bench with "Curator, Mr. Brown." At last, bowing to the judge, he said "I am happy to be corrected by so distinguished an orator as your Lordship."

3. PUNCTUATION may be easily learnt by observing the sentences in any standard book, noticing how and where the different stops are employed. Many letters are quite destitute of them, and are consequently very hard to make out and liable to be misunderstood. For very often the meaning of a sentence altogether depends on its punctuation, and the sense may be entirely altered by the insertion or omission of a few stops. Thus in 'A railway, which is a paying concern, will'—and 'A new question, which might raise doubts, is'—the meaning will be considerably modified if the commas be left out. And the opening sentence of the Litany, which in the Prayer-book stands "O God the Father, of heaven," is too often changed into "O God, the Father of heaven." Which makes nonsense of it.

Dashes by no means supply the place of stops, as many people seem to think. The appropriate stops, moreover, should be put in as the sentence is constructed, and not afterwards. But it is common to see persons going through a letter they have just written, and putting in the stops at random; a practice of which bad English is pretty sure to be the result.

It is easy, on the other hand, to put in too many stops, which only impede the sense. Some of the Grammarians err in this direction, as

a comparison of one of the leading articles from the *Times* (perhaps as good a model as any) with Lindley Murray's chapter on Punctuation will abundantly prove. Many books of the last generation are very much over-stopped. A comma is however sometimes admissible in manuscript, for the convenience of the eye, when there would be none in print. And a pause will sometimes help the sense in reading a passage aloud, even where it would be impossible to insert a regular stop in the text. But

"A reader that pointeth ill
A good sentence may oft spill."

CHAUCER:

The two subjoined sentences (He will, at last, conquer: A fish, being, as most people know, a creature) would be much better without the commas. So too would these three others (To be good, is to be happy: Habits of stealing, I cannot stop: They who envy others, will be miserable) which follow the traditional rule of putting a comma after the subject or the predicate of a verb if it consists of more than one word. But this should only be done when that subject or predicate is of itself a sentence too long for the eye to take in with ease at a single glance; which very rarely occurs, and ought never to be the case.

Sometimes a stop is put in at the right place, but is not the right kind of stop. And perhaps after all the easiest plan is to avoid all these difficulties, by employing only short sentences, the punctuation of which can give no trouble.

Closely connected with punctuation, and often dependent upon it, is the right distribution of emphasis. It is a very important means of giving the proper meaning to a sentence. Thus, a simple sentence like 'I am going to walk home' may have no less than five different senses given to it, according to the word on which the emphasis is laid. 'The public reading of Scripture is often marred by deficient or misplaced or redundant emphasis: and so is the liturgy of the Church England. Emphasis should never be laid on an unimportant word. "Have mercy upon us" is often uttered as if *upon* instead of *mercy* were the main word. And so on. In the Commandments the emphasis should be on *not*, and not on *shall*. It is true that Johnson once affirmed the contrary, but that was only to contradict Garrick, who had just laid down the law rightly.

It is difficult to say which is more uncommon—a book which will bear the severe test of being read aloud, or a person who is able to read it aloud even tolerably. The dramatic faculty, the power (that is) of rendering a dialogue naturally, is especially rare.

4. PHRASES.—Provincialisms are to be avoided here not less than in pronunciation. Merely technical expressions too should be used as sparingly as possible. Many liberties may be taken in conversation which are not permissible in writing; but unfinished sentences (for instance) do not improve either, and bad English should

never be suffered to pass muster. There are numberless faulty phrases in more or less common use; and all who wish to preserve the purity of their native tongue should carefully abstain from helping to give them currency, and should be ready to challenge them when used in their hearing by those who ought to know better. The following examples have been collected with some care, but they are so miscellaneous, that it is almost impossible to classify them. They are therefore given promiscuously.

'Join' and 'unite', as well as 'junction' and 'union', should be followed by *with* and not *to*. So also should 'equally.' 'Equally *as*' is bad. 'Equally *the same*' is atrocious. 'Neither of us *were* there' is bad grammar: it should be *was*. 'I am agreeable', in the sense of 'I consent,' is pure slang; and so is 'a party', used absolutely, for 'a person'. 'A party to an agreement' is good English. 'To gradually recover' is obsolete; no word being now allowable between *to* and its verb. 'As *it were*' is loosely used by some people to qualify a strong expression, a badly fitting comparison, or an assertion of which they do not feel quite sure. 'Ain't it?' 'don't it?' 'he don't &c.', are sometimes heard instead of 'doesn't' or 'isn't'. They are absolute barbarisms, part being singular and part plural: as also is '*was* you' 'I give *ye*' instead of *you*, and 'between *you and I*' are equally bad grammar. 'He is a *martyr* to gout' is a hyperbolical misuse of a word. Martyr means *witness*.

A Scotchman says 'That *will be* five miles', instead of *is*. An Irishman says 'I wonder is he going,' or 'Ask him is he going', instead of 'whether he is' or 'if he is', and both Scotch and Irish mix up *will* and *shall*, *would* and *should*, in the funniest way. For instance "I will be drowned, and nobody shall save me." And this not with any suicidal intention, but merely lamenting his hard fate. 'Likely' in the sense of 'probably' is confined to the north: 'he will *likely* go', curiously enough however 'very likely' is unexceptionable.

Often as notes of invitation are sent and accepted, the reply generally contains a mistake. People say "I *shall* be happy to accept;" whereas the act is present, *Cui bono?* is a common phrase, but is generally misunderstood. Its real meaning is not *what* is the good? but (as any scholar knows) *whom* will it benefit? Some folk, who say 'Who do you know?' instead of *whom*, would write this last sentence *who* will it benefit?

Yankee expressions (together with Yankee manners) are not things to be imitated. Some are useful, and have established their footing: but the great majority have a strong spice of vulgarity about them. They are very numerous; but it will be sufficient here to notice 'smart' in the sense of 'clever' and 'quite a portion of the crowd.' 'Reliable', from the same source, is very questionable English. Imported French phrases are scarcely better. 'The

peoples' and 'he has known how to' are cases in point.

'Proportion' is sometimes wrongly used for 'part', from an ignorant desire to "talk fine." But proportion is a relative word, with a very definite meaning. 'Adequate should be followed by *to*, not *for*. 'Ask *them* who are' is wrong, it should be *those*. Some people say 'Let them go to their dinners'. It should be dinner. 'Exceptional, exceptionable', 'discomfit, discomfort', 'birth, berth', 'luxurious, luxuriant', and 'reverend, reverent', are sometimes mistaken for each other: and so are *set, sit, and sat*. Quakers use very corrupt English: '*will thee go*' instead of '*wilt thou*'. 'Leave go' is bad, being apparently a confusion of 'leave it alone' and 'let it go'. 'At least' is often used for 'or rather'; and sometimes very illogically, when the sense would require 'at most'. 'Mutual' is frequently employed for 'common': thus, 'mutual friend'. But *mutual* implies interchange. 'Not *near so good*' is faulty: it should be *nearly*. 'So far as' is better grammar than 'as far as'. 'Accept of' and 'allow of' are not good, the *of* being superfluous.

It is important to preserve the distinction, whenever it still exists, between the past tense of a verb and its participle. Yet Dean Alford (generally a most accurate writer) most unaccountably uses 'begun' for 'began'. And in writers of the so-called golden period 'broke', 'chid', 'sung', and the like, occur continually in the place of 'broken', 'chidden', 'sang', &c. *A* should be substituted for *an* before words like 'union', which virtually begin with a *y*. Be it remarked in passing that *an* is the primary form of the word, and is equivalent to *us* or *one*. 'An uncle' is right enough, but 'an union' has a very awkward sound. Still less should *an* be put before *h*, except it be silent. Thus, 'an honour' is quite correct; but 'an host' is only an inducement to omit the aspirate. It has been well said that "the letter *h* is a great divider of classes". A man whose aspirates are out of order, thereby proves most conclusively that his education is defective.

Oh! and O are very often confounded. The one is an exclamation; the other is merely the sign of the vocative case. 'I says' or 'says I' is simply barbarous. 'Whether or no' is incorrect: it should be *not*. 'Ualoose' and 'disannul' are unaccountable monstrosities; and 'somebody's else's' needs only to be mentioned to be condemned. 'Sad, but not less sad than true', instead of 'more sad' or of 'not less true', is rather an instance of loose thought than of bad grammar: so also is 'of all others the best'. 'Immediately' or 'directly' for 'as soon as', 'as well' for 'also', and 'besides' for 'except', are all to be reprobated. 'A man of talent' is a foolish phrase when looked into: 'talents' would agree better with a complimentary meaning. A sentence should not end with *to*. 'I mean *to*' is only fit for the nursery—where, by the way, much bad English and bad philosophy is too often learnt.

Intransitive verbs can have no passive; and therefore such expressions as 'they are returned' or '*were* departed,' instead of *have* and *had*, are utterly wrong, though very common in the last century. We might fairly ask *who* returned or departed them? For the same reason 'he *was* perished with cold', in the sense of *chilled*, is not only bad grammar but nonsense. To perish is to die, and does not admit of a passive. Not less absurd is it to make intransitive verbs active: as 'stand *it* up', or 'tumble *it* down'.

'I had laid down in bed' is an instance of a very common confusion between the parts of the transitive verb *to lay*, and the intransitive *to lie*. It should of course be *lain*. 'The house is *building*' is sometimes heard instead of *being built*. 'In respect of', 'in regard of' are archaisms, and should be 'with respect to', 'with regard to'. Welsh 'rabbit' is a corruption of *rare-bit*. 'In our midst' is a very clumsy expression. 'Eminent' and 'imminent' are too often confounded. 'Discover' in the sense of *show*, and 'obtain' in the sense of *extend*, are archaisms. 'John, *he* said', is absurd tautology. In forming the plurals of imperfectly naturalized foreign words, choose the least cumbersome shape. Thus '*chrysalids*' is preferable to '*chrysalises*'.

'Like you did', instead of *as*, is to be eschewed. 'In this connection' is often used in an artificial sense that is very awkward. 'Identically the same' is a most amusing pleonasm. 'The *two last*' is impossible, 'last two' being the only correct form. Except in what is called in sporting language a "dead heat", there can only be one *last*. Equally illogical is 'more perfect'. Neither 'perfect' nor 'unique' admits of comparison. 'Vindicate' should be followed by *from* and not *against*.

There are certain indeterminate words, such as a number, a quantity, a deal, a state, a temper, and a figure, which may be large or small, good or bad, according to the qualifying word used, but which of themselves imply neither. Some people, however, use them absolutely ('quite a number', 'such a quantity', 'such a deal') to mean 'a great deal', &c. They will even go so far as to say 'she got into a *regular state* about it'—meaning 'an excited state'. Or 'she has made herself *quite a figure*:' or 'she shewed *temper*'. Now everyone at all times is in a state, and cuts a figure of some sort or other: they are indeterminate and general terms. And 'showing temper' may imply *good* temper as well as bad: in fact, if said of steel, it would probably be understood in a good sense. These are almost exclusively female blunders. 'Excessively' is another favourite feminine word. Young ladies of the "gushing" sort always use it where other and soberer people would be content with 'exceedingly'.

Talking of ladies naturally suggests shopping, which will yield a contribution to our subject. You go into a linen-draper's, and,

having bought what you wanted, are pretty sure to be asked with a smirk, "What will be the next article? Anything of this description? It is very superior, and cheap." Examine these almost stereotyped phrases, and you will find them full of laughable mistakes. In the first place the question takes for granted that there is and must be a 'next article'. It seems intended to convey a hint that you must buy something else, whether required or not. Now sensible people have made up their mind beforehand what parts of their apparel want renewing; and it is paying their judgment and self-command but a sorry compliment to assume that they may be seduced into further expenditure, by dazzling them with pretty things or supposed bargains—for nothing is really cheap if it is not wanted, and is bought only for the sake of buying. But passing by these considerations, observe the errors of speech. 'Article' used in this sense is utter nonsense. It means literally a 'small joint', and thus a 'connecting part of a whole'. It cannot be employed absolutely, in the place of 'thing'. But it has a more imposing sound, and is therefore used instead of the shorter word, without the least regard to the sense. Nothing makes people more ridiculous than this ignorant propensity to use long words of which they know not the proper meaning. Mrs. Malaprop is only an extreme case, and her disciples are to be met with every day. Not less foolish are 'description' instead of 'sort,' and 'superior' for 'good'. Why *description*? Nothing is described. And why *superior*? It is merely the Latin for 'higher' and (by a metaphor) 'better'. It is not a positive, but a comparative. 'Very superior,' therefore, being interpreted, is 'very better'! And yet, doubtless, the speakers suppose they are winning your admiration by their very refined language, and would be surprised not a little if you told them that it is absolute nonsense. Why will they not talk plain English, and not go out of their depth?

'Something or another' is wrong; as is 'nothing else *but*', which ought to be *than*. The 'balance' in the sense of 'remainder' is slang, excepting in speaking of accounts. The name of the cipher 0 is 'nought'. *Of* should not be omitted in the phrase 'it is (of) no use'. 'Idea' is a much abused word, as must often be felt by those who know the meaning of the Greek original. 'Ideal', however, preserves its right sense. 'Unconnected' should be followed by *with*, 'disconnected' by *from*. 'Same' requires *as* after it, and not *with*. 'In *the* which is obsolete. 'Overflowed' is sometimes used for 'overflowed'. The popular use of 'pretty' in the sense of 'rather' is a very strange distortion of the word, but too universal to be now condemned. So also is *help* in the sense of 'refrain from'. *That* should not be omitted from such sentences as 'the man (that) I sent'. 'A boy of six years old' is wrong: and *but* should be left out of 'there is no doubt *but* that he is'. 'Scarcely had I gone *than*' should be *when*.

'The more welcome, *that* it was not expected': it should be *because*. Some people have an odd custom of saying 'and *that*' in the sense of *et cætera*. 'It is strange that so wise a man as you should waste *your* time'. This ought to be *his*. "To pillory such offences as these (says Marsh, an American writer), and to point out their absurdity, is the plain duty of every scholar and philosophic thinker, who knows how closely correctness of speech is allied with correctness of thought. When therefore some autocrat of the breakfast-table by ridiculing these corruptions prevents their spreading further, a real service is rendered to the community and to the language."

Angry or illiterate persons who begin a letter in the third person are very apt to make themselves ridiculous by diverging into the first. "Mrs. Jones presents her compliments to Mrs. Smith, and I wonder," &c.—crowning all perhaps with a signature at the end! It is very awkward to have a noun common to two or more clauses in a sentence: as 'He went into, and remained in, the house'. Sometimes even words requiring different constructions are thus unequally yoked together. For instance, 'He knew little, and cared less, *of* it (?) *or* for it. (?)'

Many persons allow themselves, sometimes almost unconsciously, to form a habit of employing some favourite word or stereotyped phrase in season and out of season. We speak not now of foolish or profane expletives, but of such expressions as 'you know', 'you see', and the like, by which conversation is often disfigured. Others have some pet adjective, such as 'grand' or 'wonderful', which is always on their lips. And others, through indecision or sluggishness of thought, are perpetually hesitating for a word to express their meaning, and fill up the pauses with a sound like *er - -*, much to the discomfort of their hearers. All such vicious habits should be diligently corrected.

5. STYLE.—This should be natural and unconstrained. For general purposes short sentences are best. They are easier to manage for the writer, and easier to follow for the reader. He is never forced to read them over twice in order to understand them, as is sometimes the case with long and involved periods. The writings of Lord Macaulay and of Ryle owe much of their force to the sledge-hammer directness of their sentences. For certain kinds of descriptive writing, however, long and flowing sentences are perhaps preferable; of which Ruskin and Kingsley among others offer brilliant examples. But it is treading on dangerous ground, and requires great skill.

The shortest and simplest word that expresses your meaning is the best; and if a Saxon word is available it is well to use it. There are many sensible remarks on this subject to be found in Coleridge, De Quincey, Whately, and Trench. In the following pairs of synonyms, for instance, how far preferable is the more homely Saxon word to the Latin! Happiness,

felicity; almighty, omnipotent; forerunner, precursor; bodily, corporal; boyish, puerile; burdensome, onerous; allow, permit; fatherly, paternal; lively, animated; enough, sufficient; freedom, liberty. An admirable example of purity, simplicity, and beauty of diction is presented by our English Bible. The Romanist or Douay version is very different, its object apparently being to obscure the meaning by hard words. Thus in enumerating the works of the flesh, the one has "wantonness, drunkenness, and revellings," where the other translates "impudicity, ebrieties, and comessations."

Johnson and his followers, though they encouraged precision of style, introduced much formality and stiffness. No one, however, who has suffered under the ponderous and interminable sentences of Bishop Butler, Pearson, and writers of that class, will be disposed to undervalue the benefits conferred by Johnson's ultra-classicism. He thought and generally conversed in plain, vigorous English; but when he sat down to write translated it into Johnsonese. This artificial and stilted diction, abounding with "long-tailed words ending in -sity and -ation," is unfortunately a good deal fostered in our day by governesses and ladies' schools, it seeming to be considered refined and ladylike. But it is to be seen in full development in provincial newspapers. The penny-a-liner is unapproachable in the art of making great cry over little wool, and of stringing together the longest possible words about the simplest matters. "With them," says Dean Alford, "men become individuals, women are spoken of as the fair sex, and meats are turned into viands. People never go, but always proceed; never feel, but always experience a sensation; never live anywhere, but always reside; and are never allowed to eat, but always partake of refreshment." In like manner 'long' becomes 'lengthened' in their dialect, and well-dressed women are changed into 'elegantly-attired females.'

But this fault is very widely spread. Many persons get upon stilts the moment they take up the pen, and appear utterly incapable of writing naturally, as they speak. Take warning by these, and be very sparing of laboured ornament, especially eschewing all adjectives but such as are absolutely necessary; for fine writing does not consist in fine words, as many seem to think, and anything highflown or poetical in sober prose is in the worst possible taste. It is only admissible in very exceptional cases, such as the most impassioned rhapsodies: the fewer of which the better. It is a mark of immaturity, or of what a clever and amusing essayist calls *veal*, in contradistinction to full-grown *beef*. Such words as *steel* for horse, *brand* for sword, *trump* for trumpet, *bark* for ship, *swains* for ploughboys, *purling* brooks, and *warbling* birds, belong exclusively to poetry, and to poetry generally of no very exalted order. Slang, which forms the other extreme, is of course equally to be rejected.

Words should fit closely to the thoughts, not saying more or less than is intended. Therefore do not be satisfied with any word, but choose the *best*; taking care before using it that you understand exactly what it means. They who write badly think badly, and *vice-versâ*; and a confused style argues confusion of ideas. As models of letter-writers may be mentioned Cowper, Byron (of course for *style* only), and Major Hodson, of Delhi celebrity. But since the cost of letters was reduced to a penny, people do not take so much trouble with them as they used. English is a very composite language, and has many words nearly synonymous, which yet should be distinguished in their use. Such are 'avenge, revenge; vengeance, revenge; wit, humour; fancy, imagination; keenness, subtlety; invent, discover; reason, understanding; fanaticism, enthusiasm; instruct, educate; contrary, opposite; genuine, authentic.' We have also seven words apiece, mostly derived from different languages, to express various phases of grief, rebuke, dislike, courage, and fear; and we should know which of these to select, and why. They cannot be confounded without loss of clearness; for "close observation of the meaning of words is essential to precision of thought and accuracy of speech."

Beware of exhausting the resources of your vocabulary by using needlessly strong expressions: lest like the boy in the fable who cried 'Wolf!' for nothing, you be unable to produce any effect when a real necessity arrives. For this reason italics, underlinings, capital letters, exclamations, and notes of admiration should be very cautiously used. It is only weak minds that delight in superlatives.

Try to obtain the clearest and most forcible arrangement of words and clauses. As a general rule a sentence should not end with a preposition or any insignificant word. Read over what you have written, carefully weeding out all superfluous words, that it may be as terse and telling as possible. None but the most practised writers can safely dispense with this revision. There is sometimes a temptation, however, in this process of revising, to weaken the force and distinctness of an idea by subsequent qualifications and limitations. Our aim should ever be to write

"With phrase well-chosen, clear, and full of force."
[COWPER.]

If anything appears ambiguous, or is capable of being misunderstood, alter it at once at any cost. The following sentences would never have appeared if these maxims, which are as old as Horace, had been obeyed:

'The eagle ate the bird in *its* own nest.' Whose? 'No law would be better than ours.' Is this commendatory, or the reverse? 'Solomon, the son of David, *who* reigned gloriously.' Which of them? 'All words, which represent complex ideas, may be misunderstood.' 'He promised his father never to neglect *his* friends.' Whose friends? 'The

scholar whose knowledge allows no man to think *he* instructs *him*.* Newspaper advertisements afford an inexhaustible fund of ludicrous ambiguities. A would-be gardener, for instance, announces to all whom it may concern that he "would not object to a cow, *if single-handed*."

A fresh paragraph should be begun with every change of subject. The value of this is seen in Paragraph Bibles,* which make the meaning much clearer, particularly in the poetical and epistolary parts. Printing each verse as a separate paragraph tends much to interrupt the sense. It is not well to attempt to cram too many things into one sentence; and parentheses, especially long ones, are very dangerous things. It is better also to steer clear, if possible, of digressions on the one hand and notes on the other.

It is very rarely in good taste to introduce scraps of French, unless there is no equivalent in English: and quotations and proverbs should be sparingly used, or they lose their effect. Most well-constructed sentences of any length will be found to have a regular *proodos* and *apodos*—to use the technical and classical terms. Absolute cases, though convenient enough in some languages, are seldom advantageous in English. Beware of too many *ands* in a sentence: few things are more clumsy. Participles and pronouns require very careful management to avoid confusion, and relative clauses are proverbially dangerous. A relative properly belongs to the noun immediately before it. Inattention to these points makes the following sentence susceptible of several different interpretations: "She brought with her a maid recommended by *her* mother, *who* taught *her* everything. *They* quarrelled with *my* servants, and either persuaded me to turn *them* away, or treated *them* so badly that *they* left of themselves; and *they* always supplied *their* places with others from the same place."

Anacolutha, or changes of construction in the middle of a sentence, are unpardonable. No one who had received a classical education would be guilty of such writing as the following, which it would be impossible to translate into any other tongue. It is from a book written by a lady: "The negroes applied to the clergyman, who having authority to join them together, they imagined him able also to separate them." This is hopelessly involved. It cannot be *corrected*, but must be entirely recast. And from the examples here collected

"—— We'd have you understand
How hard it is to write."

To write *well*, that is: without which it is hardly worth while to venture into print.

The advantages of oblique over direct narration are manifold, except when circumstances require a speaker's very words: *e. g.* to give the point of an anecdote. Otherwise, the primitive

* There are two editions, large and small, published by the Religious Tract Society.

mode of reporting a conversation is cumbrous and wearisome, though undeniably graphic. But uneducated persons will always be found to use the direct form, exhausting the patience of the hearer with their interminable "He says: says he," and "I says to him." Listeners are in this way often condemned to a vicarious scolding, the infatuated speaker inflicting on them at second-hand, but in angry tones, all the flowers of eloquence with which the original offender was castigated: "*Well! (I said)*" &c. An educated person, on the contrary, will seek to give the gist and substance of the remarks on both sides, in as few words as possible.

An important part of accurate writing is the employment of right tenses. Nothing is commoner than to see and hear 'should *have done* a thing' instead of *do*, and 'to *have been*' instead of *be*. Only attempt to turn these into another language such as Latin, and the mistake becomes evident at once. The use however of the *subjunctive* mood in English has long been optional, and 'if he *is*' is used as freely as 'if he *be*'.

It is bad policy to shape a subject so as to lead to a premature expectation that it is just drawing to a close. Some people's productions, like Sir George Grey's speeches in the House of Commons, are chiefly composed of a series of perorations. And nothing exhausts patience more effectually than this.

Great care should be taken not to mix up metaphors, which are in truth like edged tools, hazardous to meddle with for the unskilful.

Lord Castlereagh, not content with his national licence to commit bulls, has left behind him an unhappy reputation for blunders in metaphor, some of which 'elegant extracts' are still handed down. "Sets of circumstances coming up and going down," "Men turning their backs upon themselves," "Hope, like a healing balm, darts a ray of light upon them," and others equally glaring, attest his lack of consistency in following out a metaphor when once taken up. President Lincoln, in a recent message to Congress, supplies another notable specimen of this blemish. "The last ray of hope (he writes) peaceably expired at the assault on Fort Sumter." Just imagine a ray peaceably expiring in the midst of a bombardment! Here are some more cases. "Before launching on the fundamental feature upon which the whole case hinges." "A storm is brewing: I smell a rat: we must nip it in the bud." "When you have climbed to the top of the tree, you may rest on your oars." But Macaulay's celebrated essay on Robert Montgomery stands pre-eminent as a scathing but well-merited exposure of affectation and of confusion of metaphors.

Few books but those of the very highest rank will be found, if closely examined, to be free from some of the errors we have been pointing out. Many of them are in fact disgracefully common, even in works of considerable pretensions.

Translation, retranslation, and composition of other languages, and essay-writing in our own, combined with the study of good writers, are the best means of acquiring grammatical science, of learning to reason correctly, and of forming a good style. "One of our great purposes (says Trench) in studying other tongues is that we may better understand our own." An Englishman who knows only English is very far from really comprehending his own mother-tongue; as Cobbett's Grammar, with all its acuteness, sufficiently proves. In order to parse an English sentence it must first be clearly understood; whereas a Latin sentence, on account of its terminal inflections, must be parsed first, in order to ascertain the meaning. And it is obvious that the second process is the better for

teaching grammar. In fact Latin and Greek, from their regularity, completeness, and logical formation, are the best possible instruments for explaining the structure of language as a means of conveying thought, and thus for developing and training the intellectual faculties. But from the advantage of this training girls are too generally debarred. Compared with these two, most modern tongues are very defective; but we in England have no cause for discontent. A great German scholar, Jacob Grimm, thus writes: "The English language has a power of expression such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other. And our German must shake off many defects before it can fairly enter into competition with English."

A FEW FOREIGN REMINISCENCES.

When Buffon concludes his description of the wolf in these words—"In sum, altogether disagreeable, sinister in mien, savage in aspect, with a terrible voice and an intolerable smell, a perverse disposition and a cruel temper, he is noxious living, useless dead," his judgment was dictated by a moral repugnance. Dropping the question of the wolf's place in the general economy of Nature, whoever has happened to have personal experience of this ill-conditioned brute will shake hands with Buffon, adding an extra touch to the portrait already drawn: for instance, his cunning, his ferocity, coupled with a sneaking cowardice when he is courageously attacked.

During a long stay in Russia, I heard and saw much of wolves; moreover, one or two circumstances have impressed themselves on my mind, wherein I figured as spectator or actor. It is well-known how ineffectual all attempts at their extirpation, or even sensible diminution, in that country, have proved: official or private reward, energetic attempts of individual proprietors, enter alike into one sinking-fund with respect to those immense tracts of gloomy forest-land, where wolves increase and multiply at large. They remain, from time immemorial, the pest and dread of the inhabitants. Woe to the poultry-yard once invaded! A general massacre takes place; the wolf's instinct leading him to kill indiscriminately before he chooses his prey. When opportunity serves, he will attack even sheep and horses. On one occasion a proprietor, at whose house I was visiting, irritated at repeated losses of sheep, resolved to lay in wait for vengeance: I joined him, and we posted ourselves, carefully concealed, gun in

hand, under an outer shed. One, two, three nights we waited patiently, and each time caught a sight of the old thief, as he stood on the edge of the wood, cautiously sniffing the wind. By no word or sign did we betray our presence, but not once did he place his precious person within gun-shot.

In another part of the country I was quietly seated in my room one winter evening, when I heard a violent commotion outside the door, leading into a large open court. I hastily opened it, and a wolf at full speed brushed past my legs. The yard was swarming with dark moving objects, rushing at full speed in one direction. The light, falling just beyond the threshold, flickered momentarily on the wolves nearest, and instinctively I shut the back door, lucky to have done so in time.

I had often been told of the curious mutual protection mode of defence practised by horses, and on one occasion had the opportunity of witnessing it. One frosty night I suddenly awoke from evidently a sound rest of several hours, for, as I opened my eyes, and saw the moonlight streaming into the room, I experienced that pleasant soothed state which sound rest inspires. My mind presently cleared from the mists of sleep, awoke to distinct and vivid perception, while the bright moon conjured to my imagination the whole length and breadth of country extended beneath it—the scattered out-houses, imbedded and apparently smothered in snow; below, in a slanting direction from them, the little wood, with its few birch and fir-trees standing out separate and stiff, like so many white sentinel ghosts; beyond, miles and miles

of crisp motionless snow—dead Nature's pall—over which kept watch an infinite horizon, lost in glimmering space; while the air, as I listened, seemed to ring with a bell-like echo. At length, urged by impulse, I jumped out of bed, slipped on my dressing-gown, and ran to the window. Here my attention was at once arrested. In some fields to the left of the wood, a number of horses formed a ring, with their hinder legs outwards: they must have been thirty or more, while one single horse was galloping round at full speed to maintain the circle. I cast my eyes around, and immediately became aware of a low, moving, unsteady line, which, as it advanced, in the same unsteady surging waves of sound, yielded a distant ill-omened howling. An involuntary feeling of disgust, at this crouching, obscene, half-visible mass came over me; but my attention was all absorbed as, the line becoming more distinct, wolves trooped around the horses from every quarter. A moment's pause, then a furious dashing forward on the part of the wolves, violently repelled by the horses' heels. This took place again and again. At length, nothing but a confused hurling backwards and forwards, horses kicking and plunging, intermingled with a wild bass of howling. I waited in breathless suspense, dreading the ring should be broken: once so, the horses' sagacity is no longer equal to closing the gap. What I dreaded took place, the horses not already down dispersed at full gallop in various directions, their demon pursuers at their heels. I remained no longer, having had enough of a sight which I care not to see again.

My last adventure was more directly personal, inasmuch as I ran personal risk. It happened that business took me from Karbroo several hundred verstes in the interior; neither the weather nor the journey was inviting, but, used to the climate and to the Russian mode of conveyance, I mentally resigned myself; besides, I had various times traversed that road; the drivers knew me more or less, and that I was accustomed to exceed the paltry remuneration afforded by regulation. As a class, these men enlist my sympathy, for seldom have I found them other than patient and submissive, solicitous for your comfort, cheerful and conversable, if you are so disposed yourself; if you are not, the bell and his song, and words of endearment to his horses, will beguile the weary stillness of the road. Well, I had performed the first stages successfully, and, wrapped in my warm pelisse, was proceeding to the next. I felt in a stolid mood; for the constant, unvaried sheet of snow, bordered by gloomy masses of forest, weighed on my spirits. The driver must have been under the same influence; for, forgetting to sing, he only now and then spoke encouragingly to his horses. The atmosphere, too, was in a raw mist, and bore that heavy, unchanging look which, like the book of doom, shuts out all hope of sun. The bell alone tinkling briskly, half-jarred on my nerves by its brazen indifference. This state of things had gone on some time,

when suddenly the horses gave several uneasy snortings, while the driver looked at intervals behind him. "What is it?" I asked. He shook his head—"Wolves on our track!" And turning round, taking in the reins with new-born energy, he urged on the horses after his most encouraging fashion. I jumped up, looked about, but saw nothing. "Drive fast!" I ejaculated, uselessly enough. "Is it, however, really so?" He nodded to his horses: "They are aware of it." I fell back on my seat thoroughly and uncomfortably roused; there was nothing to do, but, under Providence, trust to driver and horses; this passive state unnerved me, however, for imagination, alone active, seized the rein. To die! and such a death! I felt a choking in my throat, as though the wolf's fangs were already there, levelling me to a brute's destiny. Perhaps he divined my silence, for now the driver spoke:

"Keep heart, your Excellency, for the horses are steady, and we are not so far off."

This made me feel ashamed, while the thought of a fellow-creature sharing the same danger brought on a less selfish frame of mind. Looking again, a moving speck became visible in the distance.

"We must try and amuse them, if they come too near," I said. "I will manage that, and you, my man, keep steady, that's all." Thereupon I hunted out several objects: by throwing down something the wolf may be held in check and time gained; for he is far too suspicious to clear the merest trifle unquestioned. I brought out also my pistols, with no intention to fire, unless at extremity, and then indeed I should sell my carcass dearly. Meantime we flew; and behind the demons, become more distinct, pursued, heralded by a cloud of snowy dust and by fitful gusts of howling. I know not how the reaction within me took place, whether through the rapid motion, the racy sense of danger, or both combined; but I now felt exhilarated and elevated as we clove the air, like lightning, under the majestic presence of earth and sky. At intervals I reconnoitred; several wolves were ahead, and as they drew near and more near, judging it time, I dropped what was in my hand; this served, but only for a few minutes; again the pack were in full speed. I dropped something else, and the same game was played. This lasted some time; my senses concentrated on the wolves' motions and in intense calculations as to our distance from the station; any minute the horses might give way, while at the thought of it I resolutely clutched my pistol. All at once, a fervent ejaculation burst forth from the driver; the station was in sight: we were saved. When the horses stopped, reeking with perspiration, their limbs failing them, the driver dashed down from his seat, and knelt his thanksgiving there and then on the bare ground; my own gratitude, less simply testified, was equally heartfelt.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CAROLINE AND LOUISA; OR, THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

(Adapted from the German.)

BY HANNAH CLAY.

One warm sunny afternoon in the early summer, two little girls were seated with their mother beneath the spreading shade of a weeping willow, that grew in the midst of a smooth grass-plot. The garden was large and spacious, and filled with beautiful flowers, and a handsome railing and low wall divided it from the village street. The little girls enjoyed the delicious breeze that tempered the heat of the day, and the sweet scent of the roses and mignonette, the songs of the birds, and the gurgling of a little brook that hid its smiling face in an adjoining orchard of apple and cherry-trees; but theirs was not idle enjoyment. Their mother liked to see them employed, although they were allowed to play at proper times and seasons. But she knew that they would be quite tired of that long, languid summer afternoon, if they had nothing to do but watch the bees and butterflies, listen to the birds, and enjoy the sight and scent of the flowers—and it was quite too warm to play. So she had set Caroline to hem a pocket-handkerchief, while Louisa knitted, and she herself embroidered a collar.

Now these little girls were both dressed alike, in pretty spotted muslins and pink bows and sashes; their faces were equally round and rosy, and their shining hair fell in light ringlets to their waists. You would not at first sight have seen much difference between them. Yet there was a difference, which gradually made itself perceptible as you watched the slender hands and small fingers at their work. The mother and daughters spoke frequently to one another, and at such times you would perceive that Louisa worked on diligently, even while she talked. Caroline, on the contrary, drooped her hands upon her lap; then would come a great sigh; the needle fell to the ground, and had to be sought for; the thread broke, and the slight girlish form moved about upon the chair, much as if its seat were made of nettles. It was during one of these fits of fidgeting that our friend Caroline looked towards the railing that separated the garden from the street; and there she perceived, peeping through between a syringa and a laurustinus, an old woman with a very comical countenance. This old woman gradually absorbed all the attention of the idle Caroline; she wondered whom she could be, and why she lingered there. In vain her mother exhorted her to finish her work; not a stitch more was taken as long as the old woman was in sight. However, she moved

away at length, and Caroline, with a prolonged yawn, had just taken up her needle, when the same old woman threw open the garden-gate, and came along the winding walk towards them.

"I like to see industrious children," she said, in a weak, piping voice, as she crossed the grass-plot; "therefore I will make each of you a present before I go any further."

And she drew out of the pocket of her wide grey dress a couple of small boxes—one rose-coloured, the other blue; the first of which she presented to Caroline, and the second to Louisa. Before they could find words, in their astonishment, to thank her, she had retreated behind a rhododendron, and that so quickly, that she might almost be said to have vanished, and indeed it was always a mystery to them how she left the garden; for although they watched both the gate and the railing, they saw no more of their singular visitor.

"Well," said Caroline, "at all events we had better see what our boxes contain. May we look into them, Mamma?"

The boxes contained nothing whatever but a needle, a knitting-needle, and a little ball of fine yarn, each exactly the same. Caroline took the knitting-needle and the ball of yarn out of her box, when, lo and behold! what happened? Quick! presto! the little ball grew into a large one: the needle multiplied itself into four needles, which caught up the end of the yarn, and began knitting away as if their very points were at stake. In a very few minutes, Caroline stared to see a stocking well-begun, which looked as if it would fit her little leg exactly. Then the piece of knitting folded itself tidily together, hopped on to the table, and remained quietly lying there, as if perfectly satisfied with its late performance.

Meanwhile Louisa had taken out of her box the sewing-needle, and had tried whether she could thread it with the fine yarn. This immediately changed into sewing-cotton; and needle and thread together leaped upon a pretty doll's dress, ready cut out, which somehow or other appeared from the blue box. Louisa uttered a joyful cry, and her mother looked on in astonishment. "How fortunate you are, my dear children!" she said. "The old woman who was so friendly is certainly a good fairy, who will cause you to take a pleasure in working. Now let me see you really industrious in this new kind of sewing and knitting."

The little girls did not wait to be told twice, but commenced their work with great zeal. Louisa especially, who had always been an industrious little girl, was delighted with the prospect of her pretty doll's dress. She sewed and stitched with the greatest neatness and application; and as soon as she had finished putting the dress together, all that she wanted

to complete it lay ready in the box. There was a yard of pretty blue velvet trimming, bows of blue ribbon, and a sash of the same hue, hooks, eyes, a lace to lace up the back of the dress, a blonde tucker—in short, everything that could perfect the pretty silk dress.

Meanwhile Caroline sat knitting very busily on the other side of her mamma, equally unmindful of the attractions of a brightly-tinted bird that fluttered among the boughs above her head, and of two gorgeous butterflies which pursued one another amidst a group of rose-bushes near at hand. She kept her eyes fixed upon her work, and found, to her great joy, that with every needle she knitted off, a whole row was ready. Before long, however, suspicious symptoms gave warning that this pleasant novelty was becoming stale, and that Caroline was already growing tired of working even with the potent assistance of a fairy. She paused every moment, looked about her, knitted tight, then loose, then dropped a whole row of stitches. Suddenly all four needles slipped out of the stocking, and whipped the little lazy fingers that trifled with them so smartly that Caroline uttered a loud scream. Then the ball of yarn began to roll itself up, and unravelled all that had already been done; having completed which work of destruction, ball and needles returned to their former place. Caroline, after a moment's hesitation, took them up and began knitting again, not a little frightened by what had happened. But she had profited by the lesson nevertheless; and she now paid such close attention that when working time was over, she had knitted a famous piece of her stocking.

Louisa had completely finished her doll's dress, and in her exultation of heart she skipped hither and thither over the flower-beds until she was hot and weary. Then she went to the house for her doll, and, sitting down with it in a bower of honeysuckles, curled its hair, and pretended to wash it, and changed all its clothes for clean ones out of its little chest of drawers. Finally, with intense pleasure, she put on its new dress, tied the sash and the blue bows at the shoulders, which made so pretty a contrast with its flaxen ringlets, and held it up for her sister to admire. But Caroline had disappeared. She was now walking alone in a gloomy part of the adjoining shrubbery, thinking, with bitterness in her heart, of the strange punishment she had received for her idleness, and how happy her sister was, while she was so vexed and uncomfortable. "Surely," she said to herself, "that ugly fairy must like Louisa far better than me, or she would never have given me so horrible a present. But I will be treated so no longer; I will soon alter the state of affairs!"

Accordingly, while her sister was busy with her doll, she went softly to the little work-table beneath the tree where the two boxes yet lay, and changed their contents; so that to-morrow, when she and Louisa began to work, she would be working with Louisa's needles and yarn, and

Louisa with hers. Then she went to play as usual, and innocent little Louisa received her gladly and suspected nothing.

The next day, when it was time to sew, Caroline hastened to her task with the greatest eagerness; for she thought, "Now, surely, with Louisa's magic needle I shall make something very pretty, and without the least trouble in the world!" So she seated herself, took out the needle and threaded it, and began to sew. The same thing happened as yesterday with Louisa; only this time an elegant rose-coloured dress hung from the thread. But a good beginning does not always ensure a good ending. Lazy little Caroline was as quickly tired of sewing as she had been of knitting the day before. She fidgeted, made long stitches, and every now and then dropped her hands on her knees, and sighed. She even yawned, without remembering to put her hand before her mouth; but then her mother was not present to correct her manners. When she took up her work again, the needle slightly pricked her fingers. She took no notice of this at first, ascribing the occurrence to accident; but when at each new sign of inattention, the digs became deeper and more painful, Caroline began to feel angry. Away flew the work into a corner, and the little girl was just rising from her chair to enjoy what she called "a good stretch," when something very wonderful happened. The ball hopped out of the box and unrolled a quantity of thread, which speedily became thicker and thicker, until it changed into a strong rope that wound itself round Caroline and bound her fast to her chair, all but her hands—those foolish, little, idle hands—in which the sewing quickly placed itself, as if begging to be re-commenced. The little girl screamed loudly, and struggled to free herself; but the more she screamed and struggled the faster the rope held her, until she was obliged to desist for want of breath. Then the rope relaxed its hold a little, and Caroline, convinced of the uselessness of resistance, took up her work, which had fallen on to her knee, and, with red and swollen eyes and a deep sigh, began to sew carefully and neatly. And now all went well, the dress was quickly put together, and Caroline found the proper trimmings for it in her box, as Louisa had the day before. And as she perceived that her sister was knitting with the very same needles which she herself had used the day before, and suffered no annoyance whatever from them, the conscience-stricken child became aware that her own conduct had been the sole cause of all the vexation which she had endured. She was now convinced that the Fairy had been perfectly impartial in her gifts, and she began to feel very much ashamed of the exchange which she had so silly made, meanly hoping to transfer her own vexatious punishment to her innocent and industrious sister. So she took the earliest opportunity of restoring Louisa's needles to her bag, and taking back her own, although to be sure she did not perceive much difference between them; but then

she wished to have everything disposed just according to the Fairy's intentions. And from that day forward, whenever she felt disposed to relapse into her old fits of idleness, the needles and balls of yarn reminded her of her resolve to

overcome her natural caprice and indolence, as she plainly perceived that not even with the aid of a Fairy can one accomplish anything, unless we bring our own willingness and industry to the task before us.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE QUEEN'S MARIES. By G. J. Whyte Melville. (London: Parker, Son, and Bourn.)—Novelists have at all times allowed themselves much scope in their treatment of historical characters, yet a trace of truth has generally been preserved; and established facts in connection with their actions and idiosyncracies have not been altogether disregarded. Following Miss Agnes Strickland's amiable and imaginative impression of Mary Stuart's character, Mr. Whyte Melville has produced an historical novel, without respect to the authority of history, and presents his readers with an expurgated delineation of the Queen of Scots, weak and feeble as a faded photograph, in which the facial outlines are preserved; but from which the positive characteristics of the physiognomy have vanished. Unfortunately for the theory of Mary's innocence, which the author endeavours to establish, there has just been republished (if other reliable evidence were wanting) M. Tuetet's collection of French and Spanish political correspondence relating to the affairs of Scotland, from the period of Mary's return to that of her death, in which it is but too apparent that the Queen's actions and character were not regarded by contemporaries from Mr. Melville's point of view. De Coec, the French envoy, writing confidentially to Catherine de Medicis, makes it evident that he fully believes in the participation of Mary in Darnley's death. It is doubtless as chivalrous on the part of Mr. Melville as it is womanly on that of Miss Agnes Strickland to strive at exculpating Mary from the odium of guilt, which throws so dark a shadow on her history; but the task of bleaching her reputation to the required whiteness of modern morality appears as hopeless as it really is, for the interest and the moral of her story, undesirable. The better way to lighten her reputation of its stains is to try her actions by the ethics of her own times. Purity was not the prevailing virtue of the French Court, in which her mind and manners had been formed, nor was assassination new as a means of ridding oneself of a hated individual or an enemy. Others than Mary were unscrupulous in such matters: the method was not unknown in the precincts of palaces, or in the practice of the Scotch. To deprive Mary's character, sensuous, passionate, subtle, and daring as it was, of these positive characteristics—to invest her with the meek virtues of a timid girl—is to take

away the force, in right of which she has maintained her spell over the imaginations of men. Her beauty, heroism, and endurance, her very sins and the sufferings born of them, have been, and are, her strongest claims to the compassion and the enthusiasm which centuries have not lessened. Mr. Melville's meek sentimental creation, whose worst frailties are "love of admiration" and "confiding affection," may please some romantic readers; but for ourselves, we accept the darker picture of the erring, and, for all her sins, most hapless Queen; and accept also as their retribution those eighteen years of prison-life, and the blood for blood with which they closed. Other faults, in style and construction, are patent in these volumes, in which *Love*, under the title of *St. Valentine*, plays a conspicuous part. Each of the *Mary's* has a lover, amongst whom very bad manners prevail; and strange modes of emphasizing their passionate sufferings are resorted to, such as *dashing down goblets, hissing through the beard*, and making the *ruff* *heave* with excitement or suppressed feeling: in brief, Mr. Melville has done injustice to his own capabilities as a writer in resorting to a style of novel for which he has neither the peculiar mental preparation, nor that intimacy with the modes of thought, feeling, and expression, which enables a writer to live as it were in the past, and to realize conditions of life and phases of character long passed away.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. (19, Langham-place, Regent-street; Kent and Co., Paternoster-row).—A *resumé* of "Prison Life, by a Prison Matron," affords an interesting insight of a remarkable book, pregnant to our own mind with suggestive matter touching the moral effect of our treatment of prisoners. The uncontrollable excitement, which the Prison Matron describes as breaking out into vehement screams, and a desire to break and destroy, is not confined to women-prisoners or Millbank; it is not, we believe, a disease of "unregulated natures" so much as of *unnaturally restrained* natures. More than one innocent returned convict has borne witness to the sense of this malady in himself—this desire even to *kill*, so that he might for the time throw off the intolerable pressure, mental and physical, that bound and gagged him. It is this madness that caused

the Chatham outbreak; that resulted in the break-up of Norfolk Island, and, but a few days back, in the murder of a prison-keeper, by an unfortunate prisoner not yet of age, or only so, whose time of punishment had nearly expired; who had behaved well, and who had had no quarrel with his victim. Deeper cause lies behind these outbreaks than the unregulated natures of the prisoners. A memoir of "Heinrich Pestalozzi" is full of interest. We are sorry to find the editors of the *Melbourne Herald* and *Melbourne Argus* taking such opposite views of the question of "Female Middle-class Emigration," which Miss Rye continues to advocate in the teeth of the latter's very distinct letter in the *Times*. The paper read by this lady on the subject, at the recent meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, is here reprinted. The second part of an article "On the Cultivation of Female Industry in Ireland" is replete with much pleasant and hopeful information. The introduction of embroidery and crochet manufactures have assumed a monetary value, we are told, equal to one-fourth of the linen trade, sewed-muslin exports rating at £1,400,000 per annum, and lace at £144,000. "Y. S. N." contributes a useful paper "On the Association for Promoting the general Welfare of the Blind" (at 127, Euston-road, St. Pancras); and a lady who signs herself "L. N.," in an article entitled "The Needlewoman as Nurse," takes up a suggestion which we have from time to time broached in these pages—"on the fair field of remuneration and independence" which nursing opens to educated women. Her arguments so forcibly second our own that we quote them:

The position of a nurse who is suited even temporarily to become the companion, friend, comforter of the sick, and whose influence can, while it softens their position, extend itself by association over the mind as well as the frame of the sufferer, is a post surely fit to be undertaken by any lady whose reduced circumstances throw her on her own resources. Yet from the conventional idea that the situation is menial, how few of this class are ever found among the *paid watchers* of our sick! Where love and relationship exist, we find ladies of every rank—from our womanly Queen who refused to leave her husband's bedside, to the peasant's wife—obeying Nature's dictates, and tending with care their own loved ones, jealous of any servant's interference. But for the numbers who are deprived of the presence of female relations, and obliged to substitute hirelings, there is no suitable provision in nurses. In their case medical men avow that they have the greatest difficulty to secure efficient attendants—a race of *Mrs. Gamps* is all they can select from; and to the tender mercies of such women invalids are confided, for lack of proper applicants to supply their place. What golden opportunities are thus lost! Why should not sympathy be allowed to take the place of love, without permitting the necessary wages of her labour to lower her position or her efforts? Would not gratitude blending with care uphold her rank, and often end in sacred friendship and mutual obligation? There is a great demand in the present day for fresh fields, in which ladies may work. Would that a few enterprising ones

would break down the wall of pride which condemns so many sick persons to the *association* of vulgarity, and, stepping over the breach, take up their posts at the bedside of sufferers, giving thus *dignity* and status to the office of nurse!

Again:

Raise the position, and suitable women would soon be shifted into their right places; whilst many a gentle-minded governess now wearing out under the care of turbulent children whom she cannot manage, and with whom she has nothing in common, would gladly exchange her present toil, and become a lady-nurse.

MAGNET STORIES: CORALINE. By the Author of "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam." (*London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster-row.*)—"Coraline" is the pretty name of a little girl cast ashore from a wreck, in which the greater number of the crew and passengers are drowned. In the height of their own terrible distress her parents have placed the unconscious child in a box, which is cast upon the shore, and found with its living freight by a superannuated school-master, who lives in a little cottage upon the cliffs, and who, in seeking for specimens upon the shore, such as visitors to the sea-side are acquainted with, comes upon this unexpected treasure. The old man—who is very affectionate, and desires nothing better than a little child, to regard as his own, and love and educate—can hardly be persuaded by his housekeeper, Peggy, to make inquiries at the inn where those who were saved from the wreck are staying, lest the infant should be claimed; but his selfishness is not to be punished at this juncture. No one of these people have any knowledge of the child. So the little one is called Coraline, and lives with the old man and Peggy, and learns the names of the shells and sea-anemones, and drifted ocean-weeds—and plays with pink thrift-flowers, and long sea-tangles, and becomes dearer and dearer every day to the old man who had found her on the shore. But a time comes to the schoolmaster that comes to us all, and he dies, and little Coraline and poor old Peggy are left without provision; and the young girl, who has been so tenderly loved and carefully taught many things that ordinary children know nothing of, has no other resource but to go to service. How this is prevented, and how Coraline, "after many days," is restored to her real parents, our young readers must discover for themselves: though much tempted, we will not tell them the story.

POPULAR GUIDE TO LONDON AND ITS SUBURBS. By George F. Pardon. (*London: Routledge and Co.*)—An exceedingly cheap shilling's worth of information, compiled from a variety of sources, and brought together in a well-arranged and useful form. Mr. Pardon has chosen an excellent opportunity for the appearance of his "Guide," and visitors to London during the present season have, we doubt not, derived considerable advantage from its pages. The volume is really what it claims to be, and,

while practically affording the stranger all necessary intelligence, is by no means barren of general interest. Guide-books, as a rule (we speak of ordinary ones), are of two styles of composition—the meagre and the stilted. The first generally affects towns; the latter, landscape and sea-scape localities, fashionable spas and bathing places. The first are little better than dry catalogues of streets, public buildings, &c., &c. The latter, on the other hand, are ecstatically florid and romantically diffuse. We could point out on our own shelves representative types of each class, but we spare these old companions of our wanderings the being made examples of, and can only say that the author of the “Popular Guide” has steered a different course, and, while storing his pages with everything requisite, has garnished it with varied information, familiar enough to the student, but new to eight out of ten of the many individuals who are likely to avail themselves of its guidance. Moreover, the author’s own thoughts and observations are worth having, and he suggests more than mere sight-seeing in much that he remarks. Take the following passage for instance:—

The most picturesque suburbs, either west, east, north or south, may be reached by rail or omnibus from any part of the city in an hour. Of course we do not pretend that London has not its squalid quarters—its stews of poverty and its sinks of iniquity, its horrible lanes and fever-haunted courts, close, unhealthy streets, and its dark wretched byeways, its misery-filled alleys, and its sinful slums, where the ginshop and the pawnbroker’s stand side by side; its Whitechapel and its St. Giles, where thieves and costermongers herd with debased women, whose most familiar word is an oath, and children whose earliest education has been picked up in the streets; and its hundreds of dark and dirty byeways, known only to their wretched, degraded inhabitants, and to City missionaries, Scripture-

readers, parish doctors, hardly-worked clergymen, policemen, and a very few energetic philanthropists. Of course it is not pretended that London is all fair to look upon and bright with cleanliness and godliness; but it is fairer and cleaner than it was even a quarter of a century ago, and it is becoming fairer and cleaner every day. It is less openly sinful than any other capital in Europe. Less crowded in its poorest districts than Paris, less repulsive in its Jews’ quarters than Rome, less vicious in its vice than Petersburg, and less stricken with poverty and its terrible attendants than Constantinople, or even Vienna. Legislation has done much for the London of the working-man, even within the memory of him who pens these lines. Philanthropy, and active business influence, and bold public writing have not been idle during the same period. Striving in like directions, the legislature and the press have awakened inquiry; inquiry has elicited many important facts, the publication of which has encouraged discussion and stimulated effort; and the result has been that the aspect of the streets has been improved, and that new buildings have not been allowed to be erected without proper supervision, that foul and crowded neighbourhoods have been cleared of their ruin and rottenness, that light and ventilation and drainage have been introduced into poor quarters, that model lodging-houses, and reformatories, and soup-kitchens and refuges for the destitute have sprung up in neglected corners of moral wildernesses, and that drinking fountains, and parks, and gardens, and pleasant places have been placed within reach of the labourer and the sempstress. Why, even the densest neighbourhoods of Spitalfields and Bethnal-green have been opened and improved, and brought within the cognizance of educated sympathy and active help. Victoria-park is scarce a mile from the poverty of Whitechapel and Waterloo-town; Kennington-park is almost within sight of the vice of Walworth’s back-slums, and Battersea-park is only an easy walk from the crowded potteries and close streets of Lambeth.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

There is, of course, very little news in matters dramatic.

THE HAYMARKET

Continues to fill nightly with the admirers of the ever-green *Lord Dundreary*. Mr. Sothorn constantly evokes fresh touches of wit and humour in this extraordinary part.

THE ADELPHI

Has presented its habitués with a revival of “The Flowers of the Forest,” Mr. Webster supporting his original character.

THE LYCEUM

Gives its audience “Peep o’ Day,” which seems to support its pristine success; and

DRURY LANE

Has a magnificent spectacular drama—“The Relief of Lucknow,” in which Mr. Boucicault plays the part of *Corporal Cassidy* in his inimitable way. The *coup d’oeil* is magnificent. Scenery, dresses, appointments, are all in unison with the admirable acting of the whole cast.

W. R.

LADIES' PAGE.

BABY'S KNITTED BIB.

MATERIALS:—Two ounces of the Boar's Head Knitting Cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby, No. 16; pins, No. 12.

Cast on 30 stitches; knit 6 plain rows,
1st row.—Bring the cotton forward; knit two together to the end of this row.

2nd.—Plain knitting.

3rd.—Pearled.

4th.—Plain knitting.

Repeat these four rows, increasing at the beginning and ending of every plain row, and you have 80 stitches.

Thread 30 stitches off from each end of the pin, on a coarse cotton, and cast off the 20 centre

stitches. Take up the 30 stitches, and knit the same four rows, decreasing the centre side of every plain row; repeat this until you have but eight stitches left; then knit 50 plain rows, cast off, and join it to the side of the bib; this forms the shoulder-strap. Take up the 30 stitches on the opposite side, and repeat this. Knit a piece of simple lace, and sew all round the edge. Finish it with one and a-half yards of ribbon, to tie it round the waist.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR KNITTED MITTENS AND CUFFS.

SILK MITTENS FOR LITTLE GIRLS OF ABOUT THREE YEARS OLD.

Black netting silk and bright scarlet, or pink, Magenta, &c. Cast on, loosely, *forty-two* stitches (or thereabouts) in *scarlet*.

1st row—*Scarlet*. Knit plainly across, and back in open work (put the silk forward, and take two together).

2nd, 3rd, and 4th—*Black*. Plain knitting.

5th—*Scarlet*. Knit plainly across, and back in open work, as before.

6th, 7th, and 8th—*Black*. Plain knitting.

9th—*Scarlet*. Across in plain knitting, and back in open work.

10th, 11th, and 12th—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one stitch on the *left* hand side, in the *front* of the work in the *last* stitch but one in the 11th and 12th rows.

13th—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work, as before.

14th, 15th, and 16th—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the 15th and 16th rows.

17th—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

18th, 19th, and 20th—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one stitch, as before, in the 19th and 20th rows.

21st—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work, as before.

22nd, 23rd, and 24th—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the 23rd, and two in the 24th rows.

25th—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work, increasing one at the *left* side.

26th—*Black*. Plainly knitting *only sixteen* stitches, and turning back at the *sixteenth*, with a third pin, leaving the remaining stitches (for the hand) on the pin, for the present.

Continue on the *sixteen* stitches (which will form the thumb, as follows:—

26th, 27th, and 28th—*Black*. Plain knitting.

29th—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

30th, 31st, and 32nd—*Black*. Plain knitting.

33rd—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

34th—*Scarlet*. Knit across and back in open work, as before, and cast off the 16 stitches very loosely.

Returning to the other stitches, knit the 26th, 27th, and 28th—*Black*. Plain knitting, beginning at the *right* hand side, and increasing one on the *left*, as before, in both the 27th and 28th rows.

29th—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work, as before.

30th, 31st, and 32nd—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in *each* of the two last rows.

33rd—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

34th, 35th, and 36th—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one in the 35th row and in the 36th.

37th—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

38th—*Scarlet*. Across and back in open work.

Cast off loosely. Knit the other mitten precisely the same, with the exception that the increased stitches are to be on the *right* hand side, and made at the *back*, instead of the *front* of the work. The thumb, of course, will then be formed at the *left* hand side. The best mode of increasing is to pick up the *loop* of the other stitch. They are to be made up as previously described.

EMBROIDERED FLOUNCE FOR A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

This must be worked on three flounces, and in this way form the skirt of a little girl's dress. The muslin ought to be clear, and as thin

as may be consistent with durability. Three diamonds in a scallop are to have outlines of holes; and within these, central ornaments formed

of leaves worked in satin-stitch, with one hole in the middle of each. A branch should spring out of the centre of these three diamonds in satin-stitch, with a flower having a hole in the middle. Double holes going round the interior of the scallop should have a dot on each side, and worked as a solid spot. The scallop must be formed at the edge in well-raised buttonhole-stitch. This is also well suited for a lady's under-skirt,

in which case it ought to be worked on strong cambric muslin, or even on fine long-cloth, but in this last-mentioned material the branch ought to have the leaves cut out. If taken for this purpose the scallop must not be cut out, but the hem should be turned up, and, after the outline of the scallop has been run, the superfluous part of the material is to be cut away.

THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

FULL AND IN-DOOR TOILETS.

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of glacé silk, trimmed with a deep-headed flounce, at the edge of which there is a second flounce six inches deep, and above it three graduated insertions of black lace. A slight lace *ruche* is placed at the head of the deep flounce. Body cut with a point, and decorated in front with insertions crossing from side to side. A lace bow is placed on each point, whence the ornaments on the body begin. Elbowed sleeves, trimmed to match the body. White grenadine shawl, embroidered in long stitch, and bordered by a deep lace. Under-sleeves composed of muslin puffs, accompanied by a plain cuff. Collar also plain. Dunstable straw bonnet, trimmed on the front with feathers of the capucine tints, and inside with a *bandeau* of corn flowers. Watered silk parasol, covered with lace.

SECOND FIGURE.—Home or walking-dress of brown silk, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with a band of the same material of a darker shade, and surmounted by a pinked silk *ruche*, forming bows at each point of the trimming at the bottom of the dress, the upper-edge of which is scalloped. High body, finished with sash and buckle of oxidized silver, and trimmed with a *rucking*, set on as braces, and turning behind. Elbowed sleeves, with a darker silk cuff, to match the ornament on the skirt, surmounted by a pinked silk *ruche*. Collar and cuffs of fine linen stitched. Head-dress a *fanchon* net, trimmed with bows of ribbon. This new model consists of a net, to which a fringed *fanchon*, also netted, is attached, and hangs down behind.

For country wear, Irish poplin is much in vogue. A very pretty toilet of this material is

trimmed round the bottom and up the front of the skirt with ribbon, forming bows with long ends sewed in to the dress. Body plain, pointed waistcoat-fashion, and ornamented with knots matching those on the skirt. Linen cuffs and collar, quite plain. A *Marie Antoinette rotonde*, also trimmed with bows, and bordered, as is also the bottom of the robe, with a silk fluting. A crape bonnet, decorated in front with falled velvets between rows of lace, and finished with a tuft of feathers, placed on the front, between the velvet and another inside, complete this pretty toilet. I had almost forgotten to add, that the curtain of the bonnet was ornamented with three pieces of velvet: one in the middle and one on each side. Swiss muslin dresses are also much worn in the country, and are prettily trimmed with a deep flounce, mounted in plaits, between which a ribbon is run (any bright colour looks well), the body should be made with plaits, fixed down with braces, formed of a small plaited-frill; also having a ribbon between the plaits. The neck is finished with a similar plaiting and ribbon, as are the top and bottom of the sleeves, which these trimmings confine in a wide puff. A small muslin shawl, trimmed like the dress, may be worn with it, and the toilet is completed by a Tuscan hat, bound with cherry velvet, and trimmed with a tuft of mixed flowers.

Mantles, and all sorts of *confections*, consist simply of the summer models, reproduced in cloth. The newest for the *demi-saison* is a light cloth mantle, surrounded by five ranks of brown satin *galon*. It is cut after the fashion prevalent at the Court of Charles IX., and has a little brown silk collar set on in plaits. The fulness of the mantle is also plaited tightly under the collar.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

While the problem of Italy's integrity and independence as a nation remains unsolved, waiting wearily its solution at the lips of Imperial France, Louis Napoleon and the fair and gentle Empress have been enjoying not simply the renovating breezes and baths of Biarritz, but the congenial spectacle of a bull fight at Bayonne. Not caring to stain our own pen with the description of the scene, we give the cutting from a contemporary, intact:

When the Imperial visitors had taken their seats, the whole *personnel* of the establishment went into procession round the arena, and saluted their Majesties. El-Tato, the first espada, then knelt, and asked the Emperor's order to commence the performance. His Majesty accordingly threw him the key of the stalls in which the bulls are kept, and the sport began. The first bull was brought down by El-Tato after a rather sharp struggle; the performer missed his blow the first time, but killed the animal the second. The next bull was a still more formidable antagonist, for immediately on entering the arena it tossed a picador and his horse into the air, and both fell stunned and bleeding to the ground. Neither man nor horse, however, was much hurt, and both were removed before the bull could attack them again. The second espada now entered the lists, but as the bull was a most formidable adversary, the public insisted on El-Tato being sent to give the final blow. This demand was not acceded to, and the espada, apparently disconcerted by the clamour, made two ineffective attempts before he killed the animal. The scene was still more dramatic when the third bull was let loose. El-Tato entered the arena this time, and when he was about to deal the fatal blow the bull lowered its head, the sword missed the mark, and El-Tato was knocked down. The picadors and banderillos rushed to his aid, and drew off the bull's attention till he recovered his feet. The struggle then recommenced, and the taureador displayed a courage and coolness which were loudly applauded. When the bull was pursuing him with great fury, he suddenly stopped, stooped, and regarded the beast with a steady gaze, which seemed to fascinate it. The two antagonists stood thus facing each other for some seconds, after which El-Tato drew himself up and dealt one of his famous blows, which felled the bull to the ground. This feat was hailed with repeated rounds of applause. Three

more bulls were afterwards let loose and killed without any remarkable incident.

Imagine the fair-faced Empress, with her mild eyes and tragic brows, outstaring the horror, the coarse carnage, and the cruelty of this exhibition! To our imagination it is simply horrible; gentleness and goodness in an Empress, however, regard it differently. The whole pageant, with its accompanying ceremonial, carries us back to the capital, without which Italy is but a part of herself, and recalls analogies in the conduct of an ancient and modern Emperor singularly parallel.

At home, the cotton famine has assumed a paradoxical form, and while the mills are wholly closed, or the work in them reduced to short time, because of the scarcity of cotton, buyers from Belgium and France flock to Liverpool and effect large purchases of the desired material, much of which is said to have formed the stock of cotton-factors, who find the present high prices more conducive to their profit than the manufacture of the article, with an overstocked market. Whether, eventually, increasing poor's-rates and rusting machinery may not strike a balance in these matters has still to be seen. In the meanwhile America exhibits in her present condition that certain retribution which, whether individuals or nations are concerned, results as the unalterable law and consequence of moral wrong. Whichever side obtains the right to make terms—whether Federals or Confederates—that *cassa belli* slavery remains to lead to further complications and difficulties. New cotton-fields are being opened to us, and that Necessity, from which Invention and Experiment are born, has set at rest the question of future supplies, and promises to convert the present calamity of the cotton-manufacturing districts into a prospective source of riches to our own colonists. With the transfer of the raw cotton market from the slave-holding States of the South the difficulties of the slave question become doubled, and the distant but ultimate abolition of the system, as a mere matter of policy and self-relief, appears to follow as a necessity. C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY accepted, with thanks. — "Coming;" "When we went Berryng;" "Music's Memories;" "A Task;" "The Song of the Bell."

PROSE received, but not yet read. — "Dark Day;" "Woman;" "Wm. Emerson, &c.;" "The Heiress of Rutherford." Under any circumstances, the Editor cannot undertake to read MSS., many of them lengthy ones, immediately on their receipt.

Correspondents not answered in the usual course will please to accept the Editor's absence in apology.

Communications received from "J. B. S.," "M. R. G.," "A. A. F.," "G. F. P.," "J. B. Q.,"

"E. J. C.," "K. M. M.," "S. R.," "M. A.," "H. L.," "L. S.," and "J. D. C."—all of whom shall shortly hear from us.

Authors and publishers are invited to send their works for notice in our pages before the 20th of each month.

The back numbers of this magazine, containing "Magdalen Stafford," "Rutson Morley," &c., may be obtained on application to the Editor. Terms of subscription per annum (posted free to all parts of the Kingdom) twelve shillings. Subscriptions payable in advance. Single copies posted free on receipt of twelve stamps.



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V I R T U E L E M O Y N E.

BY J. B. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF "RUTSON MORLEY."

(Concluded.)

CHAP. XXIV.

The question, then, is, who is to win her? the unfrocked priest or the belted knight? Or are the rival claims to be equally set aside, and Virtue left to become her own reward? We give our decided voice against the latter alternative. Would the story be true, with so much of death and so little of marriage? Is the weather always so wet in this vale of tears? Is life *all* disappointment? Is refusal the rule, in cases of matrimonial offers? Is single-handed independence the brightest jewel in the crown of womanhood? Do ladies in general prefer that a "Lady's Companion" should consist merely of a monthly publication, or a morocco case containing sewing materials, instead of a bearded biped, "noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in form and moving express and admirable, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god?" If we have any fair reader (and we know of one or two), she has already answered all these queries either with a decided "No," or with a still more significant "I should think not."

Who, then, is to win her? We confess our partiality for this poor stigmatized priest, who has done and suffered so much for her. I believe he loved her more deeply, and had a truer appreciation of her character than his now famous pupil—though perhaps his love might lack some degree of the intense ardour that burned in the breast of the younger man. At the same time, after all the fiery ordeals through which we have caused poor Virtue to pass, it seems almost as if poetical justice required us to counter-balance all her ills by a sudden rise to rank and fortune, and to exchange her former notoriety for a partnership in Fame. We shall see presently. History must have its course. Meantime we follow the footsteps of Mr. Angus.

When he left the hotel in which Sir Arthur Mayfield had his rooms, his first idea was to start for Liverpool at once; but recollecting the

generosity Sir Arthur had displayed in offering to renounce all claim to the hand of Virtue Le Moyne in favour of his old tutor, he experienced some degree of self-reproach for his selfish resolution, and changing his mind, resolved to give his rival the advantage of a night in advance of him. Knowing the impulsive nature of his former pupil, he was well aware that, the object of his stay in London being now accomplished, he would not be likely to brook a moment's delay. How to pass that long evening and night in London was indeed a difficult problem. He sought to immerse himself in a long letter to Mr. Hepburn, but he found himself too much agitated to say anything beyond the immediate business of it. The loved of his life sought for by another, open rivalry declared, the loved one herself still mysteriously concealing her track, all this troubled him beyond endurance. Sometimes he almost repented of his generosity, and regretted he had not started on the search at once. Sometimes he blamed himself for not taking Sir Arthur at his word in his offer to cast aside all rivalry. Still, on a calm, dispassionate view of what had passed between them, he could not but acknowledge to himself that they had both acted justly and generously. And again, in the midst of all his reasonings, he fell back on the strong impression that for years had governed his mind, till he had come almost to look on it as a divine inspiration that Providence had so interwoven his life with that of Virtue Le Moyne, had so identified him with her joys, and more especially with her sorrows, that such long-continued convergence could not but end in union. And yet, as he sat in his lone room in the heart of the great city, his own insignificance as a man almost without means, and now without social or professional position, flashed so strongly upon him, that, out of pure and disinterested love for Virtue Le Moyne, and out of pure desire to aid her to see fortune such as she deserved, with a prayer for strength, and a convulsive sob wrung from him by the great

heart-sacrifice he had suddenly resolved to make, he rushed from his lodging, hailed the first conveyance that presented itself, and drove off to Sir Arthur's hotel, bitterly determined to break his own heart rather than stand in the way of the future prospects of her he loved. Inconsistent indeed; but who would not forgive the vacillations of a lover, when such are caused by the contest between disinterestedness and affection? Mr. Angus had resolved, not only to lay down all rivalry, but even, if possibly Sir Arthur had not yet left London, to offer to act as the ambassador of his love to Virtue Le Moyne.

As he drove up to the entrance of the hotel, a carriage, coming from an opposite direction, stopped immediately before him. Before Mr. Angus had time to descend, he heard a lady's voice, which he thought he recognized, inquire of a waiter, who had run out on the arrival of the two parties, if Mr. Clinton was still residing there.

"Just left about an hour ago, ma'am; said he was going to Liverpool, but left no address, ma'am."

"Did he say he would return to this place?"

"Said he didn't know, ma'am; said his movements were very uncertain."

"Is there any other train for Liverpool to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am; you'll be in plenty of time for the night mail if you drive straight to the Euston Station."

At this moment Mr. Angus, stepping up to the door of the carriage from whence the voice was proceeding, looked in and exclaimed, "I thought I could not be mistaken—Lady Mayfield!"

"Mr. Angus! Nothing short of a special Providence has sent you here. Can you aid me in finding Sir Arthur?"

"I think I can."

"Then for heaven's sake," said Lady Mayfield, hurriedly, "dismiss your cab and come in here. God knows I need assistance if ever woman did."

Startled by the earnestness of her tone and manner, Mr. Angus hastily complied with her request, and next moment was being hurried along with her toward the Euston Station.

"Are you at liberty to accompany me to Liverpool, Mr. Angus?" asked Lady Mayfield, as soon as he was seated beside her.

"Perfectly. I intended going there to-morrow morning."

"Can you change your mind and go to-night?"

"Most willingly, Lady Mayfield, if I can be of any service to you."

"Have you seen Sir Arthur?"

"I had a long interview with him to-day."

"Has he discovered Miss Le Moyne?"

"Not yet. He has traced her as far as Liverpool."

"Mr. Angus, I charge you, as you value a woman's happiness—nay, as you value the

happiness of a whole family, tell me all that passed between you."

Mr. Angus told her every whit.

"Then he loves her still! Like herself he fled from the house. Fearing my possible opposition he departed secretly, leaving a very indistinct letter behind him, merely mentioning that he expected to see you, and what was to be his dress and assumed name if he went to London. He left during the night. As soon as I read his letter, on the next morning, I hurried after him, but I was taken ill at Paris, and there I have lain for some time, chafing in bitter agony over my own weakness. I could not even write. Oh, Mr. Angus, by all that is sacred in earth and heaven, this terrible marriage must not be. Fool that I was, I fostered it! Fool that I was, I could have afterwards prevented it by a word, by a timely confession to my own son. But it is so hard for a mother to confess to her son!"

And placing her hands upon her face, she tried in vain to repress such convulsive sobs as, to Mr. Angus—mistaking the position of matters—seemed vastly beyond the necessities of the case.

"Then you oppose this marriage, Lady Mayfield?"

"Oppose it!" cried she—"it will kill me! I am a strong woman, sir; but the very thought of it has nearly killed me!"

"She is certainly of lower rank than your son, but she is of good family, and educated for any position in society."

"Yes, indeed; yes, indeed," said Lady Mayfield, again bursting into tears; "but it is not that—oh, not that!"

"Oh," said Mr. Angus, a sudden light seeming to dawn upon him, "you have not yet heard of the full establishment of her innocence; or, if you have, you do not believe it. I assure you, Lady Mayfield, as I live, that I took down the confession of that dying woman, in the presence of her husband, the hotel keeper at Borrowbridge, and even he bore testimony to her having been out on the night of the murder. There were others present, two of them being magistrates of the county. All her statements were coherent and consistent. Hearing of Peter Morgan's project of marriage with Miss Le Moyne, she had that day dogged his steps, apparently without any murderous intention. Accidentally coming upon the axe, which the poor crazed servant, now hopelessly immured in a lunatic asylum, had hung upon the tree (whether for the purpose of self-defence, if needed, or with intent to murder, can never now be known), she in a fit of passion, when she witnessed his meeting with a female whom, in the darkness, she did not recognize, but which must have been Miss Le Moyne, searching in her wild delirium for her maid, she lifted the weapon and struck the fatal blow. She lived several days after I wrote down the words from her own lips, and to the last insisted on their truth. Is it possible, Lady Mayfield, that you still believe that pure and good girl capable of murder?"

"Oh, it is not that, Mr. Angus, not that,"

cried Lady Mayfield, apparently more and more discomposed. "Speak of guilt—I am guilty!"

Mr. Angus started.

"Stay," said she, laying her hand on him—"not of murder, but of that which may prove a fouler and deeper blot, if this terrible marriage takes place!"

"Terrible again, Lady Mayfield!"

"Yes, terrible indeed. But I cannot tell you now. Perhaps I shall never tell you . . . yet, if (and heaven grant it!) we find my son in time to stay this calamity, and if—for I knew long ago that you must have loved her—if, I say, she should ever become your wife, I shall hold myself bound to tell you. In the meantime, I have surely said enough to show that all urgency and haste are required. Have you Sir Arthur's address in Liverpool?"

"I have. Let us not depend on it too much, however. If Sir Arthur find any reason, on making inquiry at Liverpool, to conclude that she is gone from thence, assuredly he will leave immediately."

"I may depend on your assistance, then?"

"Certainly, Lady Mayfield. I do not even presume to guess the cause of your urgency. If it pains you to reveal it, I am content to serve you in the dark."

Lady Mayfield pressed his hand in silence, and nothing further passed between them till they arrived at the station. It was not till they got within the brightly lit station-room that Mr. Angus had an opportunity of witnessing how sadly changed in appearance Lady Mayfield was. He had left her, some eight years before, young-looking, and even beautiful. Now, she was haggard and careworn, and walked with the step of age. She was evidently struggling with much weakness, and had risen from her sick bed before her time. Since we last saw her, too, her hair had become almost grey. "What can this be," thought Mr. Angus within himself, "that can have wrought so terrible a change? Assuredly some terrible secret! Am I again mysteriously connected with crime? Yet I will serve her. Providence has closed the ministry of the word upon me, but surely it does not forbid me to minister to the distressed."

"Do you think my poor son will know me?" said she, piteously, perceiving that Mr. Angus was contemplating the change upon her. She had been proud of her beauty, and mourned its loss.

Mr. Angus could only smile a sad reply: "Calm yourself. I trust that all will yet be well."

In a few minutes they were in the train, hurried along with a hundred others through the dark night, each with his or her story, but none with a heart so sad and so fearful as Lady Mayfield's. Every now and again Mr. Angus turned his eyes towards her, to see if sleep had visited her; but as one dark hour after another rolled wearily by, she seemed to him to become only more wakeful and more distressed, till when the grey morn broke in on them the poor white face looked as if it had

been in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. They were alone in the carriage, and need not therefore have kept silence; yet from the mysteriousness of the case Mr. Angus feared to speak, lest he should unwittingly strike the wrong chord, and grate harshly on her hidden sorrow. Only once she spoke, exclaiming in fearful accents:

"What if he marry her privately before we reach them!"

"What then?" said Mr. Angus, not knowing well what to say.

"Then, sir," replied Lady Mayfield, "there would remain for me the choice between self-destruction and a life of bitter reproach; and for them a disgraceful and eternal separation!"

Mr. Angus sat in mute wonder. His curiosity was roused. He knew both families intimately, and not a syllable of blame had ever been breathed against either. Was it possible that Lady Mayfield was not what he took her to be? She had spoken of guilt! Was it the hallucination of a disordered fancy, or was she exaggerating the distress of the case in order merely to obtain his assistance in interposing between her son and this marriage with so poor a girl? He looked again at the pale sick face, and no longer doubted the reality of her sorrow.

It was still early in the morning when they arrived at Liverpool. They drove at once to the address which had been indicated by Sir Arthur. Mr. Clinton had been there—had passed the night there. The cabman who drove him to that particular hotel said Sir Arthur had come by a special train. He had left early in the morning, and was not to be back till night at the earliest. He was apparently in search of some one; for he inquired very particularly regarding the names and appearance of all our visitors within the last two days.

"Was it observed in what direction he went?"

"He has been seen at three different hotels this morning, requesting a description of their guests within the last two days."

"How do you happen to know all this?"

"Why, ma'am, you see— But perhaps you are a friend of his?"

"No matter. Tell me why he is watched. He *must* be watched, or you could not know his movements thus."

"Why ma'am, you see, you must have heard of the Great Bank fraud in London. The police are on the look-out for Mr. Carlford, who is supposed to have come down from London last night."

"But," interposed Mr. Angus, "Mr. Clinton's appearance is peculiar. Does Mr. Carlford want an arm?"

"No, sir, but their general appearance being much alike, this arm may be just a trick."

At this moment a police-officer entered the hotel.

"Has he left anything here?" asked he of the waiter to whom Lady Mayfield had addressed herself.

"Nothing but a portmanteau."

"Have it carefully looked after. We have no

right to open it yet. The proofs are not clear enough. But we expect a telegram from Bangor immediately."

"From Bangor!" exclaimed Mr. Angus, drawing Lady Mayfield aside. "This explains all. How strange that I did not guess whither Miss Le Moyne would direct her steps if once she found herself in Liverpool."

"You think he must have traced her there?" exclaimed Lady Mayfield in a paroxysm of fear.

"Yes, and farther still."

"Then for heaven's sake let us hasten after him! I rely on you, Mr. Angus."

"You may. I think we are on the right track now. All depends on speed."

As they withdrew, the officer, who meantime had been whispering with the waiter, suddenly stepped between them and the door.

"Stay," said he. "If you are connected with this business I cannot let you leave this house unless with the consent of my superiors. You must wait till I send for Captain Ivans. Excuse me, ma'am," said he, cowering before Lady Mayfield's look of indignation. "I mean no offence. I am bound to do my duty."

"Stand aside, sir," said Lady Mayfield, drawing herself up to her full height, her face, a moment before pale and sickly, now flushed with noble anger. "Stand aside, or in another hour you will be a man marked for public disgust: know, then, that the gentleman you are in search of is my son, Sir Arthur Mayfield!"

The man started back; and well he might. It was a name known all over England, and, in the prospect of his return to his country, ovations were in the course of preparation in several towns he had promised to visit, Liverpool among the number. The statement made by Lady Mayfield was so completely beyond the audacity even of falsehood itself, that the officer, far from hesitating to admit its truth, stared a little in amazement, and then withdrew with most unofficial speed to inform his superiors of the mistake. Lady Mayfield, however, stood rooted to the spot, amazed at the first insult she had ever received.

"Let us go, Lady Mayfield," said Mr. Angus, "It is a mistake, but a fortunate one. It has served its purpose. But for this we might never have known whither Sir Arthur had gone. Now I am certain of his route. He is undoubtedly on the track of Miss Le Moyne, and, as I said before, all depends on speed. And see! there is a crowd assembling already. The report will be through the town ere we reach the station."

At the sight of the assembling crowd Lady Mayfield recovered herself, and hastened with Mr. Angus to the cab. They drove rapidly to the station, where they hired a special train for Chester, and then another for Bangor.

In the meantime, in a room in the one poor hotel of the village of M—, on the coast of Wales, and at a window of the said room looking out on the sea, sat Virtue Le Moyne. She had arrived at the hotel late on the previous night.

She had risen with the dawn of day, and had sat for hours gazing intently on the brightening sea. Beneath her was a rugged and desolate coast, and far as she could see lay the wide, placid ocean, that seemed the great earthly emblem of stillness and everlasting peace. Not a wave on its calm breast, not a motion, save where it kissed with gentle wooing the rough and unresponding shore. Oh that it had been always thus! She wept because it had not been thus always. And her tears had something of rebellion in them. Once upon a time, when Nature was her second self, and when the breath of reproach had not blighted the greenness of the land, or dimmed the mirror of the sea, the glad-some sight that lay before her would have drawn her thoughts from herself, and made her heart leap with the rapture of heaven. But now it only threw her back upon herself. The crisis of her spiritual life had come. For years her lot had seemed a hard one. But now, when she could find no rest for the sole of her foot, and that she looked out on the unrelenting sea that had torn her lover from her, and thought herself as an outcast from society, with the cloud of suspicion still resting upon her, one of whom Willie himself might possibly be ashamed were he yet alive, she began to feel as if she had suffered too much and too long. For hours she sat in this mood of mind, and at length starting from her rebellious thoughts, and alarmed at the change in her own heart, she rushed from the house, and inquiring of a peasant whom she met close by, where it was that the great Chartroy had gone down, she made the best of her way, according to his only half-English information, and in a short time was on the part of the coast that overlooked directly the scene of the calamity that had darkened her life. It was good for her to be there. At the sight of the very spot where Willie Hepburn had bid adieu to earth, doubtless wafting his last thoughts to her, how all her rebellion melted into tenderness! Rushing down towards the sea, and hiding herself behind a high mass of rocks from the cottages that overlooked the spot, she fell on her knees and wept bitterly.

"Oh, Willie! You at least knew me to be innocent. You have spoken with the angels, and they have told you the truth. Even now, perhaps you weep over me, if indeed tears can mar your happiness. Or rather, seeing, as would to God I could see, that all these things but bring me nearer to where you are, you are smiling kindly upon me. Yes, yes! I seem to see you smiling, smiling! Or is it but delusion! Yet if it is, oh stay, sweet heaven-sent fancy!—Gone! Yet it looked so sweet! I feel it yet. He believes me innocent. Heaven grant it may soon be so with all!"

"Your prayer is heard. It is even so with all," said a voice close beside her; and, starting to her feet she beheld Sir Arthur Mayfield.

"Sir Arthur!" cried she, pressing her hand to her forehead, in the old way, as she always did when bewildered by sudden surprise, "this is

surely—to say the least—unkind: is it not unmanly?”

“Nay, not unmanly. Do not say so, Miss Le Moyne. I might have followed you at once when you left our house. But I respected your secret. Circumstances are now changed however.”

“How changed?”

“I perceive from your question, as I perceived at once from the few words I unintentionally overheard, that you are not aware that you have now no secret for me to respect. I am fortunate in being the bearer of good tidings. Listen, Miss Le Moyne.”

As he said this he produced a newspaper, from which he read to her the story that Mr. Angus had caused to be so universally published—the confession of the dying murderer, the substance of which we have found him communicating to Lady Mayfield. When he had finished reading he turned away from the spot, to give her time to collect her thoughts, and returning after the lapse of a few minutes he found her leaning against the rock, looking upwards with clasped hands, and wearing such a look as a hopeless spirit may wear on being told, ere it reaches the gate of heaven, that its sins have all been cast into the bottom of the sea. It seemed to him almost sacrilege to interrupt what he knew was holy communion. Yet the burning ardour of his heart was such as could brook no delay.

“Do you forgive me now, Miss Le Moyne, for searching you out? Am I here an unwelcome intruder?”

“Oh, no! Sir Arthur,” replied Virtue, taking his hand. “I have behaved cruelly towards you. A thousand thanks for this kindness. May heaven reward you, since I cannot do so, except by thanks.”

“Nay, but you can. I loved you as Mary Johnston, and I love you yet more as Virtue Le Moyne. You refused to listen to me before. You gave me what you thought an irresistible reason for not doing so. That reason is now entirely done away with. I offer myself to you, not on the ground of having done you this pitiful favour, which in common humanity it was my duty to do, but simply as Arthur Mayfield, a man whom you have had ample opportunity of knowing, a man who knows and loves you. I would not meanly take advantage of the joy of your heart in being suddenly relieved from a weight that had so long oppressed it, yet, Miss Le Moyne, if the reason you formerly assigned was the only barrier between us, and that now so completely destroyed that it is as if it had never been, why should I not ask you even now and here if you love me in return?”

Virtue only hung her head and was silent. Yet Sir Arthur could see that she was not unmoved, from the heaving of her breast and the quivering of her whole frame.

“You do not love me then?” said he after a considerable pause.

“I did not say so, Sir Arthur.”

“You love me then?”

“I dare not say so.”

“I cannot understand. Why not, Miss Le Moyne?”

“Release me, Sir Arthur,” for by this time he had drawn her towards him. “It is strange. There is a something. I cannot tell——”

“I can tell,” said Lady Mayfield, standing before them.

“Lady Mayfield!”

“Mother!”

“Yes, I can tell. A heaven-sent instinct which for my sin has been denied to me, has kept you from this. I am here this day to confess my faults. Yes, Arthur, take your mother’s daughter to your breast, and love her as your sister.”

“Are you mad, mamma? You look ill! You are surely——”

“Am I mad to confess the one error of my life?”

She hid her face in her hands, and groaned bitterly. At length, finding strength to continue—
“You were but a year old, Virtue,” said she, “when your father married Mrs. Le Moyne. She adopted you on the understanding that you were the child of a former marriage. She was a simple girl, who was sent out to India, as many have been, merely to get married. I had long been a widow when you were born, when your father refused to marry me on the ground of a jealousy, which he found out, too late, to have been an unjust one. I deemed it for your happiness that you should rather be brought up as a full and open member of his family than as a hidden one of mine. Do not think I have ever altogether forsaken you. I was far up in the country when the death of your father and Mrs. Le Moyne caused you to be sent to England. I also returned at once that I might still be near you. From inquiries which I have many many times made regarding you, I was satisfied that you were happy, and feared to mar your happiness by the announcement I now make. Yet much as I longed for it, I never dared to look on you. Still, had I ever heard that your circumstances had changed I would doubtless have come to you and claimed the right of motherhood.

length my health gave way, and I was ordered to leave England for Italy. During all those afflictions through which you have passed, I was lying on a sick bed, and learned nothing of them till I heard of your impending trial. I was just then recovering, and as soon as I was able to travel I hastened to England. It was too late, however. Your trial was over, and you had disappeared. I need tell you no more. You were sent in my way, but I did not recognize my daughter. When you fainted in our house at the mention of your name, the whole truth flashed upon me, and I only waited till the morning to reveal all to you. After you left us I postponed day after day telling my son, till it was too late, for he also had died. Since that time—look on me, and see what I have suffered. I kneel to you, my children. On my knees I ask your forgiveness. Heaven grant me the same!”

Sir Arthur turned from her, and for a time

paced rapidly backwards and forwards on the shore. Virtue knelt down beside her, and placed her mother's hands upon her own head. At any other time, or without such ordeal as she had passed through, the sudden revelation of the circumstances of her birth might have filled her with sorrow; but in the rapture of her unexpected release from all suspicion of being concerned in a fearful deed of crime, the discovery of a mother whom she already loved as such, seemed to her as the crowning mercy of her day of deliverance.

"Do you require proof of it, Virtue?" whispered Lady Mayfield, still, in her humiliation, not daring to look up. "Whence came this ring, which in your haste you left behind you, and which I found next morning in your room?"

"It was sent from India amongst my mother's jewellery," said Virtue, looking at the ring, and still unable to disown as her mother her with whom her baby-dreams were all entwined.

"Have you observed the initials?"

"Yes, and I have often wondered what was signified by the letters M. L. E.

"My name is Mary Louisa Ellison. It was a ring your father gave me, and on returning it I made him promise it should be yours."

At this moment Sir Arthur joined them, and, raising his mother from the ground, "Lady Mayfield," said he—"mother, I forgave you this, years ago. I heard of it in India. It first came to my ears in the shape of a taunt from one of my brother-officers. Burning with indignation I challenged him: the challenge was accepted. The very next day a great battle was expected; still I determined that my mother's honour should be dearer to me than my country's cause. We resolved to fight as soon as the day should break. About midnight old General —, then my superior officer, entered my tent, and endeavoured to dissuade me from it. He said my services could not be dispensed with on the following day, as a most important command had been intrusted to me. He told me that, instead of arresting me on the spot, which likewise would have prevented me heading the movement on which the whole of the next day's success depended, he felt forced, under the circumstances, to take the one other course left him, which was—oh God! it came like a death-blow at the time, for he was a man on whose slightest word I could rely—he told me that it would be better to hush the matter up, because to his certain knowledge *it was true!* I hid my grief and shame. I determined to seek death on the field, or, if I survived, to punish him who had dared to taunt me even with the truth. An arrangement satisfactory to military honour was brought about. Next day I fought like a lion, seeking death but finding it not. I was wounded and maimed as you see me; but my adversary fell dead on the field. You remember, mother, a long period, during which you heard nothing of me except from the

public prints. When I wrote you, I accounted for my silence by my severe wound; but those had been days of bitter anger towards you. At length, once when I thought myself dying, the strong desire for my mother's blessing came upon me, and far from merely forgiving her, I had myself to pray to be forgiven for my bitter thoughts. After my recovery I deemed it best not to inquire into the circumstances of the case, and hence it is that I never learned the name of my sister. . . . And now, Virtue—you will not now say to me, 'Release me, Sir Arthur', will you?"

He took her to his breast, and, as he looked down upon her, the spirit of a brother entered into him, and their love became as the love of angels.

"And now," said Lady Mayfield, still standing aloof, and still feeling as if unworthy to embrace her children, "there is but one friend wanting to fill up the measure of our happiness."

But Mr. Angus was already there—not so rap-turously happy as might have been expected, still stunned by the revelation which he had been told and listened to. It was plain, however, as he shook hands with Virtue, that his heart was full, and that he felt his mercies too great for aught but silent thanksgiving. When he at length found words, it was, as is often the case with us in times of greatest moment, whether of joy or sorrow, some insignificant common-place totally unbecoming the occasion.

"Come, Arthur," said Lady Mayfield, at length venturing to take her son's arm. "This place has a sacredness in the eyes of Mr. Angus and Virtue, which it can have to them alone. We will wait for you at the inn."

As they turned the point that hid them from view, Mr. Angus drew from his breast the wave-bedimmed portrait, that he had carried about with him through years of sorrowing patience.

"This is the exact spot which was pointed out to me as being that on which it was found. Is this not the guiding hand of heaven?"

Can it be wondered at that, kneeling on the shore over against the very spot where Willie Hepburn threw a last farewell to England and to home, and gave his brave, but humble soul, into the hands of his Maker, they two, with mingled thanks and tears, implored that his God might be their God throughout their future united life?

They have lived for some years at Hope Hall, which, with the adjoining estate, bought by Lady Mayfield from the Duke of Brandilton, was presented by her to Virtue Le Moyne.

For further particulars apply to Mr. Hepburn, who is still well, and who still keeps the Parish Register.

C O M I N G.

BY MRS. ABPT.

Wanderer! bent on thy homeward way,
 Benighted, and worn, and weary,
 The moon affords thee no cheering ray,
 And thy path is rough and dreary:
 Thou deemest thy home a distant place
 While the shades of night are o'er thee;
 But the dawn of light shall bid thee trace
 Thy home in the glen before thee.
 Yes, soon shalt thou cease from anxious fears,
 And shalt rest from troubled roaming;
 In the East a faint, red streak appears,
 And the glorious Day is coming!

Sufferer! prisoned through tedious hours,
 On the couch of sickness lying,
 Longing to gaze upon banks of flowers,
 And to hear the south-breeze sighing,
 Lo! a shroud of snow has veiled the earth;
 On the trees the ice-drops glitter;
 And the feeble may not venture forth
 In the north-wind, bleak and bitter.
 Yet cast thine eyes on the gift I bear—
 'Tis a tribute fresh and blooming;
 'Tis the first fair primrose of the year,
 And the joyous Spring is coming!

Mourner! the world is perchance thy foe,
 Thou art injured, wronged, and slighted;
 Thou may'st weep for friends in death laid low,
 Thou may'st grieve o'er fortunes blighted;
 Yet Time with stealing and soothing sway
 Shall quiet each restless feeling,
 And lay on thy wounds from day to day
 A merciful hand of healing:
 Thy bark now sails on a stormy sea,
 Amid billows wild and foaming,
 But gentle Hope shall thy pilot be,
 And tell of a good time coming!

Pilgrim of Life! in thy sunny days,
 Ere the chain of care has bound thee,
 Ever remember the Lord to praise
 For the blessings spread around thee;
 If His hand withdraw the gifts it sent,
 Bewail not the deprivation,
 Since the present world was never meant
 For our final habitation;
 And Peace shall a placid light impart
 To thy days of earthly roaming,
 If the thought be treasured in thy heart
 That another world is coming!

WHEN WE WENT BERRYING.

BY JOHN D. CARTWRIGHT.

When we went berrying,
 In autumns long ago—
 When we went berrying,
 All in the sunset glow,
 Flamed the poppy in the corn,
 Blush'd the pimpernel below,
 When we went berrying
 In autumns long ago.

When we went berrying,
 By woodlands, routes, and rambles,
 Up hills knee-deep in heather bells,
 Breast-high in fern and brambles,
 We sang about the hill, and threw
 Brave somersaults and gambols,
 When we went berrying
 By woodland routes and rambles.

When we went berrying,
 Bird-music filled the glen,
 Sang every lark and linnet,
 Chirped each little wren;
 And now bird-voices ring
 As loud, as sweet as then;
 But ah! for other ears they sing,
 Strange feet are in the glen.

Gleams again the harvest light,
 The stately corn bends low,
 Flame the scarlet poppies,
 Blush the pimpernels below,
 Cluster ripe the luscious fruit,
 Thick-bunched the hazels grow;
 But where are now the hands
 That plucked them long ago?

THE ASH TREES.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The garden-wall was low; the inner side
 A fragrant honeysuckle stooped across,
 As if to note the meadows lifted wide,
 The churchyard gate, the stream, and banks of
 moss.
 When twilight clouds were dark with gale and
 shower,
 Within the quiet cottage we abode;
 But when 'twas fair, we loitered half-an-hour,
 As far as to the ash-trees down the road.

They hung above a little darkling pool,
 All fringed around with outlines, blue and grey,
 Of leaves, which wavered o'er the waters cool
 Until they faded in the dusk away.
 Then flitted past the bat, on noiseless wing,
 And from the fen the dappled cattle lowed;
 And night and mystery fell on everything
 Beneath those drooping ash-trees down the road.

Our hands filled with night-blowing flowers pale,
 Our hair and ribbons waving in the wind,
 We heard the corn-crakes from the meadowy vale,
 As still our ling'ring looks we bent behind;
 To watch the childhood of the virgin moon,
 The distant light which like a ruby glowed;
 And placid stars, drooping as in a swoon,
 Above those sighing ash-trees down the road.

How ev'ry lightly-uttered word comes back,
 With sudden flashes of regretful thought!
 Now that we tread again the beaten track,
 And hear the wisdom by the cold world taught,
 But see! the musk geranium-bloom grows dim,
 The tide of Time for me hath backward flowed;
 Again in mists I mark the shadows swim
 Round the accustomed ash-trees down the road.

DRAWING THE SEINE.

Two months ago, on a sweet summer afternoon, I found myself drinking in the delicious sea-breezes on the Paignton sands. I had a dear companion, and after we had walked close to the edge of the water, which had just begun to ebb, until we were a little tired, we seated ourselves—she on the steps of a bathing machine, and I resting on the heaps of loose dry sand at her feet, we began to observe the bright and fair scene which lay before us with more minute attention than we had before paid to it.

Paignton is a village about three miles from beautiful Torquay. The greater part of it lies about half a mile from the sea, but there is a little pier which forms a small harbour, around which cluster a good many houses, chiefly occupied by fishers and boatmen, and others concerned in the commercial and sea-faring affairs of the place; and there are also several villas and gentlemen's houses near the sea, but these lie chiefly at the other end of the sands. Paignton forms the exact centre of the curoc of Torbay. The sands are fine and open, and the sea flows up to them in fair weather with an even wash that makes every little wave lap the shore and produce that soft, charming sound that is so delicious to the ear. In a storm from the east, however, woe betide any poor creature who has to meet its inclemency on the beach; for as the headlands which bound Torbay lie due north and south, the opening is of course due east, and the wind and waters, when easterly gales prevail, come up with such unmitigated fierceness, that I have seen the whole beach, together with half the fine open green that lies between the sea and the range of villas beyond, covered with white foaming waves for hours together.

But on the day we were there all was fair and lovely. On the green were set numerous targets for archery parties, and more than one group of young lads were amusing themselves with cricket and other games on the sward. The broad sunlit sea lay right before us, and as our eyes followed the course of the bay, towards the left we sighted the long sweep of Paignton, and Preston Sand, the Livermead, and Tor beaches, and then the very beautiful town of Torquay, its houses and churches clustering on and below its numerous hills, its pretty quay and bath-houses stretching out towards the sea, and behind it, at some distance, the northern promontory of the bay, called "Hope's Nose;" on the right lay Elbury Cove, Brixham, with its wonderful bone cavern, now the talk of the geological and scientific world; and beyond, the southern promontory Berry Head, covered with the relics of the fortifications which defended the entrance of the bay in troublous times. Far out lay multitudes of trawling vessels, the Brixham fleet, from the

produce of which the chief part of the fish that is sold in the south and west of England is supplied, as well as much of that which is sold in the London markets. The sea itself, blue and glittering, was studded with bright little vessels, which were scudding about under a light breeze, or lying at anchor whilst their crews were fishing. The sands exhibited the usual scene of a sea-shore in a small watering place on a pleasant day: there were groups of children with their friends or nurses—the latter chiefly seated on the ground in little parties, working, reading, or chatting; the former playing all manner of antics and gambols with the sands and the waves, running, splashing, or digging, as fancy and frolic dictated. A fine dog amused one party; a white pony, whom its rider could not induce to go into the sea, another. All seemed merry and happy, as who would not be, when witnessing such scenes, amidst such health-inspiring breezes?

Two boats, which lay quite still and motionless close in shore, the one at about the middle of the beach, and the other down near the pier, attracted our especial notice. What were they doing? or, rather, why were so many men (for there were four in each boat) apparently doing nothing, and wasting the precious hours? We drew near to see, and just then the men in each boat began simultaneously to work at a windlass—one being, as we now perceived, in each boat—the boats themselves being moored by anchors dug into the sand.

"Oh! they are drawing the seine!" I exclaimed. This was an unexpected pleasure for us, which we prepared to enjoy in full. I ran off to the carriage for a basket, and we then settled ourselves to watch the operation which I had seen many a time before, though it was new to my companion. I can fancy many of my readers asking "What is a seine? what is meant by drawing it?" &c. These questions I will endeavour to answer in general, before I proceed to the details of the individual "drawing of the seine" that we witnessed. First, then, a *seine* is "a net used in fishing;" the word is Saxon and also French. Probably, as it is the common colloquial term used throughout the south and west of England, where the Saxon lingers more than in other districts, we derive it not from the Normans, but from the older Saxon speech. Carew, who was a Cornish man, says: "They have cock-boats for passengers, and seine-boats for taking of pilchards." He also uses the word "seiners" in speaking of the fishermen who use the *seine*. I do not, however, find the word referred to either by Trench, or by Archdeacon Hoare in his "Saxon roots," neither is it mentioned by that usual recorder of quaint words, Bailey.

The seine is composed of a quantity of netting

made of strong twine, with meshes about an inch in length. The depth of the net is 8 or 10 feet, its length from 120 to 150 fathoms, that is from 820 to 900 feet. This net is suspended lengthways on a strong rope, and the bottom edge also rests on a similar rope; along one edge a row of large corks is fastened, which of course cause that side to float and keep uppermost. The ropes extend at each edge, and at each end of the net to a considerable length; apparently the portions of the ropes beyond the nets at each end are as many fathoms in length as the net itself. When the seine is to be cast, two boats are employed: one remains stationary; the other, in which the seine is, starts from the shore, and traverses a deep horse-shoe in the water *paying out* the net from the stern of the boat; the seine is instantly borne down into the water by the weight of the rope at the lower edge, until the corks on the upper prevent its sinking lower; thus it hangs like a wall, upright in the water, and a bay of some 800 or 900 feet in length is formed, to a depth of 8, 10, or 12 feet below the surface of the water, according to the size of the seine. When all the net is thus suspended in the sea, the crews of the two boats lie on their oars for a considerable time, probably half or three-quarters of an hour, in order to allow the larger fish of various kinds that are within the compass of the seine to rise towards the surface, in pursuit of the smaller fish, on which they prey. When they think time enough for this object to be effected has elapsed, the men in both boats begin to draw in the seine by means of the windlasses, of which I have before spoken. You can see the corks which float the net, far far out at sea, and by them perceive the exact position of the net; and after the men have drawn on the windlasses for a time, you begin to see that this horse-shoe line of corks is contracting, and drawing nearer to you, until at last you can perceive the end of the net, which, as it approaches the boat, the men seize, push their boat on to the beach, and, springing out of it, stand knee-deep, nay, often nearly waist deep, in water, and begin to haul vigorously at each end of the seine; two men at each end on the upper, and two on the lower part. And now the bustle and work increases. The men tug away, showing by their attitudes what strong force they are using, and require to use, to pull the heavy net through the ebbing waters. As they draw it in, they cast it on the shore behind them, covering with the wet meshes those scattered fish that have been entangled by the gills in the net, to be extricated at a more leisureable moment. At last the long and wide horse-shoe has contracted to a little semi-circle of but a few yards in depth, and you begin to see that there is a crowd of fish of various kinds, springing and dashing about in the sort of pocket that the bellying of the seine has formed; and amongst them thousands of little silvery creatures not much bigger than a good sized quill, which jump, and wriggle, until many of them escape over the top of the net and thousands more through its meshes. But provision has

been made for securing this part of the haul as well as the larger fish. As soon as the seine drew near the shore, one of the boats started from its moorings, and rapidly passed round the outside of the seine, dropping a net of finer meshes at a distance of a few yards from it; and as soon as the larger seine with its freight had been fairly landed, this smaller one was pulled in, bringing with it thousands of little sand eels that had either slipped through the meshes of the larger net, or jumped over its edge, as well as several larger flat fish and other poor things, who had, as they hoped, made their escape. All that I have described had been silently and quietly done; for though all the wanderers on the beach had gathered together to one point, and one or two carts laden with maunds, and baskets of various kinds had come down to receive the produce of the draught, there had been no great noise or excitement. But now a famous bustle began. Every one was intent on clearing the nets, and loading the baskets, except the idlers who were watching operations. I was foremost amongst these, and contrived to work my way down to the edge of the sea, and get close to the masses of fish that were tossing and heaving in one mighty heap. It was a curious mixture, and, as the men separated the different sorts, dividing the bad from the good, and throwing contemptuously aside many which, though they had made a splendid glittering in the sea, were in fact good for nothing but to be thrown away, the words of our Lord might well recur to the mind: "The kingdom of heaven is like a net that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind: and when it was full they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away." So it was here. The good of all sizes and sorts, of all degrees of goodness, were "gathered into vessels." The large flat fish, merry-soles, flounders, and many another, were first picked out and carried off. Then the mullet, and gurnette, and such like. The little *dabs*, very small soles, and other lesser fish of various kinds were collected into baskets together, and there was one huge square maund nearly full of sand eels of silver brightness, amongst which a few poor soles were shouldering their way, and tossing the little eels about, so as to make quite an undulation in the basket. One of the finest fish that came to shore was a splendid mackerel, gorgeous in his sheeny covering of mother of pearl, and green, and gold. This I secured as my prize, and had him killed and stowed away in my basket under a counterpane of wet sea-weed (for some noble fronds of *Laminaria saccharina*, like broad ribbons with frilled edges, had come up in the seine) and a most delicious broil we had the next morning at breakfast. Of course I duly paid for him, as soon as any one was at leisure to take my money, but I vainly tried for another, for not one more mackerel was included in the haul, and I thought myself very lucky to have secured the fine fellow. No one who has not tried it can imagine the exhilaration that the sea air, combined with the glory of the landscape

and the excitement of fishing exploits, produces. There is a sort of exultation which comes over the spirit of those who love the sea, and the things of the sea, amidst such scenes; and this I felt in an uncommon degree on this occasion.

The scene was not altogether a new one to me; for I have often witnessed the "drawing of the seine." On one occasion I remember rowing round the outer edge of the nets, and seeing the multitude of fish leaping about and glittering in the sunlight as they became aware that they were in captivity, until the whole surface of the water seemed alive. On another we rowed up to the seine, and seeing that but few fish were in it, bargained for the contents, and got a basketful of beautiful red mullet for a mere trifle. A haul is often worth ten or twelve pounds, or even more. This at Pailinton I suppose did not exceed about six or seven pounds. Sometimes not a fish is taken, and the poor fishers get only disappointed, and I have known the net broken so much by something at the bottom of the sea, that not only did the fish, if there had been any, all escape, but the labour of many days was required before the nets were again useable. The nets are very expensive, and are usually the joint property of three or four men, who work together and share the profit and loss. My interests were more engaged in examining the refuse of the haul than the more profitable portions. There were dozens of a most queer-looking animal amongst the fish, which the men threw hither and thither in all directions—some back into the sea, others out on the sand; yet there seemed no end of them. These I at once recognized to be "cuttle-fish" (*Sepia officinalis*). The cuttle-fish belongs to the fifth and last tribe of the testaceous mollusca, the *Cephalopoda*. The types of this tribe are more highly organized than any other testacea. Swainson, in his *Malacology*, says—"The appearance of these animals is strange and grotesque in the extreme. Their body is soft and pulpy, having the limbs arranged in a circle round the mouth; these limbs perform all the offices of feet, arms, and tentacula. The head, which in all the other *testacea* is either wanting or but slightly developed, is here large and conspicuous; whilst the eyes are so clear and distinct that they resemble those of a vertebrated animal. The mouth, from the arrangement of the limbs, or, as we shall term them, the arms, is consequently in the centre, like that of a radiated animal, and the sides of the body are either slightly dilated into a distinct fin-shaped membrane, or are so thin that they can be used for the same purpose." The appearance of my friends on the Pailinton shore was, to say the least of it, *odd*. They were full-grown specimens, but not large, the length but little exceeding the breadth, the whole dimensions being about 5 inches by 4 in width, and 2½ in thickness. The suckers were withdrawn into their case, and the creature looked like a queer kind of bag, made of fishy material, with an orifice through which protruded the soft flabby-looking head. This bag

was continually inflating itself and then collapsing as it lay on the shore. They were dull colourless things then, but in the water the brilliancy of the tinting of the cuttle-fish can scarcely be exceeded by that of any denizen of the sea. It is composed of the richest shades of metallic green, blue, and gold, shifting as the light falls on them.

But what is all this black inky substance, which lies in patches on them, and on all the fish that have come in contact with them? How did the fishermen come by the ink-bottles with which they splashed their own clothes, and dyed their hands? And whence came that shower of ink of which a splash has just alighted on my face? It all came from the ink-bags of the frightened cuttle-fish, who were emptying the contents of those organs in every direction, sparing neither friend nor foe. This organ (the "ink-bag"), with which all species of this tribe are furnished, is tough and fibrous, with a thin, silvery outer coat; it discharges its contents through a duct which opens near the base of the funnel. The ink supplied by these animals was formerly used for the manufacture of the colour called by its name—*sepia*, and for making Indian-ink; for which purposes prepared charcoal, &c., are now more frequently used. The ink-bag of the *sepia* has been found in fossil specimens in so perfect a state that the colouring matter has been used as a pigment, and found to answer its purpose as well as that found in living animals. The use of the organ is supposed to be as a defence, the discharge of the ink forming a cloud in the water so as to conceal the creature from its adversaries. I have read of one of this family, an *octopus*, being seen floating with its long flexible arms entwined round a fish, which it was tearing with its sharp hawk's bill. It allowed a net which was designed to capture it, to come almost close to it, and then relaxed its suckers, threw out a cloud of ink, and sank under cover of this cloud out of reach.

Although with us the cuttle-fish does not attain a size exceeding a few inches, in tropical climates its bulk is enormous. M.M. Quay and Gaimand found a dead one floating in the Atlantic at the equator, partly devoured by birds, which, when living, must have weighed 2 cwt.; and there is another instance, of equal, or even greater immensity, mentioned by Banks and Solander, who met one in the Pacific which was estimated to measure 6 feet in length. The arms of some of the species are 3 yards long. It is not easy to capture them, on account of their power of "exploding their inky ammunition;" but they are often found uninjured in the stomachs of dolphins and other fishes that prey on them. Their habits are nocturnal, and during the day they lie at the bottom of the water, often near the shore, whence they are drawn up by the seine, and as frequently found at thousands of miles out at sea. The cuttle-fish are all marine, and live on shell-fish, &c. They are not themselves considered as shell-fish, though they belong to the testacea,

their shells being placed within the body instead of outside. This shell is well known as the substance, which, when rubbed down, forms *ponce*, and is often found on the shore. It is a wedge-shaped substance, with a thin membranous edge, and the centre parts of snowy whiteness. The *sepia* are allied to the *nautili*, and to the fossil *ammonites* and *belemnites*. They are found very abundantly and very large in the Mediterranean, and in the islands of that sea are used as food.

I would fain enlarge on the other curious articles which formed the refuse of the haul and were cast aside as useless, but I have not space to more than generalise. There were old whelk shells inhabited by huge hermit crabs, and covered with sessile barnacles, serpulæ, and other parasites. There were grass-green, and brown, and purple shore-crabs, stretching out

their long legs and scudding about sideways in every direction, whilst the children scuttled after them, seizing them in the scientific way in which the little urchins near the sea learn to handle them, and without which skilful management they would get many a horrible pinch from their pincer-like claws. There were also enormous fronds of algae, and laminariae, and other things more than I can remember; but the description of which, were I to attempt it, would occupy double the space allotted me, and I must therefore forbear, only adding that those who wish to witness the operation of "drawing the seine" have only to go to the Paignton-shore in the summer months, on a calm day and at high water, to be able to see for themselves the whole process, "the top of the tide" being the time usually selected by the fishermen for this business.

MRS. PAGE'S LIFE HISTORY.

(In Two Chapters.)

CHAP. II.

It really required no small force of resolution to resume literary labours after an interlude of so much worry and disturbance, but my heroine was determined not to lose her day. By one o'clock, washed, combed, and clean-muslined into her accustomed self, Eliza once more took up her pen, under an inspiring accompaniment of sounds of broom and scrubbing-brush, swelled into a diapason by the strident voice of Mrs. Pegler, the charwoman.

"Let me see," our friend thought, as she again reviewed the foolscap. "Well, I think that must do. I can touch it up afterwards. Mrs. Ayler and her daughters are at a country-house; next day there comes a ring at the door-bell, and—"

Here Eliza gave a sudden start at a peal from her own door-bell. It actually sounded like a reverberation out of the story. And, how provoking! there was the housemaid answering it already, before she could charge her on no account to let anybody in!

"Only somebody wants to see Frank, thank goodness!" So Mrs. Page congratulated herself as she caught a man's voice quite strange to her, inquiring for her husband; but after a short parley, the housemaid throwing open the room above, announced "Mr. Dukess."

There stood a complete stranger, all bow and smile, before her. Mr. Dukess was not a man of particularly engaging appearance. He owned a thick-set person, a bilious brassy face, and a voice, when he spoke, as brassy as his face.

His waistcoat, of a striking colour, displayed a gold chain and eyeglass; but the rest of his attire had a smack of shabbiness, and his wristbands were none of the cleanest.

"Allow me to introduce myself, ma'am, as an old friend of the family," said Mr. Dukess hurriedly—observing that the lady looked rather more surprised than pleased to see him—"an old friend of Mr. Page's family I should say. I'm come twenty miles out of my road to-day, just to shake hands with Frank Page. Pray excuse me, ma'am, but I could not resist the pleasure of making the acquaintance of my old schoolfellow's wife. My father—poor man, he has been dead years now!—was his father's solicitor, and we were boys together. You must have heard my name, ma'am—Henry Clifton Dukess—the same as my poor father's."

While the new comer was speaking, he had stood, his chain in his right hand, jerking out his sentences with an action as if he were telling them off on the links. Now, dropping it, he held out his hand, and Eliza, in honour of his patronymic—which was perfectly familiar to her from hearsay as that of the family lawyer—met him with hers half-way, begging him to be seated. A long conversation followed, chiefly kept up by the stranger, who showed himself well acquainted with the pages of the last generation, recognized some family portraits on the wall, and described the estate in Shropshire, the hall and grounds—which had all, long before Eliza's marriage, passed into other hands—with a knowledge of details which completely roused the interest of his listener.

At the end of the first half-hour she felt thoroughly well disposed towards her husband's old schoolfellow, and mentally took herself to task for not at all liking him at first sight. What a pity, she thought, that all her boys and girls were absent on that particular day; mamma would have liked Mr. Dukes to see for himself that the family were by no means degenerate in the rising generation. Well, she must keep him till Frank came home, and then, of course, he would persuade his old friend to stay the night; so Mrs. Page, on hospitable thoughts intent, put away her writing-case and ordered wine and biscuits, with an apology for the absence of more solid comestibles, on the score of that morning's disaster in the kitchen. She was met by an assurance that sherry and a biscuit was a favourite form of lunch with Mr. Dukes, and that gentleman made good his word forthwith by addressing himself pretty frequently to the decanter.

Settling himself in his chair to drink his wine, he crossed his legs with an air of making himself quite at home, and began to talk about himself in a strain of confidential eloquence. Mr. Dukes might have divined that his hostess had postponed her Life-history out of courtesy to him, so thoroughly did he seem disposed to make amends by furnishing her with his own. He described himself as a citizen of the world; he had travelled all over Europe, visited America, China, Japan, and had for the last ten years held a very important post under the Governor-General of India. A philanthropist of the very first water was Mr. Dukes, according to his own account. Benevolent institutions had been set on foot under his auspices throughout the Bengal presidency, and he declared the aim of his life was that he might become an humble instrument in the evangelisation of the Hindoos. There was a college—he had laid the first stone of it himself—a college for native missionaries at the station of Raskillifellah, on the banks of the Ganges. Was it possible that Mrs. Page had actually never heard of it! He felt in his coat-pockets—ah! the reports were not there, but he would not fail to forward her a parcel: her husband, too, would be deeply interested in looking through them. In glowing terms did Mr. Dukes dilate on the immense good of which this college was the focus, and detailed, as he paid his respects to the sherry, sundry instances, under the influence of his native teachers, of idols abandoned, caste given up by Brahmins, and widows wisely marrying again instead of burning themselves. Indeed, the collection of funds for the enlargement of this noble institution formed the main purpose of his present visit to England, and “I regret, madam,” cried our philanthropist, with peculiar emphasis, “missing my friend Frank Page, almost less on the score of old friendship than because I am sure he would have helped us. I know his generous heart of old, and that a five-pound note would have been at the service of this good cause.”

A curious eye, like that of a magpie, had Mr

Dukes, and Eliza felt it fixed full upon her as he finished his sentence. She took out her watch. “Mr. Page will certainly be back in two hours at the latest, and if you stay—”

“Stay, madam,” echoed Mr. Dukes, rising, and looking also at his watch; “why, your very words remind me that I have not a moment to lose. A post-chaise was to be waiting for me at the inn by four, and now it's half-past, I declare!”

“Oh, but Frank will be so vexed and disappointed,” began the lady.

“I am not on my own business, madam.” The tones were those of gentle reproach. “I am pledged to meet a committee of noblemen and influential gentlemen this very evening on the great work we have in hand, and all personal feelings must give way. Consider, madam, the welfare, the highest welfare of thousands;” and the stranger cast one magpie eye on the ceiling, while he reconnoitred the ingenious face opposite him with the other. Then came a direct appeal in words: “And, madam, I ask you as a wife and mother, to give a trifle towards the rescue. One single guinea, what will not that do? Think! you may be the means of saving an infant from the Ganges, a widow from the funeral pile!”

Good, gentle Mrs. Page! the fervour of the visitor's words and action, as he stood with his hands clasped before her, fairly melted her heart. One minute she hesitated. To such a great man, in India, a guinea might seem a trifle, but it was none to her; and never before had she given away so large a sum without her husband's consent. Still, how dreadful to think of those poor babies and the widows! Frank could never blame her. Why, as Mr. Dukes said, he would have given five-times as much had he been at home. She felt for her purse; it was upstairs, left in the pocket of the begrimed dress. Upstairs accordingly Eliza went, came running down with her sovereign and shilling, and slipped the same into Mr. Dukes' hand. That gentleman invoked a blessing on the donor, left affectionate messages for the dear friend of his youth, and hurried away from the house.

It is difficult to say to what law of human nature the fact may be referred, but who of us does not feel a little elated after drawing his or her purse-strings for charity? We feel an inch taller or so to ourselves; a fine glow of benevolence sends the blood quicker through our veins; the generous action appears like an epitome of all the fine things which have been written on the glory and greatness of giving, from Solomon to Shakespeare. Then, afterwards—will not your experience bear out mine, oh! my free-handed friend?—comes the corresponding re-action, when the splendid deed takes a sober, nay, a dingy colouring from the eye, which begins to see pretty plainly that a larger hole has been made in our finances than circumstances would justify. First, we doubt the transaction; then we utterly condemn; till it comes to pass that the same individual who was in his own eyes

nothing short of the Man of Ross one half-hour, shall before the next has passed appear to himself precisely that personage between whom and his money a separation both speedy and proverbial takes place. Through all these several grades of feeling did Mrs. Page pass, as she sat after Mr. Dukes' departure, balancing her lightened purse upon her fore-finger, counting all the things which that one-pound-one would have bought the children, and quite angry with herself that she had not met the stranger's appeal by replying that, as wife and mother of a large family, it behoved her to keep her guinea for their wants. And here was her time gone, too, as well as her money; no writing to-day, that was plain. So once more pen-and-paper were locked up, and Eliza bustled about the house, to give things an air of comfort before Frank should return.

By half-past six husband and wife were sitting down to a snug little dinner in the library. He had come back tired, hungry, and disinclined for talk, so Eliza made him laugh over her comical description of Jerry's feat of fire-arms, and kept the episode of Mr. Dukes' visit for after-dinner discussion. At last the things were cleared, and the wine and ripe cherries placed upon the table. As pleasant-looking a man as you might see was Frank Page, and, now, after dinner, he looked at his brightest, when, throwing himself back in his chair, he held up his wine to the light, and said with that hearty home-smile of his:

"Now, Lizzie, what other great piece of news have you got in your budget?"

"Lizzie" felt an unaccountable reluctance to tell her news, but clearing her throat, she began, and gave the whole story of Henry Clifton Dukes, Esq. At first Mr. Page had looked amused, then perplexed; then he fidgetted in his chair, and his wife saw an expression in his face which made her stop; but he only took another cherry, and said quietly, "Go on, my love; let me hear the whole." And the whole he did hear without further interruption—the history of the college at Raskillfellah, the noblemen and gentlemen who were expecting Mr. Dukes, the affectionate messages to himself, and—the guinea.

"Did I do quite right? You are not angry with me, Frank?" Eliza asked, as she finished her narrative, with a timid little kiss on the conjugal forehead, which, to tell the truth, showed somewhat stormy.

Mr. Page's first word might have been a rather strong one; but he glanced at the blue eyes fixed wistfully on his, with the tears in them, and could not say it.

"No, my dear," he said slowly, "I am not angry with you. My wife is as innocent as her babies, that's all. Only Lizzie," he pinched her ear—"if any other school-fellow of mine with a concern for the conversion of India, you know, makes his appearance, please refer the gentleman to me, and if I'm not in the way send for the police. We have a large family, my love, and not too many guineas, Heaven knows—not any to throw away on a swindler."

"Police! swindler! Frank," echoed Mrs.

Page. "Why, he was the son of a respectable solicitor: I've heard the name from you scores of times, and he knew all about the house, and the great elms in the avenue that were blown down, and the family pictures—and——"

"And a great deal besides, no doubt, which he had somehow contrived to pick up. Old Dukes the lawyer never had a son, and this fellow trusted to your not knowing that. From your description, I must have met him this morning, as I rode out of the town. I remember thinking he looked like a strolling-player. Well, he comes straight on here; hears from the servant that I shouldn't be home till six; and so has plenty of time to palm-off his story upon you, and make off with your guinea. Come! don't take it so to heart, Lizzie," for she was crying on his shoulder: "now the thing can't be helped, and we'll take it as a joke against you, that's all."

While Mr. Page was speaking in this good-natured fashion, his eyes were looking sharply about the library; presently he started up: "Confound the rascal! this is really no joke," he called out; "surely, you never left the fellow alone in this room!"

"Leave him? No—I don't think—ah! yes, just while I went for my purse," sobbed Eliza.

"I thought as much; now just look there!" exclaimed her husband, pointing to a corner table, where the library ink-stand was not—a handsome silver inkstand, which had been a wedding present from his mother, and prized accordingly. Poor Eliza, this fresh discovery threw her into deep distress, which Frank was far too kind to heighten by one word of reproach. Of course the police were sent for, and then a detective came, who smiled over the story of school-friendship and the suitcases.

Mr. Dukes, he opined, was an old hand, and having had the advantage of some hours' start, would, he now said, not be "a likely bird to get caught." His prediction was verified, for neither the philanthropist nor the inkstand was ever heard of again, in spite of active search made after them.

So this was the end of Mrs. Page's whole day of leisure. No wonder this unpleasant adventure so completely disheartened our amateur authoress that the "Life-history" has been at a dead-lock through all the twenty years which have flown between that day and this. The young feet that went altogether to that midsummer merry-making have found widely-scattered paths: One boy and a girl rest with their father in the churchyard by the sea; brothers and sisters are all settled away from the old home; Jane is the wife of a judge, in India; and Annie sends delightful long letters about her children to grandmamma from the Cape; and baby Charley? no fund was ever wanted for his college expenses: he made one of the six hundred who dashed down the valley at Balaclava—one of the riders who rode back no more. Somehow it seems part of the strange irony of life that through all the changes of thirty years that faded fragment of a story has been fixed and

unaltered, where the family are just come to a new home, and the door-bell has rung, and the stranger stands on the threshold. But the Life-history, after all, is it really unwritten? Looking in my old friend's quiet face, shaded by the grey hair, methinks I find it all before me, written in the sorrowful lines about the mouth, in the furrows on the brow, in those painful folds care has set between the temples, in every token of anguish overlined which has passed into present sympathy for all human suffering, in the smile like the twilight of happy memories, in the hope reflected from a better, brighter dawn. Yes, there the history stands, carved

out by that invisible, insculpable finger of Time, which shapes so surely the countenances of every human being into an epitome, so to speak, of the life-drama belonging to it. Always faithful in the record; but whether, as here, it shall be one on which the eye dwells gladly, teems with the individual alone. A grave thought this for us all, my reader, and not less true than grave, that, day by day, every thought, word, and action adds its own line to this history; that in such wise you, I, all living men, must carry with us everywhere "The story of our lives from year to year."

C. M. W.

THE GARDENS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

Long before man had learnt the art of cultivating the fields he possessed a garden, a magnificent one, of which God himself had designed the harmonious arrangement. Who can describe the beauty of Eden? Milton has tried:—

It was a place

Chosen by the Sovran Planter, when he framed
All things to man's delightful use: the roof,
The thickest covert, was inwoven shade:
Laurel, and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of form and fragrant leaf. On either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall, each beauteous flower:
Iris all hues, roses and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and
wrought

Mosses; underfoot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich lalay
Brodered the ground, more coloured than with
stone

Of costliest emblem. In shadier bowers
More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph
Nor Faunus haunted.

This is a charming description. The bible more briefly says, "The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed, and out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil."

Doubtless man preserved the remembrance of this delightful garden, and tried to imitate it by creating around his abode a place of freshness and rest. The most ancient authors describe gardens, the simplicity of which breathes of an early age. Ulysses, in whose wanderings we have the most exquisite picture of the manners of the time, finds his father Laertes working in a garden. Ulysses and Laertes were, in the language of Homer, princes; in ours, chiefs of a tribe—powerful men; yet the bit of ground

consecrated to their pleasures is only planted with fruit trees and rustic plants.

"O, old man," says Ulysses, "I admire your art and your care: everything prospers as you could wish—the fig, the pear, the vine, the olive; there is no spot of ground no plant without careful culture."

The garden of the powerful Alcinoüs is but a simple orchard embellished with fountains. "There," says Homer, "every kind of tree raised its branches to heaven. There were seen the pear, the orange, the apple, charm of the eye and of the scent; the luscious fig, the evergreen olive. These trees in summer and winter were ever loaded with fruits; whilst some budded, others ripened under the breath of Zephyr. Two fountains poured forth their waters—one over the garden; the other ran in channels to the threshold of the court, and emptied itself into a large basin before the palace. . . . Thus the gods embellished the dwelling of Alcinoüs."

The hanging gardens of Babylon were among the seven wonders of the world, and seem to have consisted of terraces in the form of steps—something like the Isola Bella on Lake Maggiore in Italy; so that in the distance they appeared to be an immense pyramid of trees. The view from the top embraced the whole city and the windings of the river Euphrates. The groves contained fountains, flower-beds, seats, and banqueting rooms; all which were laid out by Nebuchadnezzar as a compliment to his Median queen, who could not be reconciled to the flat appearance of Babylon, but regretted the hills and varied forests she had formerly delighted in, with all the charms they presented to her youthful imagination. Sixteen centuries later this sumptuous work excited the admiration of Alexander on his entrance into that city.

Virgil paints the Augustan gardens for us. The narcissus hastening to open its beauties, the rose its brilliant chalice, the winding cucumber, the evergreen parsley, and the pale chloocy.

"I will twine the ivy and acanthus round my bower, and with the amorous myrtle I will shade my fountains." Some years later the gardens and villas of the Roman patricians so covered the land of Italy, that the people got all their wheat from Sicily and Affica. Pliny has left us a long description of the gardens of his time. "There is a parterre before the house, in which different figures are traced with box: beyond is a grassplot a little raised, around which the box represents different animals looking at each other. Lower still the ground is covered with acanthus, so soft under foot, that it can scarcely be felt. This is surrounded by trees, which, pressed one against the other and properly pruned, form a pallade; near this is a winding avenue, where may be seen box cut in different shapes, and trees kept stunted; on the other side lies a meadow, which does not please less from its natural beauty than the things of which I have spoken by what they borrow from art." In another place he describes beds of roses, with the inevitable box border; meadows, in which the box is cut in the form of letters composing the name of the proprietor, with a pyramid and an apple-tree alternately, and at the end of the meadow a marble couch, shaded with a vine trellis: the water flowed from beneath this couch, spreading over all the garden. Statues were very general, and grottoes covered with comic paintings, and mock sea fights constituted the great amusement of some patricians.

It happened to be the fate of gardening, as of dress, furniture, and cookery, that after the conquest of the barbarians they fell back into their primitive simplicity. All the arts, degenerated by abuse, were lost, and had to begin afresh. The Merovingian and Carolingian races had houses and fields, but they were only very productive farms; the orchards planted with apple and chestnut trees gave an agreeable promenade to the kings and nobles. The kitchen garden, from which Charlemagne sold the products, was poorly supplied; the flower garden still worse: in it were none but those flowers which in the climate of France grow without cultivation—the violet, eglantine, lily, and bachelor's button.

The introduction of the Christian religion was by no means favourable at first to the cultivation of flowers. Tertullian and Clement inveighed against their use with all their eloquence; and the rites of religion were carried on in gloomy vaults, without any of the gay accessories which the Roman Catholics now practise, of enriched altars decorated with flowers. They were probably never quite laid aside as female ornaments, and the white lily was soon in great demand, being peculiarly the emblem of the Virgin in her purity. The typha was much used when in seed, to put in the hands of the statues of Christ: it was supposed to be the reed with which the soldiers handed him a sponge of vinegar.

The crusaders furnished to the lady châtelain some new flowers, wherewith to adorn the narrow borders which were laid out within the strong castle walls. The Star of Bethlem, the Provence rose, the hyacinth, tulip, narcissus, and tuberosé,

came to us from the East. Yet these were by no means common, even in the gardens of the great. The medicinal plants were much more cultivated and more highly-prized, the juices of which, when distilled, entered into the composition of unguents and drinks, which the ladies made and offered with their own hands to the sick and wounded in their barony. So long as the country was insecure, and the towns liable to frequent insurrections or invasions, the peaceable art of gardening made no progress. The places where the barons and knights sought their recreation were the forests, valleys, and plains, where they hunted the stag and the wild boar, whilst the lower classes looked at Nature only through its useful side, delighting in fruitful fields, fat pasturage for their flocks, and loaded vines.

The good King René, such a lover of tasteful enjoyments, the friend of troubadours and courts of love, is mentioned among the earliest who took up gardening as an occupation: he transformed an arid rock into a lovely parterre near to Angers, and introduced into the province of Anjou the rose and the pink, as well as many other horticultural rarities. When the unmerited misfortunes which rendered his life bitter had forced him to seek an asylum in Provence, he built a château near Aix, the terraces of which, arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, became the most beautiful garden in France. There he joined to his aviaries of rare birds the most precious flowers; whilst the more useful mulberry, sugar cane, and shoots of the muscatel grape, which afterwards become the great source of riches to Provence, were naturalized by his care: streams of water descended from terrace to terrace in cascades, watering the flowers, and flowed into a large pond filled with fine fish. The good king had the greatest pleasure in this charming creation, but in those ages of war and tumult he found few imitators.

Charles the Fifth, after his abdication, arranged his retreat at the monastery of St. Just according to his own tastes, and the apartment to which his frequent attacks of the gout confined him opened on a spacious terrace adorned with odoriferous plants. There he desired the gardener to plant orange and lemon-trees; whilst the murmur of a fountain, the water of which descended from the summits of the snowy mountains, charmed his ear. The monastery garden was also under his direction, and there, in the midst of sweet herbs, were found immense orange-trees, whose branches reached the windows of the imperial residence, scenting the air with the sweet odour of their snowy blossoms.

Though the love of gardens and flowers is by no means general in Spain, yet the Arabs of that country were celebrated for their scientific culture of flowers, particularly in relation to the study of medicine and botany. Many of them travelled to their brethren in Asia, and brought home plants to Europe; and a considerable collection was formed at Seville early in the eleventh century. Half the common

plants of the country still retain names derived from the Arabic. The oldest garden in Spain is that of the Moorish palace of the Alcazar, near Seville, and said to be preserved in its original state—an interesting object as associated with the writings of eastern nations, especially the Song of Solomon, in which the descriptions agree well with this garden, for it is completely walled round and secluded from every eye. The walks are paved with marble, and the parterres laid out with evergreens and shaded with orange-trees. There are baths and fountains, and a contrivance for forcing the water over the walks through the joinings of the slabs. The Spanish Conquests in America led to the introduction of many plants, and the royal gardens at Madrid became the nursery for the products of Peru, Chili, and Mexico; whilst its fruits are more numerous than those of any other European country, the date, tamarind, and various species of the West Indies thriving well in its climate.

We find the elegant decoration of flowers in pots and boxes first used in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Orange-trees, pomegranates, oleanders, and myrtles adorned the gardens of the rich, and the steps of the altars, balconies, verandahs, halls, and staircases were considered incomplete without them, the Cardinal d'Este being the introducer of the fashion in Italy. All that came from thence was welcome to France during the period when the French kings so often chose their brides from among its princesses: thus the old parks of the royal chateaux brightened up; the dark alleys of octogenarian oaks gave place to porticoes, statues, terraces, avenues—rather architectural than picturesque, and in the style of the Renaissance. Most visitors to Paris know the gardens of Fontainebleau, which are in this style, and were laid out in the sixteenth century by Francis the First. They are a pretty specimen, and on a bright summer's day look gay with their lakes, fountains, and brilliant flower-borders; whilst the imagination peoples the scene with the gorgeous array of courtiers who crowded round the gallant monarch. The park of Ecouen, which belonged to the noble Montmorenci, was laid out at the same period, and Olivier de Serres, a celebrated man, designed that of Gabrielle d'Estrees, where he tried to naturalize the sugar-cane and mulberry. In the time of Louis the Thirteenth, Versailles was a miserable windmill; but, under the rule of his successor, this desert, marshy, flat spot of ground, "a favourite without merit," as a courtier boldly called it, assumed an enchanting appearance under Le Nôtre: and although its symmetry and right angles are not to our taste, and spoil the picturesque, we cannot deny that Versailles has an imposing beauty, with its high hedges of cut elms, its velvet turf, its avenues vanishing to the point of sight, its countless statues and matchless fountains reminding us of the grave dignity of Louis the Fourteenth. The gardens of Saint Cyr, in the same style, were imitated by the great

nobles, and in less proportions by the commoners, who had also their hedges, little basins, and clay statues. What Madame de Sevigné tells us of her garden at Les Rochers, shows that she also followed the fashion of Le Nôtre; and Racine has sung of the gardens of Port Royal, which were celebrated for the beauty of the fruit which the monks cultivated, and of which they offered the first fruits to Louis the Fourteenth—vain propitiation! for, at the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, he ruthlessly destroyed them, and dissolved the learned and holy community, whose great fault was a leaning to Protestantism.

Le Nôtre was probably the most celebrated gardener that ever lived; though, if he had been born under any other monarch than Louis the Fourteenth, he might never have been heard of: but the feeling for the fine arts had awoken in men's minds after its long slumber, and the nation wished to be dazzled and enchanted by novelty, pomp, and brilliancy. Yet there was nothing in his manner which had not been seen before in Italy; but the scale and sumptuous expense made it remarkable. England, Sweden, and all Europe adopted it at once, and it remained in vogue for a century, when the English style supplanted it with its romantic irregularity. Then it was that Marie Antoinette laid out the Petit Trianon with its *cottages ornées*, ruins, and lake, where she entertained her guests dressed as a shepherdess, and enjoyed herself more than at the stately entertainment of Versailles.

We find the French travellers collecting seeds, which they sent home to be naturalized and improved. Of some flowers double varieties were produced, and the colours and size of others advancing by degrees, they became an object of luxury, caprice and fashion giving incredible prices for some of these productions. The passion flower, discovered and named by the missionaries to South America, was well known in 1610. The crown-imperial is mentioned as rare at the same period. The varieties of tulips, ranunculus, and anemones exceeded those in 1800; and a Monsieur Morine had above ten thousand sorts of tulips alone, as Evelyn tells us, the taste for which has since given way to exotics, as more worthy of cultivation. At this period, too, they had all the fruits we now possess, excepting the pine-apple, and France excels all other countries in pears, plums, and peaches. There is no doubt, however, that Holland has always surpassed all other nations in the art of gardening, and that the taste existed among them before the Crusades. This may have arisen from the excessive richness of the soil, the liberty they have generally enjoyed, the wealth acquired by the commercial men, which enabled them to import foreign plants, and to indulge in country-houses and gardens. Another supposition is that it originated with their industry early in the twelfth century; the study of flowers being necessary as affording patterns for the ornamental linen and lace manufacturers, the Dukes of Burgundy encouraging it by collecting plants from the Le-

vant. Three centuries later we find the magistrates, learned men, and wealthy citizens, all uniting in advancing the science of horticulture. A ship never left the port, the captain of which was not desired to procure seeds and plants wherever he put into harbour; and the botanic garden at Leyden received presents of them from those who had gone to great expense in procuring the first specimens. Yet, after all their pains, the style in which their gardens are laid out does not please an English eye. They are covered with frivolous ornaments, and intersected with canals, which are often muddy, stagnant water, filling the air with unwholesome vapours; and they carry this taste to the East Indies, the Dutch settlement of Batavia is furnished with gardens and canals like those of Amsterdam. At the village of Broeck the ancient style is maintained in perfection. The larger divisions of the garden are made by tall thick hedges of beech, hornbeam, and oak; the lesser by yew and box. There are avenue walks, and berceau walks, with openings in the shape of windows at the sides. Verdant houses, rustic seats, canals, ponds, grottos, fountains, statues, and other devices: everything has its most exact counterpart: if there be a pond, statue, or clump of trees on one side, the same may with confidence be predicted of the other side; so that Pope's line of "Grove nods to grove," &c., is nowhere better exemplified.

In the botanic garden of Amsterdam was the first coffee-tree introduced into Europe: a seedling was sent to Paris in 1714; two seedlings from this plant were forwarded to Martinico in 1726, and from these were produced all the coffee-trees now cultivated in the French colonies. The florimaniasts have declined during the last century: we no longer hear of twenty thousand francs being given for a tulip—of a florist depriving himself of food, in order to increase the number and variety of his anemones; or passing entire days in admiring the colours of a ranunculus, the grandeur of a hyacinth, or trembling lest the breath of an over-curious admirer should hurt the bloom of an auricula. Hirschfield states that in the city of Alkmaar, in the year 1637, a hundred and twenty tulips, with their offsets, were publicly sold, for the benefit of the Orphan Hospital, for nine thousand florins; and one of those flowers—called "The Viceroy"—for four thousand two hundred florins—an enormous sum considering the value of money in those days, a florin being the representative of an English bushel of wheat. The ordinary price is now from one to eight shillings, a few yellow and white grounds rising to eight pounds. These are all denominated "florist's flowers," and the Dutch were the first to bring them to perfection. That exquisite flower, the hyacinth, which is a native of Asia Minor and the Levant, has been amazingly strengthened and produced in innumerable varieties. The tulip, a native of the same region, was introduced in 1559: it is by some supposed to be "the lily of the field," referred to by Christ; though others think the *Amaryllis lutea* was in-

tended. In Persia it is the emblem of perfect lovers. "When a young man presents one to his mistress, he gives her to understand, by the general colour of the flower, that his body is on fire with her beauty; and by the black base of it that his heart is burned to a coal." (Chardin.)

It is now time to turn to gardening in our own country, where it has always received much attention, though the climate is by no means so favourable to its success as that of some of the countries we have noticed; but to this very dampness we are indebted for one principal feature of beauty—that of our smooth turf lawns, which are the envy of every foreigner visiting England, and which they vainly attempt to imitate by the use of artificial irrigation.

In our own time a grass-plot at the Château d'Eu was turfed from Salisbury Plain. Chaucer frequently mentions the fresh English green, especially in "The Flower and the Leaf:"

And at the last a path a litle brede
I found, that greatly had not used be,
For it forgrowen was with grass and weede,
That well moveth a wrighte might it see,
Thought I this path some whider goth harde,
And so I followed till it me brought
To right a pleasant herber well ywrought,
That benched was, and with turfes newe
Freshly turved, whereof the grene gras,
So small, so thicke, so shorte, so fresh of hewe,
That most like unto grene wool wot I it was.
The hegge also that yede in compass,
And closed in all the grene herbere,
With sicamour was it set and eglantere.

Gray says, in his letters, "that our skill in gardening, or, rather, laying out grounds, is the only taste we can call our own—the only proof of original talent in matters of pleasure, which confers no small honour upon us, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it." We, no doubt, owe to the Romans our earliest ideas; Tacitus speaks of our climate being fit for all kinds of fruits and vegetables. And wine was made here in the third century, in the reign of the Emperor Probus. The monks afterwards became the great cultivators. Brethnod, the Abbot of Ely, in 1107, was celebrated for the excellent orchards and gardens he planted near that monastery; and some remains of the garden in the very ancient Abbey of Icolmkill, in the Hebrides, could be traced in the last century. That unfortunate monarch, King James the First, who was so many years detained prisoner in Windsor Castle, describes the royal garden there, in his poem of "The Quair:"

Now was there made, fast by the touris wall,
A garden faire, and in the corneris set
Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small,
Raiilt about, and so with treelis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyfe was none, walking there forbye
That might within scarce any wight espye.
So thicke the bewis and the leves grene
Bechudit all the alleyes that were there,
And myddle every herbere might be sene

The sharp grene, swete, jenever,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That as it seemt to a life without
 The bewis spred the herbere all about.

It is probable that the gardens of Nonsuch, which were laid out and planted by Henry the Eighth, were the best, in the old English style, to be seen in this country, and are much praised by both natives and foreigners. "There were groves ornamented with trellis-work, cabinets of verdure, and walks embowered with trees, with columns and pyramids of marble, two fountains that do spout water, the one round the other, like a pyramid, on which are perched all over small birds, that spout water out of their bills. The privy gardens were set round with six lilac-trees, which trees bear no fruit, but only a very pleasant smell." In this reign, Cardinal Wolsey laid out the gardens at Hampton Court, the labyrinth being still one of the best in England. Elizabeth was also a great encourager of gardening: Hatfield, the seat of Lord Treasurer Burleigh, and Holland House Gardens, were laid out during her reign.

The poet Mason tells us that "Bacon was the prophet, Milton the herald of modern gardening, and Addison, Pope, and Kent, the champions of true taste." The principles were unquestionably laid down by English writers. Pope attacked "the formal groves," and advised Kent to study Nature, "consult the works of painters, and learn the principles which guide them in their combinations of light and shade; group your trees, and connect your masses as they do." Nothing but the soil of Pope's lovely garden at Twickenham remains, where he carried out his principles into practice. "From the noonday heat he retreated to his grotto; sails gliding up and down the river cast a faint vanishing gleam through a sloping arcade of trees; and when the doors of the grotto were closed, the changeful scenery of woods, hills, and boats was reflected on the walls. At sunset the terrace tempted him abroad: it commanded the finest reach of the river. Opposite were Petersham Woods and the bright hill of Richmond, of which the Saxon name, Shene, or brilliancy, is so descriptive. Within was his charming flower-garden, an orangery, bowling-green, and vineyard."

Ham House, standing on the other side of the river, is a perfect model of the mansion of the last century, as Miss Mitford tells us, "with its dark shadowy front, its steps and terraces, its marble basins, and its deep silent court. The very flowers are old-fashioned: no American borders; no kalmias, or azaleas, or magnolias, or such heathen shrubs. No flimsy China roses, nothing new-fangled; none but flowers of the olden time, arranged in gay formal knots, staid and trim and regular, and without a leaf awry."

It was in the delicious pleasure-grounds of Sir Matthew Decker, on Richmond Green, that the pine-apple was first brought to perfection, though it was introduced from South America much earlier—in 1690. Evelyn mentions it, and

at Kensington there used to be a picture in which Rose, the gardener to Charles the Second, is presenting one, on his knees, to His Majesty. In the gardens of Sir Francis Carew, at Beddington, Surrey, we find the earliest orange-tree; the noble owner introduced it from Italy, in 1580. It is to Cardinal Pole we owe the fig-tree; while for our flowers from the last we are indebted for many to Tradescant, the gardener to James the First: thence came the ranunculus, for which Mahomet the Fourth had a passion, and, from the courts of the Seraglio, its rich flowers soon raised their heads in all the courts of Europe. The auricula was brought to our sheltered lawns from the snowy moor of the Swiss Alps, with the pretty primulas, which adorn our spring gardens. To China we owe the Camellia,

"Which boasts no fragrance and conceals no thorn;"

and the magnificent calla, or arum, in its pure white mantle, is an African contribution; from whence also comes the snow-white almond, an emblem of old age, and the choicest geraniums, though some species are indigenous to every quarter of the globe. The lobelia, with its bright scarlet blossoms, grows as a weed beside the ditches of North America; there also the cream-coloured magnolia waves its groves of perfume, and the clematis, with the curious and many-varied orchids, clasp the giant stems of the aged forests. The French-marigold is a Mexican plant, and the legend is, that the original flower was stained with the blood of the natives, whom the Spaniards so barbarously slaughtered. The common marigold was highly prized by the ancients, and dedicated to Venus, from whom it was transferred to the Virgin Mary, by the Roman Catholics. The missionaries of that faith introduced the Passion-flower from South America, and named its various parts after the symbols of the crucifixion. The dahlia, from the same quarter, did not reach us until 1789, when it appeared in the Botanic Garden at Madrid; but being unfortunately lost, Lady Holland procured some seeds, in 1804, and from these have arisen the extensive stock which are now so fashionable in France, Germany, and England, flowering as they do at a season when our gardens have but few ornaments.

The taste for florists' flowers in England came to us from Flanders, during the persecution so fiercely raging under the Duke of Alva's government; when the weavers brought them over, in 1567, as a memento of their beloved country. And the same thing occurred to Scotland, where they were introduced, in the seventeenth century, by the French refugees; who, flying at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled in the suburbs of Edinburgh, calling their home Picardy Row, and cultivating their lovely flowers under a colder sky. Norwich, Manchester, and Paisley have ever been foremost in these choice specimens; and it may be remarked that wherever silk, linen, or cotton manufactures are carried on by manual labour, the operatives possess

a taste for the culture of flowers. Theirs are the best cottage-gardens; or if a bit of ground cannot be afforded, a row of pots adorns the garret-window, where the carnation or auricula-blooms would make a king's gardener proud.

Let us not, in conclusion, forget the moral influence of a garden; for it is lively and lasting. Is there not a holy truth in the Angel's admonition to Esdras: "Go into a field of flowers, where no house is builded, and eat only the flowers of the field. Taste no flesh; drink no wine; but eat flowers only—and pray unto the Highest continually. Then will I come and talk with thee." Gray says: "Happy they who can create a rose or erect a honeysuckle!" And his song furnishes touching testimony to its truth. When Hough visited Sencroft, in Suffolk, he found him working in his garden. "Almost all you see," said the good old prelate, "is the work of my own hands, though I am bordering on eighty years of age. My old woman does the weeding, and John mows the turf and digs for me; but all the nicer work—the sowing, grafting, budding, transplanting, and the like—I trust to no other hand but my own; so long, at least, as my health will allow me to enjoy so pleasing an occupation—and, in good sooth, the fruits here taste more sweet, and the flowers have a richer perfume than they had at Lambeth." As Cowley (who writes to Evelyn about a garden) says:

Where do we finer strokes and colours see,
Of the Creator's real Poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the Book?
If we could open and extend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy,
E'en in a bush, the radiant Deity.

C. RUSSELL.

SONG OF THE BELL.

(Translated from the German).

BY MONTAGUE VERN.

Bell! thou pealest joyously,
When unto the bridal,
A company doth wend!
Bell! thou ringest mournfully,
O'er plains on Sabbath morn,
When labour is at end!

Bell! thou ringest cheerfully,
At quiet evening telling
That repose hath come!
Bell! thou tollest solemnly,
When the heart is silent,
And lips are white and dumb!

Speak! how grievest thou—
How art thou filled with gladness?

Thou art cold as stone!
Yet our deepest sorrows
And our sweetest joys
Are all thine own!

God hath many mysteries,
Comprehended never,
In thy figure cast!
When hope leaves the spirit,
Only He can lift it
Above the chilling blast!

MUSIC'S MEMORIES.

Music! it is a whispered breath,
From scenes long passed away,
A memory waked again from death,
A blossom from decay;

A distant echo from long years,
The voice of hours gone by:
Laden with early hopes and fears
Is youth's first melody.

A once familiar, once loved strain,
Upon its breath we glide,
Back to the haunted scenes again
And range thro' memories wide,

'Tis strange the power in music's tone
Delusive spells to cast,
To bring around a heart, when lone,
Bright visions of the past,

And forms we never shall behold
In this sad world again,
Are re-created as of old,
By each remembered strain,

And voices we no more shall hear,
Around us seem to float,
Borne like an echo to our ear
On each familiar note.

Ah! who can tell what feelings deep
Waft us on music's wings,
What hopes, what fears, does memory weep,
What by-past scenes she brings?

S. R.

How can a man gain self-knowledge? Never by mere thought, but through action. Only strive singly and earnestly to fulfil your duty, and at the same time you will become acquainted with your own powers.

THE CROKER CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITED BY T. F. DILLON CROKER.

"39, Jarvis-street, Dublin,
"June 1st, 1818.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been threatening ever since I came to write you a long letter, acknowledging your very kind and valuable communications: but you can easily imagine how the few days I am able to devote to my friends here must be occupied. As soon as I return to my cottage you shall hear from me; but I could not refrain from despatching these hurried lines to thank you, as I do most warmly, for the interest you have taken in our national work. You will see, in the preface to the seventh number, that I have acknowledged the value of your aid, both those you have given and those you have promised; and I hope you will allow me in the succeeding number to mention your name.—Yours, my dear sir, in very great haste,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I leave Ireland on Saturday."

The acknowledgment referred to in this letter appears appended to the advertisement prefixed to the seventh number of the "Irish Melodies."—"One gentleman in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task."

"Sloperton Cottage,
"Devizes, 2nd November, 1818.

"DEAR SIR,—I shall lose no time in paying my respects to you at Devizes, and hope to prevail upon you to give me the pleasure of your company at dinner to-morrow. When you come again I shall be able to offer you a bed also, for as long a time as you can do us the favour to stay: but just now, from Mrs. Moore's confinement, and the smallness of my cottage, I cannot treat you quite as hospitably as I could wish.

"In about an hour or so I shall be with you. I have sent some things by your messenger, in case a shower should make it necessary for me to change on my arrival.—Yours very faithfully,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"T. C. CROKER, Esq.,
"Castle Inn, Devizes."

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes,
"April 7th, 1819.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Moore is almost as much delighted with the cards as she was with your other present of the little "Tom" seal, for which, by-the-bye, she has now got a little Tom still more suited to it in size than even myself, and she means to have it hung about his neck to receive you in when you come to pay us your promised summer visit. I am most happy to hear that you mean to give such *éclat* to Power's stereotype edition of the 'Melodies,' and I only wish that there were more allusions to Irish scenery throughout the work, both for its own sake and for the opportunities it would afford your pencil. O'Donoghue will of course bring in the Lakes of Killarney; and if you know of any other legend connected with any particular scene, only let me know, and I will try and write up to your sketches. Indeed, I know nothing I should like much better than taking a sort of poetico-pictorial tour with you through Ireland, 'stealing and giving' immortality wherever we went! What say you to it some time or other?

"You see they are imputing all sorts of diabolical squibs to me in London, while I am here quietly and gravely, going over the politics of the last forty years with Sheridan, and thinking much more of Mr. Hastings and the Begums than of the Regent and his satellites. These scratches of mine remind me of your friend's beautiful writing, for which, as well as for the pretty poem it embellishes, pray give him my best thanks.

"Remember me kindly to Croker,* and believe me very truly yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

"Sloperton, February 5th, 1845.

"MY DEAR CROKER,—I know that in you I have always a well-wisher and friend, and I much regret that we see so little of each other. Who knows but we may tempt you to visit us here in the course of the next summer?

"Many thanks for your wish and offer to promote me. You must first tell me, however, whether the honour will cost me anything; for I am most poetically poor, and far more fit to be a pensioner on your fund than one of its officers. Pray mention, also, when your next anniversary takes place, as, if the time suits, and business will let me, I shall most probably attend.

* J. Wilson Croker.

"Don't forget the summer dream I have proposed to you above.—Yours very truly,
"THOMAS MOORE."

As one of the Registrars of the Royal Literary Fund, it was suggested to my father that he should propose Moore as a president of that corporation. This was done in a letter to Moore on the 29th of January, 1845, in which my father wrote as follows:—"As one of the Registrars of the Literary Fund—now, by the gracious act of the Queen, *the Royal Literary Fund*—it has been suggested that I should propose you at the proper time as a Vice-President of the corporation, which, if you will permit me to do, I shall feel much honoured and gratified. The reasons I may mention to you which have led to this suggestion are your liberal pecuniary support of the charity for a long series of years, your eloquent and powerful advocacy of its claims to public patronage at many anniversary meetings, and a belief that our noble President, the Marquis of Lansdowne, will not be displeased at a compliment which I have no doubt will be unanimously conferred upon one so eminently distinguished in the literature of England as yourself."

"*Chippenham, September 28th, 1845.*

"MY DEAR CROKER,—I send you a case for the Literary Fund, of whose claims you will be the best judge. I cannot say much for poor ———'s claims, but a small sum to his poor widow would not, I think, be mis-bestowed.

"Yours very truly,
"THOMAS MOORE."

"I had the pleasure of introducing your name—not, you may be sure, unfavourably—the other day, in a note on my plaguy history."

"*Chippenham, 29th October, 1845.*

"MY DEAR CROKER,—I enclose you a letter from the poor woman for whom I am at present a pleader, hoping that you will be more prompt and efficient in your efforts for her than I am ashamed to say I have been myself: but really, the load of applications which my notoriety brings upon me, begins to be at least as onerous as it may be honourable. Do the best you can for the poor woman, and believe me yours very truly,

"T. MOORE."

THE LAST PARTING.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

Six smiling summers have come and have flown
Since I first sat by your fireside, my own;
Three smiling babes in my arms have been,
Though our first one now sleeps in his wee bed of green.

Death's icy fingers took him from my heart—
Darling! how hard it was from him to part!
Lonely and cold felt this desolate breast,
Which his dimpled fingers so often had pressed;
Silent and strange did our home seem to be
When hushed was for ever our babe's merry glee.

On his empty cradle how sad 'twas to look!
Kneeling beside it your strong frame has shook—
Shook with an anguish, repressed for my sake,
As in low tones you whispered "God gave: let him take!"

Grudge him not to me new, mine from his birth;
He will console me for those left on earth;
For though Spring's welcome breezes blow freshly
and free,
Husband! no Summer will e'er come for me!

Long ere its golden clouds float on the aky,
Deep in our baby's bed cold I shall lie!
Hush! hush! my dear love; too fast my heart
throbs!

Yes, clasp me closely; but hush those thick sobs!
After my God, love, my strength lay in you;
My heart raised by your heart, so manly and true,
Leaning on you have I been my life long;
Strange you are weak now, while I feel so strong—
Strong in my fond wish to soften your grief—
Strong though I know that my stay must be brief

Yet ever remember, when grief shall be vain,
Never have you caused me sorrow or pain.
I have been wayward, capricious, unkind;
You to my faults have been lovingly blind.
Ah! for each cloud I have brought on that brow,
Parting for aye on earth, pardon me now—
Pardon, and think of me only with love;
Think how I loved you all others above.

But to our dear little ones *this* pang is keen;
Soon I shall be as though I ne'er had been.
The chill hands of strangers my darlings must
tend,

While you toiling for them, the weary days spend;
But oh! when at evening around you they cling,
Back to their young hearts my memory bring;
And when in their sweet eyes a child's tears you see
Soothe them, love, fondly, and kiss them for me!

Take them, in summer, to kneel by the sod,
Where their wee baby-brother and I sleep in God;
Tell them of heaven, His high, holy place,
Where yet we may all hope to meet "face to face;"
And should another my place with you fill,
Love her children well, dear, but mine better still!

Think of the young hopes together we nursed,
Hers is the second place—mine was the first.
Lay me back, darling; I am fast going now,
Your hand clasping my hand, your kiss on my
brow!

I parted our babies to-night, ere they slept;
The last tears I ever shall weep I have wept;
Husband and children now fade from my sight,
Lord, let eternal day dawn from this night!

THE CHANGES OF NATURE.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

Change is the soul of nature. Stars appear and disappear, and new ones come in their stead. The day gives its place to the night, and the night to the day. The moon is ever changing her aspect as she moves round the earth. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter follow each other in succession, and with this gradual change of the seasons the earth is continually changing its plant-covering. Nature is ever moving onward, and mutability marks all these forward movements. The vegetable and animal worlds are ever adapting themselves to the ever-varying conditions of heat, light, and moisture, which mark the days and years of the earth's pilgrimage. One flower, for example, is seen to open as soon as the first rays of morning tremble on the horizon, another in the morning sun, a third at midday, a fourth in the evening, and a fifth at midnight. The animal world, too, strikes, as it were, the hours. Scarcely do the dew-drops glitter in the beams of the advancing sun, than the earth-worms come to the surface to enjoy themselves, the birds commence their song, the sun rises higher, and the woods reverberate with their ever-varied melodies. But the sun sinks in the west, and night hides from our view the glory and beauty of nature; and the nightingale warbles, the owl screams, the bat flies abroad, and an innumerable variety of beautiful moths sport themselves in the gloom. So appear and disappear successive generations of plants, animals, and men.

We have felt for many years interested in the plant world—that beautiful and ever-variegated carpet with which nature has overspread the earth, and which is ever changing its character as the seasons roll on.

It has been well said, that an inhabitant of the temperate zones is carried, by the annual revolution of the earth around the sun, through all the different zones on the earth's surface, or makes a complete journey round the world. For there is a correspondence between the temperature of the four seasons and that of the zones which girdle the earth from the equator to the poles, both originating from the same cause, the inclined position of the earth's axis with reference to the sun, and the ever-varying angular incidence of the solar rays. In winter we are carried into the cold, and in summer into the hot zone; hence, as we approach the former season, the more northern are the plants which decorate our woods, fields, swamps, mountains, and valleys; and as we near the latter season, the more southern they become. The changes of the flora in any given locality can only be intelligently understood by an acquaintance with Botanical Geography, and a reference to the flora of the adjacent zones. Whilst, therefore, the arctic and tropical zones corre-

spond to winter and summer, the temperate zone may be truly regarded as representing autumn and spring. Therefore, those who wish to obtain a correct view of the seasons must no longer think of them as they occur separately, at different periods of the year, in the place where they are living, but they must think of them on the same line of longitude, stretching from pole to pole, where all their phenomena are every moment enacted.

On a meridian extending over the polar, temperate, and equatorial zones, there is falling everyday of the year, here the snow-flakes of winter, there the leaves of autumn; here it is spring, and the landscape is just bursting into beauty and bloom; there it is summer, and the country is resplendent with flowers and ripening fruits. Such is the aspect of the land; now for the ocean scene. In the neighbourhood of the equator, its surface is either calm and without a ripple, reflecting the burning rays of the tropical sun, or tossed into mountain waves beneath the blast of the tropical hurricane. As we look along that surface, we see in the temperate zones the ships of all nations veering to the breeze, until at length we approach the arctic circle, where the bright light of the sun fades gradually into twilight and darkness, and the snows are descending from the winter's sky, and the icebergs are floating in the polar seas. As we near the pole the intensity of the cold increases, the drifting ice is united into a continuous mass, and all further progress of vessels is totally prevented. How great the change in the ocean scene at the poles and the equator! Here a polar storm is covering its waveless surface with snow-drifts; there a tropical hurricane, with its usual accompaniments of thunder, lightning, and deluges of rain, is causing its waves to run mountains high, angry, infuriated, and foaming.

In nothing is the grandeur and simplicity of the laws of nature so apparent as in the phenomena of the seasons, and the causes which produce them. All the changes in the physical aspects of nature, daily and yearly, on land and sea, from pole to pole; all the rich variety of vegetable and animal life, spread through every clime, can be traced to two simple motions of our planet—the diurnal on its axis, and the annual about the sun, also to the inclined position of its poles, as it rolls along in its orbit, by means of which they are alternately exposed to the solar rays, and then deprived of their influence. By so simple a cause as this have these sublime results been produced.

As our planet moves on in ever-recurring cycles about the sun, so with all the physical changes which occur within the limits of its atmosphere, so also with the life on its surface. By this angular inclination of the earth's axis

the light and heat of the sun—the grand source of all life and organization—are made to oscillate between its poles, and organic nature continually changes, moving onward in the same ever-recurring cycles of decay and renovation. These changes have been going on through the eternity that is passed. Whither do they tend? Can mortal man answer the question? Never! But enough is known about them to inspire confidence. The Author of Nature has not left beings whom he has so richly endowed with sensibility and intelligence to doubt the wisdom of his arrangements.

But first we must lay down a principle which every student of Nature will at once admit to be a sound one. It is this: great and little are but relative terms—distinctions made by finite and imperfect minds. Sir John Herschel, in his Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, says, page 173:

“The student who makes any progress in the study of natural philosophy will encounter numberless cases in which this transfer of ideas from one extreme of magnitude to the other is called for. He will find, for instance, the phenomena of the propagation of winds referred to the same laws which regulate the propagation of motion through the smallest masses of air; those of lightning assimilated to the mere communication of an electric spark, and those of earthquakes to the vibrations of a stretched wire. In short, he must lay his account to finding the distinctions of great and little altogether annihilated in nature.”

Assuming this principle, let us proceed from the known to the unknown, the only way in which an enquiry of this kind can be conducted so as to arrive at satisfactory and legitimate results. We know that the leaf falls from the tree, and the flower dies and disappears from the landscape, when the purposes of their creation have been fulfilled, because the natural history of both is within our grasp, and we can see the beginning and end of their life-changes. And it is doubtless the same with planets and their illuminating suns; each has its allotted labours to perform, and its place assigned in the organism of the universe. These bright flowers of the heavens are doubtless subject to the same laws of change as the flowers of the earth, for their duration, when compared with eternity, is just as fleeting.

A flower is a beautiful world in itself. It is formed from the matter of the earth and atmosphere which is attracted about a seed, and every atom in its organism moves to its appointed place, in accordance with the operation of immutable and irresistible laws. There is no chance-work in its construction.

The same principle applies to this world, which is as much an organism as any flower that adorns its surface. Leaves, flowers, trees, and the animals which feed upon them, including man himself, what are these but living atoms

united in inseparable bonds? The union of all the parts of living nature, how little understood by naturalists! Yet that such a union exists, as admirable as the union of cells in the organism of leaf or flower, seems to be indicated by all that we know of natural history. And the parts of Nature that are near are united with those that are the most remote. The leaf, for example, has infinite connections not only with the tree, which it helps to build, with the atmosphere which it oxygenates, with the rain-drop which it absorbs and decomposes, but with the distant sun, to which it owes its verdure. And that sun has other connections which extend through the universe *ad infinitum*. So that not only the world, but the universe itself may be called an organism.

If therefore there is plan and system in leaf or flower, so there is in the movements of planet and sun, and the conclusion is irresistible that all these onward changes of Nature are well and wisely ordered. We know that the parts of trees and leaves are put together with matchless skill and beauty, and it is the same with the parts of the organism of the world and also of the organism of the universe. Surely this ascent of thought from leaf and flower to planet and its illuminating star is not inconsistent with the simplicity and grandeur of Nature's laws.

All the researches of science tend to show that matter has always been subject to law. There is not now, and probably never was, a chaos or state of things in which the atoms of material bodies were heterogeneously disposed. It is not impossible for the matter of our earth to have existed in some other form, before it was attracted about the earth's centre; and when like one of the beautiful trees and flowers on its surface it shall have answered the purposes of its creation, may it not disappear like them from the universe? But may not its matter still be in existence, and reappear again in some other form, to beautify the heavens and go through another grand cycle of change?

It is thus that the study of Nature leads the mind inevitably to just, worthy, and confiding views of the Creator, and makes us feel that our lot in life, whatever it may be, has been wisely ordered, and that ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

“Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all that we behold
Is full of blessings.”

WORDSWORTH.

METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

If I succeeded in explaining my subject clearly in the last article, my readers will have seen that the five Orders of the Echinoderms are but five expressions of the same idea; and I will now endeavour to show that the same identity of structural conception prevails also throughout the two other Classes of Radiates, and further, that not only the Orders within each Class, but the three Classes themselves, Echinoderms, Aculephs, and Polyps, bear the strictest comparison, founded upon close structural analysis, and are based upon one organic formula.

We will first compare the three Orders of Aculephs, Hydroids being the lowest, Discophoræ next, and the Ctenophoræ highest. The fact that these animals have no popular names shows how little they are known. It is true that we hear some of them spoken of as Jelly-Fishes; but this name is usually applied to the larger Discophore, when it is thrown upon the beach and lies a shapeless mass of gelatinous substance on the sand, or is seen floating on the surface of the water. The name gives no idea of the animal as it exists in full life and activity. When we speak of a Bird or an Insect, the mere name calls up at once a characteristic image of the thing; but the name of Jelly-Fish, or Sun-Fish, or Sea-Blubber, as the larger Aculephs are also called, suggests to most persons a vague idea of a fish with a gelatinous body—or, if they have lived near the sea-shore, they associate it only with the unsightly masses of jelly-like substance sometimes strewn in thousands along the beaches after a storm. To very few does the term recall either the large Discophore, with its purple disk and its long streamers floating perhaps twenty or thirty feet behind it as it swims—or the Ctenophore, with its more delicate, transparent structure, and almost invisible fringes in parallel rows upon the body, which decompose the rays of light as the creature moves through the water, so that hues of ruby-red and emerald-green, blue, purple, yellow—all the colours of the rainbow—ripple constantly over its surface when it is in motion; or the Hydroid, with its little shrub-like communities living in tide-pools, establishing themselves on rocks, shells, or sea-weeds, and giving birth not only to animals attached to submarine bodies, like themselves, but also to free Medusæ or Jelly-Fishes that in their turn give birth again to eggs which return to the parent-form, and thus, by alternate generations, maintain two distinct patterns of animal life within one cycle of growth.

Perhaps, of all the three Classes of Radiates, Aculephs are the least known. The general interest in Corals has called attention to the Polyps, and the accessible haunts of the Sea-Urchins and Star-Fishes have made the Echino-

derms almost as familiar to the ordinary observer as the common sea-shells,* while the Aculephs are usually to be found at a greater distance from the shore, and are not easily kept in confinement. It is true that the Hydroids live along the shore, and may be reared in tanks without difficulty; but they are small, and would be often taken for sea-weeds by those ignorant of their true structure.

Thus this group of animals, with all their beauty of form, colour, and movement, and peculiarly interesting from their singular modes of growth, remains comparatively unknown except to the professional naturalist. It may, therefore, be not uninteresting or useless to my readers, if I give some account of the appearance and habits of these animals, keeping in view, at the same time, my ultimate object, namely, to show that they are all founded on the same structural elements and have the same ideal significance. I will begin with some account of the Hydroids, including the story of the alternate generations, by which they give birth to Medusæ, while the Medusæ, in their turn, reproduce the Hydroids, from which they spring. But first, a few words upon the growth of Radiates in general.

There is no more interesting series of transformations than that of the development of Radiates. They are all born as little transparent globular bodies, covered with vibratile cilia, swimming about in this condition for a longer or shorter time; then, tapering somewhat at one end and broadening at the other, they become attached by the narrower extremity, while at the opposite one a depression takes place, deepening in the centre till it becomes an aperture, and extending its margin to form the tentacles. All Radiates pass through this Polyp-like condition at some period of their lives, either before or after they are hatched from the eggs. In some it forms a marked period of their existence, while in others it passes very rapidly and is undergone within the egg; but, at whatever time and under whatever conditions it occurs, it forms a necessary part of their development, and shows that all these animals have one and the same pattern of growth. This difference in the relative importance and duration of certain phases of growth is by no means peculiar to the Radiates, but occurs in all divisions of the Animal Kingdom. There are many Insects that pass through their metamorphoses within the egg, appearing as complete Insects at the moment of their birth; but the series of changes is nevertheless analogous to that of the Butterfly, whose existence as Worm, Chrysalis, and Winged Insect is so well known to all. Take the Grasshopper, for instance: with the exception of the wings, it is born in its mature form; but it has had its Worm-like stage within the egg as much as the

Butterfly that we knew a few months ago as a Caterpillar. In the same way certain of the higher Radiates undergo all their transformations, from the Polyp phase of growth to that of Acaleph or Echinoderm, after birth; while others pass rapidly through the lower phases of their existence within the egg, and are born in their final condition, when all their intermediate changes have been completed. We have appropriate names for all the aspects of life in the Insect: we call it Larva in its first or Worm-like period, Chrysalis in its second or Crustacean-like phase of life, and Imago in its third and last condition as Winged Insect. But the metamorphoses of the Radiates are too little known to be characterized by popular names; and when they were first traced, the relation between their different phases of existence was not understood, so that the same animal in different stages of growth has frequently been described as two or more distinct animals. This has led to a confusion in our nomenclature much to be regretted; for, however inappropriate it may be, a name once accepted and passed into general use is not easily changed.

That early stage of growth, common to all Radiates, in which they resemble the Polype, has been called the Hydra state, in consequence of their resemblance to the fresh-water Hydra to be found in quantities on the under-side of Duck-Weed and Lily-pads. For anyone that cares to examine these animals, it may be well to mention that they are easily found and thrive well in confinement. Dip a pitcher into any pool of fresh water where Duck-Weed or Lilies are growing in the summer, and you are sure to bring up hundreds of these fresh-water Hydræ, swarming in myriads in all our ponds. In a glass bowl their motions are easily watched; and a great deal may be learned of their habits and mode of life, with little trouble. Such an animal soon completes its growth: for the stage which I have spoken of as transient for the higher Radiates is permanent for these; and when the little sphere moving about by means of its vibratile cilia has elongated a little, attached itself by the lower end to some surface, while the inversion of the upper end has formed the mouth and digestive cavity, and the expansion of its margin has made the tentacles, the very simple story of the fresh-water Hydra is told. But the last page in the development of these lower Radiates is but the opening chapter in that of the higher ones, and I will give some account of their transformations as they have been observed in the Acalephs.

On shells and stones, on sea-weeds or on floating logs, there may often be observed a growth of exquisitely delicate branches, looking at first sight more like a small bunch of moss than anything else. But gather such a mossy tuft and place it in a glass bowl filled with sea-water, and you will presently find that it is full of life and activity. Every branch of this miniature shrub terminates in a little club-shaped head, upon which are scattered a number of tentacles. They are in constant motion, extend-

ing and contracting their tentacles, some of the heads stretched upwards, others bent downwards, all seeming very busy and active. Each tentacle has a globular tip filled with a multitude of cells, the so-called lasso-cells, each one of which conceals a coiled-up thread. These organs serve to seize the prey, shooting out their long threads, thus entangling the victim in a net more delicate than the finest spider's web, and then carrying it to the mouth by the aid of the lower part of the tentacle. The complication of structure in these animals, a whole community of which, numbering from twenty to thirty individuals, is not more than an inch in height, is truly wonderful. In such a community the different animals are hardly larger than a good-sized pin's head; and yet every individual has a digestive cavity and a complete system of circulation. Its body consists of a cavity inclosed in a double wall, continuing along the whole length of each branch till it joins the common stem forming the base of the stock. In this cavity the food becomes softened and liquefied by the water that enters with it through the mouth, and is thus transformed into a circulating fluid which flows from each head to the very base of the community and back again. The inner surface of the digestive cavity is lined with brownish-red granules, which probably aid in the process of digestion; they frequently become loosened, fall into the circulating fluid, and may be seen borne along the stream as it passes up and down. The rosy tint of the little community is due to these reddish granules.

This crowd of beings united in a common life began as one such little Hydra-like animal as I have described—floating free at first, then becoming attached, and growing into a populous stock by putting out buds at different heights along the length of the stem. The formation of such a bud is very simple, produced by the folding outwardly of the double wall of the body, appearing first as a slight projection of the stem sideways, which elongates gradually, putting out tentacles as it grows longer, while at the upper end an aperture is formed to make the mouth. This is one of the lower group of Radiates, known as Hydroids, and long believed to be Polyps, from their mode of living in communities and reproducing their kind by budding, after the fashion of Corals. But if such a little tuft of Hydroids has been gathered in spring, a close observer may have an opportunity of watching the growth of another kind of individual from it, which would seem to show its alliance with the Acalephs rather than the Polype. At any time late in February or early in March, bulb-like projections, more globular than the somewhat elongated buds of the true Hydroid heads, may be seen growing either among the tentacles of one of these little animals, or just below the head where it merges in the stem. Very delicate and transparent in substance, it is hardly perceptible at first; and the gradual formation of its internal structure is the less easily discerned, because a horny sheath,

forming the outer covering of the Hydroid stock, extends to inclose and shield the new-comer, whom we shall see to be so different from the animal that gives it birth that one would suppose the Hydroid parent must be as much surprised at the sight of its offspring as the Hen that has accidentally hatched a Duck's egg. At the right moment this film is torn open by the convulsive contractions of the animal, which, thus freed from its envelope, begins at once to expand. By this time this little bud has assumed the form of a Medusoid or Jelly-Fish disk, with its four tubes radiating from the central cavity. The proboscis, so characteristic of all Jelly-Fishes, hangs from the central opening; and the tentacles, coiled within the internal cavity up to this time, now make their appearance, and we have a complete little Medusa growing upon the Hydroid head. Gradually the point by which it is attached to the parent-stock narrows and becomes more and more contracted, till the animal drops off and swims away, a free Jelly-Fish.

The substance of these animals seems to have hardly more density or solidity than their native element. I remember showing one to a friend who had never seen such an animal before, and after watching its graceful motions for a moment in the glass bowl where it was swimming, he asked, "Is it anything more than organized water?" The question was very descriptive; for so little did it seem to differ in substance from the water in which it floated, that one might well fancy that some drops had taken upon themselves organic structure, and had begun to live and move. It swims by means of rapid contractions and expansions of its disk, thus impelling itself through the water, its tentacles floating behind it and measuring many times the length of the body. The disk is very convex; four tubes radiate from the central cavity to the periphery, where they unite in a circular tube around the margin and connect also with the four tentacles; from the centre of the lower surface hangs the proboscis, terminating in a mouth. Notwithstanding the delicate structure of this little being, it is exceedingly voracious. It places itself upon the surface of the animal on which it feeds, and, if it have any hard parts, it simply sucks the juices, dropping the dead carcase immediately after; but it swallows whole the little Acalephs of other species and other soft animals that come in its way. Early in summer these Jelly-Fishes drop their eggs, little transparent pear-shaped bodies, covered with vibratile cilia. They swim about for a time, until they have found a resting-place, where they attach themselves, each one founding a Hydroid stock of its own, which will in time produce a new brood of Medusæ.

This series of facts, presented here in their connection, had been observed separately before their true relation was understood. Investigations had been made on the Hydroid stock, described as *Coryne*, and upon its Medusoid offspring, described as *Sarsia*, named after the

naturalist Sars, whose beautiful papers upon this class of animals have associated his name with it; but the investigations by which all these facts have been associated in one connected series are very recent. These transformations do not correspond to our common idea of metamorphoses, as observed in the Insect for instance. In the Butterfly's life we have always one and the same individual—the Caterpillar passing into the Chrysalis state, and the Chrysalis passing into the condition of the Winged Insect. But in the case I have been describing, while the Hydroid gives birth to the Medusa, it still preserves its own distinct existence; and the different forms developed on one stock seem to be two parallel lives, and not the various phases of one and the same life. This group of Hydroids retains the name of *Coryne*; and the Medusa born from it, *Sarsia*, has received, as I have said, the name of the distinguished investigator to whose labours we owe much of our present knowledge of these animals.

Let us look now at another group of Hydroids, whose mode of development is equally curious and interesting. The little transparent embryos from which they arise, oval in form, with a slight, scarcely perceptible depression at one end, resemble the embryos of *Coryne* already described. They may be seen in great numbers in the spring, floating about in the water, or rather swimming—for the motion of all Radiates in their earliest stage of existence is rapid and constant, in consequence of the vibratile cilia that cover the surface. At this stage of its existence such an embryo is perfectly free, but presently its wandering life comes to an end: it shows a disposition to become fixed, and proceeds to choose a suitable resting-place. I use the word "choose" advisedly; for though at this time the little embryo seems to have no developed organs, it yet exercises a certain discrimination in its selection of a home. Slightly pear-shaped in form, it settles down upon its narrower end; it wavers and sways to and fro, as if trying to get a firm foot-hold and force itself down upon the surface to which it adheres; but presently, as if dissatisfied with the spot it has chosen, it suddenly breaks loose and swims away to another locality, where the same examination is repeated, not more to its own satisfaction apparently, for the creature will remove the experiment half-a-dozen times, perhaps, before making a final selection and becoming permanently attached to the soil. In the course of this process the lower end becomes flattened, and moulds itself to the shape of the body on which it rests. Once settled, this animal, thus far hardly more than a transparent oblong body without any distinct organs, begins to develop rapidly. It elongates, forming a kind of cup-like base or stem, the upper end spreads somewhat, the depression at its centre deepens, a mouth is formed that gapes widely and opens into the digestive cavity, and the upper margin spreads out to form a number of tentacles, few at first, but growing more and more numerous till a wreath is completed all round it. In this

condition the young Jelly-Fish has been described under the name of *Scyphostoma*. As soon as this wreath of tentacles is formed, a constriction takes place below it, thus separating the upper portion of the animal from the lower by a marked dividing-line. Presently a second constriction takes place below the first, then a third, till the entire length of the animal is divided across by a number of such transverse constrictions, the whole body growing, meanwhile, in height. But now an extraordinary change takes place in the portions thus divided off. Each one assumes a distinct organic structure, as if it had an individual life of its own. The margin becomes lobed in eight deep scallops, and a tube or canal runs through the centre of each such lobe to the centre of the body, where a digestive cavity is already formed. At this time the constrictions have deepened, so that the margins of all the successive divisions of the little Hydroid are very prominent, and the whole animal looks like a pile of saucers, or of discs with scalloped edges and the convex side turned downward. Its general aspect may be compared to a string of Lilac-blossoms, such as the children make for necklaces in the spring, in which the base of one blossom is inserted into the upper side of the one below it. In this condition our Jelly-fish has been called *Strobila*.

While these organic changes take place in the lower disks, the topmost one, forming the summit of the pile and bearing the tentacles, undergoes no such modification, but presently the first constriction dividing it from the rest deepens to such a degree that it remains united to them by a mere thread only, and it soon breaks off and dies. This is the signal for the breaking up of the whole pile in the same way by the deepening of the constrictions; but, instead of dying, as they part, they begin a new existence as free *Medusæ*. Only the lowest portion of the body remains, and around the margin of this tentacles have developed corresponding to those which crowned the first little embryo; this repeats the whole history again, growing up during the following season to divide itself into disks like its predecessor.

As each individual separates from the community of which it has made a part, it reverses its position, and, instead of turning the margin of the disk upward, it turns it downwards, thus bringing the mouth below and the curve of the disk above. These free individuals have been described under the name of *Ephyra*. This is the third phase of the existence of our Jelly-fish. It swims freely about, a transparent, umbrella-like disk, with a proboscis hanging from the lower side, which, to complete the comparison, we may call the handle of the umbrella. The margin of the disk is even more deeply lobed than in the Hydroid condition, and in the middle of each lobe is a second depression quite deep and narrow, at the base of which is an eye. How far such organs are gifted with the power of vision we cannot decide; but the cells of which they are composed certainly serve the purpose of

facets, of lenses and prisms, and must convey to the animal a more or less distinct perception of light and colour. The lobes are eight in number, as before, with a tube diverging from the centre of the body into each lobe. Shorter tubes between the lobes alternate with these, making thus sixteen radiating tubes, all ramifying more or less.

From this stage to its adult condition, the animal undergoes a succession of changes in the gradual course of its growth, uninterrupted, however, by any such abrupt transition as that by which it began its life as a free animal. The lobes are gradually obliterated, so that the margin becomes almost an unbroken circle. The eight eyes were, as I have said, at the bottom of depressions in the centre of the several lobes; but, by the equalizing of the marginal line, the gradual levelling, as it were, of all the inequalities of the edge, the eyes are pushed out, and occupy eight spots on the margin, where a faint indentation only marks what was before a deep cut in the lobe. The eight tubes of the lobes have extended in like manner to the edge, and join it just at the point where the eyes are placed, so that the extremity of each tube unites with the base of each eye. Those parts of the margin filling the spaces between the eyes correspond to the depressions dividing the lobes or scallops in the earlier stage, and to these radiate the eight other tubes alternating with the eye-tubes, now divided into numerous branches. Along each of these spaces is developed a fine, delicate fringe of tentacles, hanging down like a veil when the animal is at rest, or swept back when it is in motion. In the previous stage, the tubes ramified toward the margin; but now they branch at or near their point of starting from the central cavity, so extensively that every part of the body is traversed by these collateral tubes, and when one looks down at it from above through the gelatinous transparent disk, the numerous ramifications resemble the fine fibrous structure of a leaf with its net-work of nervules.

On the lower side, or what I have called in a previous article the oral region of the animal, a wonderfully complicated apparatus is developed. The mouth projects in four angles, and at each such angle a curtain arises, stretching outwardly, and sometimes extending as far as the margin. These curtains are fringed and folded on the lower edge, so that they look like four ruffled flounces hanging from the lower side of the animal. On the upper side of the body, but alternating in position with these curtains, are the four ovaries, crescent-like in shape, and so placed as to form the figure of a cross, when seen from above through the transparency of the disk. I should add, that, though I speak of some organs as being on the upper and others on the lower side of the body, all are under the convex, arched surface of the disk, which is gelatinous throughout, and simply forms a transparent vaulted roof, as it were, above the rest of the body.

When these animals first make their appear-

ance in the spring, they may be seen, when the sky is clear and the sea smooth, floating in immense numbers near the surface of the water, though they do not seek the glare of the sun, but are more often found about sheltered places, in the neighbourhood of wharves or over-hanging rocks. As they grow larger, they lose something of their gregarious disposition—they scatter more; and at this time they prefer the sunniest exposures, and like to bask in the light and warmth. They assume every variety of attitude, but move always by a regular contraction and expansion of the disk, which rises and falls with rhythmical alternations, the average number of these movements being from twelve to fifteen in a minute. There can be no doubt that they perceive what is going on about them, and are very sensitive to changes in the state of the atmosphere; for, as soon as the surface of the water is ruffled, or the sky becomes overcast, they sink into deeper water, and vanish out of sight. When approached with a dip-net, it is evident, from the acceleration of their movements, that they are attempting to escape.

At the spawning season, toward the end of July or the beginning of August, they gather again in close clusters. At this period I have seen them in large shoals, covering a space of fifty feet or more, and packed so closely in one unbroken mass that an oar could not be thrust between them without injuring many. So deep was the phalanx that I could not ascertain how far it extended below the surface of the water, and those in the uppermost layer were partially forced out of the water by the pressure of those below.

It is not strange that the relation between the various phases of this extraordinary series of metamorphoses, so different from each other in their external aspects, should not have been recognized at once, and that this singular *Acaleph* should have been called *Scyphostoma* in its simple Hydroid condition, *Strobila* after the transverse division of the body had taken place, *Ephyra* in the first stages of its free existence, and *Aurelia* in its adult state—being thus described as four distinct animals. These various forms are now rightly considered as the successive stages of a development intimately connected in all its parts—beginning with the simple Hydroid attached to the ground, and closing in the shape of our common *Aurelia*, with its white transparent disk, its silky fringe of tentacles around the margin, its ruffled curtains hanging from the mouth, and its four crescent-shaped ovaries grouped to form a cross on the summit. From these ovaries a new brood of little embryos is shed in due time.

There are other Hydroids giving rise to *Medusæ* buds, from which, however, the *Medusæ* do not separate to begin a new life, but wither on the Hydroid stock, after having come to maturity and dropped their eggs. Such is the *Hydractinia polyclina*. This curious community begins, like the preceding ones, with a single little individual, settling upon some shell or stone, or on the rocks in a tide-pool, where it

will sometimes cover a space of several square feet. Rosy in colour, very soft and delicate in texture, such a growth of *Hydractinia* spreads a velvet-like carpet over the rocks on which it occurs. They may be kept in aquariums with perfect success, and for that purpose it is better to gather them on single shells or stones, so that the whole community may be removed unbroken. These colonies of *Hydractinia* have one very singular character: they exist in distinct communities, some of which give birth only to male, others to female individuals. The functions, also, are divided—certain members of the community being appointed to special offices, in which the others do not share. Some bear the *Medusæ* buds, which in due time become laden with eggs, but, as I have said, wither and die after the eggs are hatched. Others put forth Hydroid buds only, while others again are wholly sterile. About the outskirts of the community are more simple individuals, whose whole body seems to be hardly more than a double-walled tube terminating in a knob of *lasso-cells*. They are like long tentacles placed where they can most easily seize the prey that happens to approach the little colony. The entire community is connected at its base by a horny network, uniting all the Hydroid stems in its meshes, and spreading over the whole surface on which the colony has established itself.

There is a very curious and beautiful animal, or rather community of animals, closely allied to the *Hydractinia polyclina*, which next deserves to be noticed. The Portuguese Man-of-War—so called from its bright-coloured crest, which makes it so conspicuous as it sails upon the water, and the long and various streamers that hang from its lower side—is such a community of animals as I have just described, reversed in position, however, with the individuals hanging down, and the base swollen and expanded to make the air-bladder which forms its brilliant crested float. In this curious *Acalephian* Hydroid, or *Physalia*, the individuality of function is even more marked than in the *Hydractinia*. As in the latter, some of the individuals are *Medusæ*-bearing, and others simple *Hydræ*; but, beside these, there are certain members of the community who act as swimmers, to carry it along through the water—others that are its purveyors, catching the prey, by which, however, they profit only indirectly, for others are appointed to eat it, and these feeders may be seen sometimes actually gorged with the food they have devoured, and which is then distributed throughout the community by the process of digestion and circulation.

It would be hopeless, even were it desirable, to attempt within the limits of such an article as this to give the faintest idea of the number and variety of these Hydroids; and I will therefore say nothing of the endless host of *Tubularians*, *Campanularians*, *Sertularians*, &c. They are very abundant along our coast, and will well reward any who care to study their habits and their singular modes of growth. For their beauty, simply, it is worth while to examine

them. Some are deep red, others rosy, others purple, others white with a glitter upon them, as if frosted with silver. Their homes are very various. Some like the deep sea-water, while they avoid the dash and tumult of the waves; and they establish themselves in the depressions of some low ledge of rocks running far out from the shore, and yet left bare for an hour or two, when the tide is out. In such a depression, forming a stony cup filled with purest sea-water, overhung by a roof of rock, which may be fringed by a heavy curtain of brown seaweed, the rosy-headed, branching Eudendrium, one of the prettiest of the Tubularians, may be found. Others like the tide-pools, higher up on the rocks, that are freshened by the waves only when the tide is full: such are the small, creeping Campanularians. Others, again, like the tiny Dynamena, prefer the rougher action of the sea; and they settle upon the sides of rents and fissures in the cliffs along the shore, where even in calm weather the waves rush in and out with a certain degree of violence, broken into eddies by the abrupt character of the rocks. Others seek the broad fronds of the larger sea-weeds, and are lashed up and down upon their spreading branches, as they rock to and fro with the motion of the sea. Many live in sheltered harbours, attaching themselves to floating logs, or to the keels of vessels; and some are even so indifferent to the freshness of the water that they may be found in numbers along the city-wharves.

Beside the Jelly-Fishes arising from Hydroids, there are many others resembling these in all the essential features of their structure, but differing in their mode of development; for, although more or less Polyp-like when first born from the egg, they never become attached, nor do they ever bud or divide, but reach their mature condition without any such striking metamorphoses as those that characterize the development of the Hydroid Acalephs. All the Medusæ, whether they arise from buds on the Hydroid stock, like the Sarsia, or from transverse division of the Hydroid form, like the Aurelia, or grow directly from the egg to maturity, without pausing in the Hydroid phase, like the Campanella, agree in the general division and relation of parts. All have a central cavity, from which arise radiating-tubes extending to the margin of the umbrella-like disk, where they unite either in a net-work of meshes or in a single circular tube. But there is a great difference in the oral apparatus; the elaborate ruffled curtains, that hang from the corners of the mouth, occur only in the Species arising from the transverse division of the Polyp-like young. For this reason they are divided into two Orders, the Hydroids and the Discophoræ.

The third Order, the Ctenophoræ, are among the most beautiful of the Acalephs. I have spoken of the various hues they assume when in motion, and I will add one word of the peculiarity in their structure which causes this effect.

The Ctenophoræ differ from the Jelly-Fishes described above in sending off from the main cavity only two main tubes, instead of four like the others; but each of these tubes divides and subdivides in four branches as it approaches the periphery. From the eight branches produced in this way there arise vertical tubes extending in opposite directions up and down the sides of the body. Along these vertical tubes run the rows of little locomotive oars, or combs, as they have been called, from which these animals derive their name of Ctenophoræ. The rapid motion of these flappers causes the decomposition of the rays of light along the surface of the body, producing the most striking prismatic effect; and it is no exaggeration to say that no jewel is brighter than these Ctenophoræ as they move through the water.

I trust I have succeeded in showing that the three Orders of the Acalephs are, like the five Orders of the Echinoderms, different degrees of complication of the same structure. In the Hydroids, the organization does not rise above the simple digestive cavity inclosed by the double body-wall; and we might not suspect their relation to the Acalephs, did we not see the Jelly-Fish born from the Hydroid stock. In Hydroid-Medusæ and Discophoræ, instead of a simple digestive sac, as in the Hydroids, we have a cavity sending off tubes towards the periphery, which ramify more or less in their course. Now whether there are four tubes or eight, whether they ramify extensively or not, whether there are more or less complicated appendages around the margin or the mouth, makes no difference in the essential structure of these bodies. They are all disk-like in outline, they all have tentacles hanging from the margin, and a central cavity from which tubes diverge that divide the body into a certain number of portions, bearing in all the same relation to each other and to the central cavity. In the Ctenophoræ, another complication of structure is introduced in the combination of vertical with horizontal tubes and the external appendages accompanying them.

But, whatever their differences may be, a very slight effort of the imagination only is needed to transform any one of these forms into any other. Reverse the position of any simple Hydra, so that the tentacles hang down from the margin, and let four tubes radiate from the central cavity to the periphery, and we have the lowest form of Jelly-fish. Expand the cup of the Hydra to form a gelatinous disk, increase the number of tubes, complicate their ramifications, let eyes be developed along the margin, add some external appendages, and we have the Discophore. Elongate the disk in order to give the body an oval form, diminish the number of main tubes, and let them give off vertical as well as horizontal branches, and we have the Ctenophore.

In the Class of Polyps there are but two orders—the Actinoids and the Halcyonoids; and I have already said so much of the structure of Polyps that I think I need not repeat my remarks here in order to show the relation

between these groups. The body of all Polyps consists of a sac divided into chambers by vertical partitions, and having a wreath of hollow tentacles around the summit, each one of which opens into one of the chambers. The greater complication of these parts and their limitation in definite numbers constitute the characters upon which their superiority or inferiority of structure is based. Here the comparison is easily made; it is simply the complication and number of identical parts that make the difference between the orders. The Actinoide stand lowest from the simple character and indefinite increase of these parts; while the Halcyonoids, with their eight lobed tentacles, corresponding to the same number of internal divisions, are placed above them.

We have the key-note to the common structure of the three Classes whose orders we have been comparing in the name of the division to which they all belong: they are *Radiates*. The idea of radiation lies at the foundation of all these animals, whatever be their form or substance. Whether stony, like the Corals, or soft, like the Sea-Anemone, or gelatinous and transparent, like the Jelly-Fish, or hard and brittle, like the Sea-Urchins—whether round or oblong or cylindrical or stellate—in all, the internal structure obeys this law of radiation.

Not only is this true in a general way, but the comparison may be traced in all the details. One may ask how the narrow radiating tubes of the Acalephs, traversing the gelatinous mass of the body, can be compared to the wide radiating chambers of the Polyp; and yet nothing is more simple than to thicken the partitions in

the Polyps so much as to narrow the chambers between them, till they form narrow alleys instead of wide spaces, and then we have the tubes of the Jelly-Fish. In the Jelly-Fish there is a circular tube around the margin, into which all the radiating tubes open. What have we to compare with this in the Polyps? The outer edge of each partition in the Polyp is pierced by a hole near the margin. Of course when the partition is thickened, this hole, remaining open, becomes a tube; for what is a tube but an elongated hole? The comparison of the Acalephs with the Echinoderms is still easier, for they both have tubes; but in the latter the tubes are enclosed in walls of their own, instead of traversing the mass of the body, as in Acalephs, &c.

In preparing these articles on the homologies of Radiates, I have felt the difficulty of divesting my subject of the technicalities which cling to all scientific results, until they are woven into the tissue of our every-day knowledge and assume the familiar garb of our common intellectual property. When the forms of animals are as familiar to children as their A, B, C, and the intelligent study of Natural History, from the objects themselves, and not from text-books alone, is introduced into all our schools, we shall have popular names for things that can now only be approached with a certain professional staidness on account of their technical nomenclature. The best result of such familiarity with Nature will be the recognition of an intellectual unity holding together all the various forms of life as parts of one Creative Conception.

WILLIAM EMERSON, THE HURWORTH MATHEMATICIAN.

The writer of this sketch has before him a small old engraving on steel, by H. Adlard. The artist's name is obscure, and the print very rare. It represents the head and shoulders of an old man. The face is long, well-formed, and cast in an oval mould. A prominent aquiline nose gives an expression of firmness and determination, which, however, is relieved by a merry twinkle in the eyes, a humorous expression about the mouth, and a peculiar archedness of the eyebrows. The forehead is not high, but broad, surmounted by long hair, which curls in flowing tresses over the shoulders. A sarcastic curve of the long upper lip, suggests a shrewd and calculating turn of mind. An ample white neckcloth, partially concealed by a black coat, which is buttoned at the top, makes up the picture. It is the representation of a man who could be stern when he liked, but was

in general disposed to view men and manners from their comic side.

The original of this portrait was the great celebrity of the village of Hurworth-on-Tees, a little hamlet near Darlington. His name as a mathematician still holds a high rank, and William Emerson, with all his eccentricities, peculiarities, and coarseness, is a striking example of how every man finds his own level—how talent will be out and work its way upward and onward, till it wins for its possessor immortal fame. We all know how "near to madness are allied" fine poetical temperaments; but surely never was poet more extraordinary in his conduct than this great mathematical genius, who seemed to glory in being odd. And his very oddity added to his reputation, for it inspired the villagers with wholesome dread, and earned for him, among his primitive neighbours, the cog-

nomen of the "wise man." As a magician his power and influence were almost unbounded. His sagacity and his superior astronomical and scientific knowledge enabled him to foretell many natural events, and, as he had good sense enough never to undertake what he was unable to perform, his word came to be regarded as a law, and his opinion to be listened to with profound respect. When we add to this his astounding mathematical genius (which perhaps was *naturally* greater than that of any other man who ever lived), we need not be surprised that he became a celebrity. The retirement in which he passed his life, and the seclusion of his native village, kept him from the public eye, and as he rarely saw strangers, but little is known of his private life. Consequently materials for his biography are scarce and rare. A few scattered anecdotes, fondly cherished, are all that remain to attest the existence and keep in remembrance the memory of the Hurworth prodigy. His *works*, indeed, will always be familiar to those who explore the mysteries of the abstruse sciences; for it was he who first placed these difficult subjects in a comprehensive and intelligible form before the mass of the English public. To those, however, who merely indulge in amusing literature, this short account may not prove unacceptable. Many of our dear readers, and probably more of our dear fair readers, have never even *heard* of the existence of this Emerson. But we can assure them that he really did flourish, and had in his time a wide reputation among learned and scientific men; and consequently we beseech them, with good grace, to peruse this sketch as a record of realities, and as no fictitious imposition upon good-nature.

Our hero's father, Mr. Dudley Emerson, resided at Hurworth, and carried on the business of a schoolmaster, by which useful but ill-paid occupation he brought a small increase to his limited income. *Like* his son he was a man of eccentric habits; but, *unlike* him, he thought himself of some importance, and devoted much of his time to writing his autobiography, recording in it all the remarkable events of his life. Strange to say, no mention is made of the existence of his offspring William, who was born on the 14th of May, and baptized the 17th of June, 1701. That "the child is father to the man" may be true in some instances; but in this one the adage proved decidedly false, for in no respect did young Emerson give any signs of possessing the talent for which he was afterwards distinguished. On the contrary, he was dull and stupid, and regarded by all as a clownish sort of lad. He obtained the rudiments of mathematics, reading, writing, and English from his father, and a slight knowledge of languages from the curate of Hurworth, who lodged under the *paterual* roof. Wandering along the picturesque banks of the pebbly Tees, had, however, more charms than the school-room for young Willy; the games and amusements of the village-green found in him a ready supporter; coquetting

with the rustic beauties wiled pleasantly away many an idle hour. But even these recreations were nothing compared with the exquisite delight he experienced in bird-nesting. Hours upon hours would he spend in the pursuit of eggs, scrambling from branch to branch, from rock to rock, till he obtained a requisite number, and then bearing his trophies carefully home, he would patiently endure the severe looks of his kinsfolk, who with awful and knowing shakings of the head, presaged no good end for the truant scamp. So did his life wear on till he was nearly twenty years old, when, by some extraordinary impulse, his attention was directed to algebra and Euclid, to which lively studies he began to apply himself most assiduously. He went to Newcastle, and thence to York, in both of which places he profited by the greater opportunities of learning afforded, and made great advancement. How he supported himself when away from home, whether he subsisted on an allowance from his father, taught classes, or worked at any trade, history sheweth not; at all events he did not stay away very long, for we find he returned to Hurworth considerably prior to the time of his marriage. About this period his father went the way of all mankind, and his son succeeded to his small estate. This patrimony amply sufficed for Emerson, as he was a man of very frugal habits. When free from all control, he applied himself closely to his favourite sciences, but without any intention of giving his thoughts and discoveries to the public.

In a small village, like Hurworth, all bachelors are men of note, and are eagerly sought after so notwithstanding his caustic dryness, his shrewdness, and his rudeness, Emerson was not; without his share of female favour. Possessing an income, which, though small, was sufficient to render him independent, he was looked upon as no despicable match. Whether he felt lonely, whether he was really touched with some sparks of love and admiration, whether he was tempted by the £500 promised as the lady's fortune, we cannot decide, but he cast his eye over the likely spinsters of the place, and the optic rested upon the niece of the rector, Dr. Johnson. The lady was of frugal habits, about Willy's own age, and not disposed to throw away such an excellent chance of securing a husband. She listened to his proposals, gave him her hand and heart (?), and in 1733 the cautious couple were joined in holy matrimony. For her fortune, the £500 promised before the ceremony, by her uncle the rector, Emerson waited patiently for some time. The sum, however, never arrived. With characteristic bluntness, therefore, he reminded the Doctor of the propriety of fulfilling his promise. That worthy, with a singular want of memory, had completely forgotten any such agreement, and behaved with great haughtiness towards his nephew-in-law, whom he treated as a professed man of learning treats an upstart. Stung to the quick Emerson, rated him soundly, and vowed he would show him he was

the better man of the two. Accordingly, on reaching home, he packed up all his wife's clothes in a bundle, and returned them to the Doctor, saying he would not be beholden to such a fellow for a single rag. With the determination of letting the parson see that the world would consider him the greater man, he worked hard at his studies. For ten long years he pored over his mathematics, and in 1743, at the age of forty-two, he gave forth to the world his great work on fluxions. This was at once recognised as the production of a most powerful and original mind, and immediately established its author's reputation.

But before he became famous as a mathematician, he had gained an extensive celebrity as an oddity. Genius often displays singular disregard for costume, but the vestments of Willy Emerson stand unrivalled for originality in cut and material. His person also tended to enhance his individuality, for he was built in a short, uncouth mould. Beginning at the head, we will endeavour to describe his outward appearance. He never gave himself much concern as to the shape and size of his hats, and wore them till they were very old. On buying a new one he generally chose that which presented the most antiquated appearance. One of these head-pieces he wore so long, that its broad brim drooped down and impeded his sight. To remedy this inconvenience he took a pair of shears and cut off the brim all round, leaving only a small piece in front like the peak of a jockey-cap. When his hat was off, a dirty, flaxen-coloured wig was exposed to view. This wig never would fit properly, but had a most inveterate habit of getting awry. From a custom which its owner had of inserting his hand between it and the back of his head, a great space was visible between the two skins, that is, between the skin of the wig and the cutaneous covering of Emerson's cranium. His waistcoat was drab, made of corduroy, and being furnished with fustian sleeves, served as a coat. A machine, invented by himself and worked by his wife, was the only loom from which his homespun linen came. Shirts thus made he used to wear in the winter, when the weather was severe, buttoned up behind—a precaution against cold rendered necessary by his habitual practice of fastening only one or two lower buttons of his waistcoat, thus leaving the upper part of his chest protected solely by his shirt. Short drab breeches, and linsey-wolsey stockings covered his legs; while his feet were encased in thick country-shoes. As he grew older in frosty weather he wore what he called "shin-covers." These consisted of pieces of old sack- ing tied above the knees, and hanging loosely down to the foot. Their purpose was to protect the shins of their inventor from excessive heat, when sitting very near the fire.

In such costume did this man frequent regularly the fairs of the neighbouring county-town of Darlington. When his stock of household provisions grew low, he would aling his wallet across his shoulders, take his stick in his hand,

and walk to the market-town. On his way he stopped at the road-side public-houses, had a glass of his favourite beverage, ale, discussed politics, and cracked his joke with the pretty barmaid. When at last he did arrive at his destination, he purchased his provisions, stowed them away in his bag, and proceeded to take his ease at his favourite hostelry. If the company were entertaining, he would there contentedly, remain, with his glass before him, his pipe in his mouth for the whole day—nay, sometimes for the whole night. Ale was his drink, which, when he grew hungry, he would accompany with a beef-steak, ham-collop, or dish of stewed cockles—for his appetite was always good, and the sturdy old toper never felt any ill-effects from his potations deep and long. Politics, religion, turf topics, agriculture, science, were the subjects usually discussed, and many a rustic bumpkin hung with eager earnestness upon the words of the "wise man of Hurworth," as they were slowly enunciated between clouds of smoke and draughts of liquor. Seldom did he take a horse to market, and then only when he had to bring home an extra load of provisions. His aversion to riding was so great, that even on these excursions he would lead his sumpter steed both there and back. On only one occasion—the last of his taking his wallet to Darlington, when his hairs were grey and his limbs feeble—did he mount horseback. His steed was a lean, bony animal, that could barely "crawl its length along," and on this quadruped, preceded by a small boy holding the bridle, did he make his progress. Crowds attended his path, cheering and laughing, his ridiculous appearance and his ready reply affording the rabble great amusement. Thus he paraded through the streets till he arrived at his inn. His contemptuous opinion of equestrian exercise may be gathered from the fact that, when asked by a Hurworth acquaintance at what hour in the evening he purposed returning, the mathematician replied, "Dang thee, what dost thou want wi' my going home?" "Only," said the man, "because I should be glad of your company." "Thou fule," replied Emerson, "thoul't be home long before me, man: thou walke, I ride!" But though his work on Fluxions was received by the learned as a valuable treatise, it did not obtain such an extensive sale as to induce the author to put forth another venture till seven years afterwards. At Hurworth there is a large elm, under which Emerson was accustomed to sit; and in a poem published in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for May, 1756, we find the following allusions made to him as "Merones"—

His native elm (to sapience still a friend)
Merones loves, and meditates beneath
The verdure of thy shady leaves. See there
How silently he sits, and, lost in thought,
Weights in his mind some great design. Revolves
He now his subtle Fluxions, or displays
By trunck signs the sphere's projections wide?
Wide as the sphere, Merones, be thy fame!

In his first work he is a staunch advocate of the doctrines of Newton, and indeed throughout his whole life he was one of his most laborious and accurate, though perhaps not his most elegant disciple. This treatise on Fluxions introduced him to the notice of Mr. John Nourse, a learned publisher, and through him Emerson's latter works obtained their wide celebrity. This gentleman engaged him to teach a course of mathematics to junior students, and for this object he went up to London. While there he lodged in the house of a watchmaker for the purpose of studying the practical part of the trade. But a fondness for his birthplace soon drew him back to Hurworth, where he remained for the rest of his life. Here he worked hard, scarcely a year passing without some new treatise being given to the public. As a writer he is short, terse, and sometimes ungrammatical; but the wonder is how he came to write as he did, for his ordinary conversation was of the most boorish character. Many persons, indeed, thought some other hand had translated his prefaces into English. This imputation he indignantly denied, calling the doubters "A pack of fools." We have collected a list of his works, but as they are almost all mathematical, not even the most curious would thank us for inserting it here. From it, however, we see that Emerson published his last work at a great age. In addition to these productions he was a constant subscriber to the "Ladies' Diary" under the name "Merones," a transposition of his own patronymic. His fame was now of wide extent, and the most learned men came to consult him on abstruse subjects. In looking over the "History of Darlington," we find a good story told of the reception he and his pupil John Hunter gave to some Cambridge dons which we extract *literatim et verbatim* :—

John Hunter, a common bricklayer, of Hurworth, became the pupil and the friend of Emerson, and acquired all the brusqueness of his master. Upon one occasion Emerson had been engaged in some abstruse mathematical calculation for twenty-four hours, and falling in the result, he carried his papers to John, who, glancing at the manuscript, thus addressed his master :—"Aye, but thou is a fool! Didn't thou see that thou'st wrang at the very beginning?"

"I is a fool!" was the response.

One day as John was repairing the roof of Emerson's house, and the philosopher was serving him from below with mortar, a post-chaise drew up, from which stepped out two gentlemen, who inquired if the great Mr. Emerson lived there? "Great or little, I am the man," was the answer.

They stared a little, bowed, and informed him that they were a deputation from the University of Cambridge, and had brought a difficult problem, which they inquired if he could solve. Casting his eye upon it for a moment, he called his pupil : "John Hunter, come down, and do thou answer this."

The mason descended, and after a few minutes of silent calculation, produced the answer, written with a piece of chalk on the crown of his hat, which Emerson was about to hand, unlooked at, to the collegians, when, a little offended, they requested

him at all events to revise it; on which he glanced at it for an instant, and then pronounced "it quite correct." The collegians not readily understanding Hunter's solution, Emerson testily told them to "take the hat home with them, and return it when they had discovered the explanation."

It was reported, that he could call the stars from their spheres, and that he often did so. John Hunter was the accepted suitor to a village damsel, who, upon Hunter informing her that he could also command the stars as well as his master, insisted upon ocular demonstration of the fact. Selecting that season of the autumn when falling or shooting-stars are frequent, Hunter commenced his incantations, when a whole shower of meteors fell, and at the same time the northern lights shone with great splendour. His intended stared in amazement; but lo! she would have had them restored to their spheres; and what was to be done if he could not get them up again? Upon this the loving couple set off, the damsel, in great agony of mind, to our philosopher, who professed to rebuke Hunter severely for his folly and presumption, and informed the trembling fair one "that it was most fortunate he was in time to remedy the mischief, as otherwise all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood would have been consumed to ashes in their beds before morning!" After this John left the stars to his master, but his wife always believed in her husband's power in that line.

This story of the stars is one of the many by which the credulous were induced to regard him as a wise and cunning man. One or two more anecdotes of his magic prowess, and we have done. One fine Sunday morning the Hurworth congregation, on leaving church, as they passed Emerson's garden-wall, were surprised to see a little boy sitting up in a cherry-tree, utterly unable to come down. The news spread, people came and gazed at the bewitched boy, confined in the branches by the spells of the magician, till at sunset the wizard kindly relaxed his severity, and allowed him to descend. Then the truth came out. Emerson had caught the child stealing his fruit, and as a penance had determined he should stay in the tree. Accordingly he stationed himself, with his axe in his hand, at its foot, behind his garden-wall, and threatened, if the urchin attempted to move, "to hag (hew) his legs off." No wonder the boy dared not stir; no wonder the rustics were amazed, who only saw the child up aloft, but not the terrible restraint below.

A good old dame of the last century, not unknown to the writer in his childhood, lost some articles of clothing. She went to Emerson, and asked him if he could restore them to her. He was surprised at her (for she was very intelligent) believing he could do anything supernatural; but told her to give out that in case the clothes were not returned he would cause the offender to undergo some severe penance, such as sitting in the cherry-tree, or maybe a worse fate. The strange, but true sequel was, that the whole of the missing property duly reappeared. As in his youth he had been extremely

fond of bird-nesting, so in his old age he took to angling. The Tees is a fine trout river, and he used to stand for hours up to his waist in water. He had a theory that the water was useful in sucking the gnat out of his legs. The honour of being made an F.R.S. was offered to him; but this distinction he declined, alleging, "It was a hard thing that a man should burn so many farthing candles as he had done, and then have to pay so much a year for the honour of F.R.S. after his name!"

But the career of this extraordinary personage

was fast drawing to a close. In 1781 he sold his library, which he valued at £50. He became sadly afflicted with disease, and would crawl about his room in agony, crying and swearing, and praying that he might die without such a "clitter my clatter!" At least the expected end came, and on the 21st May, 1782, his spirit passed to rest. He lies buried in Hurworth churchyard, and on a headstone against the west wall of the nave a Latin inscription truly describes his body as

"SEPULTUM ET NEGLECTUM."

"FACTS OF FASHION."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FEW OUT OF THOUSANDS."

The feminine world is reproached just now with undue extravagance in attire; with an engrossing love for the trivialities and monstrosities of Fashion; and with a selfish determination to possess such superfluities and luxuries, in spite of narrow incomes, incongruous station, and (in many cases) absolute embarrassments. All classes, we cry, are outwardly confounded, and the highest rank, it is said, may be most safely judged of, in proportion to the wearer's plainness of attire. The governess wears a silk as costly as the peer's wife, whose children she instructs; the domestic servant of the middle genteel classes, imitates as closely as she dares do, the dress of her mistress, and even in cases where strictness is required in-door; yet when she takes her periodical holiday, she sallies forth, clad in all the braveries of silk gown, velvet cloak, parti-coloured bonnet, and—though last, admittedly not least—in an ample crinoline; the workwomen of our community, versed by their very trades in all the minutiae of the newest modes, wear their faded Alpacas, cut out and trimmed with materials likewise faded, but strictly in the latest fashion; the very children of the Sunday-schools turn out in hats and streaming feathers, clad too in dresses of a style and material far above the lowly calling of their parents; in short, we complain that outward appearance is the test of merit with all classes, and while women can get money to buy, and shops will sell, the evil—if it be one—will spread and continue.

But it is at least, in all fairness, incumbent on the decriers, to note how this mania for dress and its appurtenances acts on society (especially the commercial and labouring classes) and national prosperity in general; nor does the writer approve or condemn the existing state of things, but simply invites investigation as to the general effect of a feminine foible on trade and universal commerce.

Purely feminine it is assumed to be; for men, however they can dissipate money in the pursuit of dogs, horses, and objects of possession even more objectionable, have yet limits placed to extravagance in dress. In these days "Dandy" is a term of utter opprobrium, and the most that can be effected in expensive attire, is to have the broad cloth superfine, and the linen whitened and starched to the daintiest perfection. A man smartly dressed, then, is a being universally eschewed, whereas, in the feminine garb, one may vary in grade like the articles exposed in shop windows, and be taken from fifty shillings to forty pounds; for a lady might easily take a morning walk, a drive, or even condescend to the humble omnibus, with clothing on her person to the latter amount. The silk dress, quiet in appearance perhaps, but costly in fabric, could amount in material and trimming easily to £10; her linen, laced and embroidered, to five guineas; her crinoline to thirty shillings; her outer petticoat, with its deep hem of costly embroidery, to three guineas; her velvet mantle, or shawl, to £7; her *châsseuse* to twenty-five shillings; her bonnet to two guineas; her jewellery to £30; and, with all this wealth on her, not appear conspicuous, even to enter as a passenger the afore-said omnibus.

Now, taking every article she wears separately, and examining into its manufacture (ill-paid as the women may be, who are maintained chiefly by supplying the demand created by this lady and her contemporaries in the indulgence of what is termed their extravagance), the question arises, how would these poor creatures live at all, if the whims and caprices of the deity Fashion did not on its bizarre throne continually invent new categories of female wants and whims? The pale, half-starved girl, clothed in dress of the same exact fashion, manufactured out of refuse finery, who sits opposite the lady in the omnibus, could guess, perhaps, at what was

likely to become of herself if she could not earn a scanty but honest livelihood at cap-front making, crinoline, collar-stitching, anything, in short, she can get work at; and it is wonderful to consider how many of these small trades one single individual will learn in her time. The streets would receive her—the cold, wearying, pitiless streets, that is, after famine had done its work in creating the temptation, or urging the horrible necessity of getting bread in any way, and she would become one of the thousands whom we pray for, preach at, and strive—how vainly, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—to reform. She would join that class we call a "Social evil," and sunk to a condition far more horrible than any suffering inflicted by ill-paid work, she would, even in a physical sense, descend more quickly to her grave, though more riotously and ruinously, than in earning a weekly pittance by working her fingers to the bone for the wholesale warehouses who make fortunes or (as is the case sometimes) break, in supplying and inventing female fashions.

Dressmakers, as a class, are not ill-paid—that is, women who work on their own account. It is the hands employed by first-class large houses, out of whom the largest amount of labour must be got, for the smallest possible pittance, in order to increase the employers' profits; but a person with a good, genteel connection in dress-making, can earn her two or three pounds per week, having, of course, the assistance of auxiliary needlewomen.

Well then, the silk dress of the lady in the omnibus, to say nothing of its original manufacture—for it may be a French silk, and have contributed nothing to the subsistence of the Spitalfields weaver—has given employment to the dress-maker, has added to the trade of the trimming manufacturers, by its wealth of buttons, velvet, and ornaments. The makers of the lady's linen, have not, alas! reaped so much as the silk gown has brought to the hands through which it must have passed before it arrived at final perfection. A pittance for each garment, however costly the trimming and fine the work required, is only earned; and that pittance becomes still more bare, more scantily obtained, by the success of the sewing machine, which will manufacture a garment more neatly in an hour than the quickest sempstress could complete in a day. The next generation of women-workers may profit, perhaps, by this invention; but it is to be feared that it is sheer ruin to those of our own day. Even the open-work embroidery, used so universally on the petticoats and body-clothes, is laborious to sew and underpaid, though it adds considerably to the expense of such garments; it is also chiefly fabricated in schools, and we believe there are machines adapted to its manufacture.

It would be worth while to ascertain (of a night-dress sold at the outfitting shops, costing the purchaser perhaps 30s.) how much is the cost of work and material to deduct from that sum, and

how much remains profit. It would not be an error if stated thus:—

Cost of material including work and	s.	d.
trimming	12	6
Making up	1	6
Total	13	6
Profit	16	6
	30	0

Now a word about crinoline. Everyone concurs in abusing, reprobating, and denouncing this the latest monstrosity of fashion—it might be added, the most enduring one. We are told that the *élite* of the highest class, new *cachew* crinoline, that the graceful forms of our female aristocracy glide about void of that redundancy in which *belles* more plebeian still rejoice and adhere to with a constancy worthy of a better cause. Candidly avowing that the writer does not move exclusively in Court circles, nor visit solely among the upper regions of Belgravia, it must yet be stated that in walking up Regent Street at the hour of four p.m., in visiting the stalls of the most aristocratic theatres, even glancing at the upper-class ball-rooms and assemblies; or in church there is visible no deficiency of crinoline. It is our fixed opinion, despite the known caprice of fashion, that the sex will stand up for crinoline, or rather insist on its standing up for them, to the latest gasp. When crinoline disappears totally, a revolution of some kind in regard to the affairs of women will follow. Ladies have been heard emphatically to declare that they will never leave it off, whatever the fashion may dictate! We doubt that. Women unfortunately, as regards fashion, have no moral courage to resist innovations. But, granting the numerous absurdities of this mode, which, very shortly after its appearance in the bird-cage form at certain shops, became a staple article of merchandize and commercial importance—granting its dangerous tendencies, its proneness to cause fatal accidents, and suddenly fearful deaths, its ungainly appearance when worn in excess—granting all these things, but still limiting our views strictly to its bearings on commerce and the employment it has given, crinoline has played neither a mean nor unimportant part in the world. Before its final popularity, to give an isolated instance, a Frenchman in London, penniless, without a shoe to his foot (as the phrase goes, which means simply with very shabby shoes) scraped together some small means, on the first appearance of the hooped monstrosity, and is now, to the writer's knowledge, about to retire on his earnings, achieving his position solely by crinoline. The very servants must be hired with reference to this fashion, or your rooms, kitchens, and staircase would become impassable.

"You must not wear crinoline in my service," said a lady to a servant she had just engaged. The damsel, previously all smiles and willingness, changed colour; she had agreed to every stipulation, but that last clause was too much.

"Mayn't I wear it, ma'am, in afternoons?"

"Not in my house," was the reply of the employer, who had offered liberal wages, good food, and kind treatment.

"Then, if you please, ma'am, I must decline."

And she did decline, infinitely preferring a worse place and indifferent treatment, if she could only preserve the figure of a hencoop while scouring, bed-making, and cooking.

On such a theme digression must be pardoned. Crinoline speedily assumed a vast consequence in the market. Hundreds of "hands" got employment in fabricating the article in new and improved forms, fabrications still in as much demand as ever.

Next let us examine the bonnet of the lady. The cap that lines the front, machine quilled now, though formerly made by hand, gives bread—scanty bread may be, with hardly a *souppçon* of butter; but still—and the point is strongly urged—*honest* bread. Suppose caps went out of fashion, as they did a year or two back, when rolls of ribbon were held in much esteem, why many a poor heart would be faint for lack of even this poorly-required employment of setting the quillings in their tape or ribbon bindings. It need not be stated here, how extensive the artificial flower trade is, and how the flower-makers go short, when ribbons are worn instead of flowers, or the reverse. These flower-girls have but a certain season of work, which begins about April, with the advent of the real flowers; and this floral business (miserably paid for) comes in its turn to employ nimble fingers and give help to humble homes. No flower-maker—journeywoman, at least—can reckon on her trade to support her more than six months in the year. She must resort in the intervals, to some other mode of bread-getting. It is an awful, a deep and solemn question, how often the wretched artisan fills up her spare time by earnings of a nature too shameful further to mention here? And such a question is never dwelt on, or is ignored altogether by the leaders of fashion, who, if they would wear artificial flowers in the winter as well as spring and summer, would prevent many a deed of shame—many a life of sin, ending but in a woeful, self-inflicted death. Fashion is a gay dame, who reckons none of these things, but follows her own impulses, and gives to blind chance, the lives and labours of thousands. Yet, after all, the traders who invent fashions and render them imperative, are perhaps more to blame than the unreflecting mere votary of reigning modes. Each fashion, in its turn, does good to some class of society. The light shawls recently worn in summer, have given employment to numerous hands in sewing on fringes or running on trimmings. Straw and fancy bonnets have lately given way to milliners' bonnets, or those made of silk and velvet. This change has occasioned distress to whole families. Bonnets made of straw and sewn chip, give good employment to a large and respectable class of women, some of whom taking out work from the warehouses, employ other women under them, who can easily earn from fifteen

to five-and-twenty shillings per week. When fashion, therefore, forsakes the straw-bonnet and the white and black chips, hundreds of homes are reduced to sad and bitter privation. Father drinks or is idle, and the wife can no longer by her work repair his shortcomings. The widow lacks support for her orphan children, who can have no more schooling paid for by straw-bonnet work, and all because Queen Fashion wants a change, and prefers to deck her votaries' heads with silk, with velvet, or with plush. Yet this very change, on the other hand, creates a stir in the always, as it appears, stagnant trade of the silk-weavers of Spitalfields; and so, when one class eats more plentifully, another must cry for hunger, or hide its head and meekly starve and die. Who is to blame for these things? If the universal garb was sackcloth and bare heads, whence would spring, not merely the luxuries, but the necessities of life? We must accept things as we find them, and take comfort in reflecting that the veriest vanities of existence—those things preached against in sermons, decried by the critics, who have, nevertheless, their own particular sad-coloured pomps and vanities—are, in the hands of a good and wise Providence, destined to become the loaves and fishes of the wilderness, and to feed starving myriads of human beings.

The latest notable vanity which has afforded work to the poor, has been the entire change in the style of modern hair-dressing. Nets have maintained, and do still maintain, a large proportion of the female population of London, and indeed that of the provinces. This fashion has been enduring, and still continues. Sometimes, indeed, the trade becomes depressed; then it suddenly revives. And the manufacture of chenille nets is not only beneficial to the net-maker, but to the weavers of chenille—fortunately an article of so perishable a nature as to call for constant renewal.

Head-dresses of velvet and chenille embroidered with beads, give good employment to the female working-classes. Precarious indeed these trades; easily depressed by unforeseen circumstances, such as a general mourning or a lack of drawing-rooms and brilliant receptions, balls, and parties among the higher classes—things which, telling on large traders, re-act with double force on the work-women who depend on them for orders.

That the superfluities—i. e., the vanities—of the rich, make bread for the poor is a political axiom too well known, to render it even desirable that they should be abridged or abolished. Of course, luxuries should be confined to those only who can afford them without impoverishing their families or wasting their incomes; and it is the contagion of luxurious dress that, spreading through all classes, results in a social insolvency, which ultimately would certainly affect the State itself.

But nevertheless, it seems that the luxury and vanity of the nineteenth century has by no means kept pace with its refinements, or its improvements in art and science. In the thirteenth

century, dress first began to invade the limits of sense and discretion. Matthew Paris, speaking of the retinue of knights and barons who attended at the marriage of Alexander III. of Scotland, and Margaret eldest daughter of Henry III., in the year 1251, tells us that the surprise and indignation of the reader would be raised to the highest pitch if he attempted to describe at full length the wantonness, pride, and vanity which the nobles displayed on this occasion in the richness and variety of their dresses, and the many fantastical ornaments with which they were adorned. Each class, the Monk of Malmesbury tells us in his "Life of Edward II.," strove to outshine the other. "The squire vied with the knight, the knight the baron, the baron the earl, and the earl with the king."

The clergy were as ostentatious as the laity. Again, in the fourteenth century, when the spoils of Caen and Calais were imported into England, the rage for expensive finery fairly commenced among the British daughters of Eve. To such a pitch was this affection carried that the Legislature at last made sumptuary laws for regulating the dress of all classes, in a parliament held at Westminster, A. D. 1363. Fancy Lord John Russell, in 1863, bringing in a bill for the regulation of dress in Whitechapel and May Fair, Hoxton and Belgravia! These laws of the fourteenth century were made with all gravity and earnestness, no doubt, but it is right to mention, that no one seems to have paid much attention to them; for in the time of Richard II., in spite of the precautions taken by Government that none should exceed their means by outrageous expenses of the toilette, extravagant dress had become more than ever paramount. The common people vied in this, it seems, equally with the nobles, and a general confounding of rich and poor in appearance took place. "Mrs. Grundy" lived in the world even at that early period, and the birth of that apocryphal lady must certainly have occurred very shortly after our Mother Eve's fall; and it must be allowed, through the wear and tear of centuries, this good woman has lost none of her consequence or consideration.

Unless it was that princely patron of tailors, his late Majesty George the Fourth, few in modern times could equal Sir John Arundel, who lived in the reign of Richard II., and who had fifty-two suits of cloth of gold. There is nothing new under the sun, and in this nineteenth century we are copying the dress of our most ancient forefathers with modifications, and yet, do as we will, we can not come up to them in point of expense. Why, this fashion of nets, with paddings (the word had nearly been written "puddings") of hair on each side the face, was the mode in Edward the First's time, and there exists a print of a female head of that date, which, for graceful simplicity and classic grace, might appear at the opera, or might revolve satisfactorily to the gaze of admiring hundreds in the window of the most fashionable coiffeur of Regent-street. And we are right in borrowing

from our ancestors such modes as are admissible. If people subsequently chose to wear horns, as in Edward the Fourth's time, when a lady's head was as formidable to regard as a mad bull making the tour of Paddington direct from the New Cattle Market; or if in a later century, they built from the summit of their craniums, towers of grease, powder, hair, and filigree, why, let us pity this vile taste, and, pointing to our own elegant coiffures, hand them to posterity in our turn as a beacon and example of the elegance of our generation. One four times removed, will perhaps bring in church spires, turret hats, or some abortion of Fashion equally monstrous. What were the small bonnets ridiculed by our satirists so unmercifully (and to so little purpose) but modifications of the graceful cap of Mary Stuart and her compeers? And oh for the prettyhoods of the *Spectator's* day, making an assemblage of women like a *parterre* of gay-coloured flowers!

Nets came in again in the reign of Mary. By the way, men broke out in the shoe line in that reign, and a proclamation was obliged to be made that no one should wear shoes more than six inches square at the toes. One feels persuaded that Queen Victoria has not two thousand dresses in her wardrobe, as Elizabeth had; nor is our good Queen so fastidious that she would send abroad for a clear-starcher to "get up" the royal nets and laces. Neither do we know of any nobleman of the present day who, like the great Duke of Buckingham, has a suit embroidered with diamonds to the tune of £50,000; or another, more moderate, costing £20,000.

At the marriage of James the First's daughter, the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth, the dresses of Lord Montague's daughters cost £1,500; and a certain court-lady was memorable on the same occasion for wearing embroidery on her robe which had cost £50 per yard. What needle-craft is paid like that now-a-days?

But mankind have always viewed these extravagances with no unfavouring eyes. They give employment to the masses who toil and spin, and who, if none were to be decorated by the labour of working hands, would be a disease in the constitution of the State, more formidable than we can even now conceive, experienced as we are in dealing with the thousands who do not work at honest employment.

The facts above stated will tend to lessen the supposition that we are arriving at a degree of luxury unparalleled in the history of our country. The truth rather is, perhaps, that the retired habits of our aristocracy, and the paucity of splendid fêtes and assemblies among them, are contributing largely to the distress of the working-classes, depriving thousands of women from the employment, to supply which, is one of the social problems of the day. We have a woful redundancy of the female population, and when Fashion creates a new vagary, she multiplies

the means required to satisfy the cravings of thousands of starving women who subsist on the whims and fancies of the prosperous, as well as on the extravagances of the class who spend their own hard earnings in the morbid desire to outdo their betters.

ON THE DERWENT.

BY GOLDTHORN HILL.

Out of the greyness and the heavy atmosphere; out of the dissonance of unholiday bells, and the smoke of unnumbered chimneys, whose clouds of converging vapour hang in a compact form above the town, and signal to the wayfarer, miles off, the whereabouts of Derby. Out through the vestibule (if I may so call the railway-station) of the northern capital, into the bright sunshine and the breezy freshness of northern nature; past the naughty race-course, against the anticipated gaieties of which special prayer-meetings were advertised to take place in certain churches; past Darley, with the brown Derwent glassing the trees and cattle on its banks, which are fringed with grey-plumed sedges, and the sword-shaped leaves of water-lilies, and cream-coloured clusters of the soft-waving meadow-sweet. Dan Phœbus, artist in photography, strikes off exaggerated likenesses of the carriages and engine as we rush along the line; and throws into the picture, gratuitously, enlarged portraits of any lady or gentleman who may chance to thrust her or his head through the open windows. Past Duffield and Belper, with the grey church of John of Gaunt, and the greyer ruins of his hunting-seat, and close by (a modern comment on the text "A man diligent in his business shall stand before kings"), Belper House crowning the factories which laid its foundation, and helped to mould the coronet of its ennobled owner. And so on to Amber-gate, where we change carriages for Matlock, for which nest of scenic beauty we are bound.

One has the advantage in Derbyshire of at least a month's later aspect in the seasons. If spring lags, summer and autumn linger; and thus the foliage, already thinned and changing in the London parks and suburban gardens, is here full and fresh as in the "leafy month of June."

Yonder rise the magnificent woods of Alderwasley—and our attention is called to what may be termed the disjunctive conjunction of the turnpike-road, rail, river, and canal, which, as we approach Whatstandwell-bridge Station, are seen running parallel with one another. How we regret, in passing through the lovely valley of the Derwent, the impossibility, in railway-travelling, of seeing more than one side of the country at once! We grudge to lose a glimpse

of its beauty, and know that miles of it are being lost.

Who would suspect that smoke and steam, and the wheels and bands of machinery underlay (so to speak) the splendid meadows and rich pastures, and richer woods, that make the principal landmarks on our track! Yet the greater part of the district appertains to manufacturers; to whom, here at least, the "lines have fallen in pleasant places."

The Alderwasley Woods enclose the seat of Mr. F. Hurt, who married a daughter of P. Arkwright, Esq., and according to local tradition, had the pleasant choice offered him, on the morning of his marriage, of having the path to church paved with gold, or the weight of his bride in the same metal. These woods at Willersley are a part of the demesne of the latter gentleman, and here, where the valley narrows, and Lea woods appear in sight, we skirt the property of the Nightingales, and catch just a glimpse of Lea-Hurst, where the lady whose deeds have made it famous passed her girlhood.

Suddenly the train takes a "header" into the damp darkness of the Lea-wood Tunnel, and comes out into what seems, by contrast, an accession of light and warmth, giving us a passing view of Willersley Castle and the older Rock House, the earlier aspiration of the famous Sir Richard Arkwright, with Cromford Church and the town created by his invention, and in the distance the wooded hills in the neighbourhood of Matlock. Then, again, the beauty of the view is suddenly interrupted, and the engine, with a prolonged howl and its red, lidless eyes staring straight into the horrid gloom, enters the long and dismal Willersley Tunnel, which forms an effective portal to the unimaginable loneliness of Matlock.

Few celebrated places, like celebrated persons, realize one's individual conception of them: Matlock (in our case) did more, it surpassed it. Imagine Arcadia within a stone's throw of a railway station; for one has but to shut out the absurd misnomers with which each sweet locality is abused, and the great hills covered with dense pendent woods, the grey rocks breaking through them, with the river running at their base—now dark and still, now falling concrescally over the "leaping-stones," as they are locally called—crowned with white foam-moaths, are all at

wildly sylvan as if Faun, and Dryad, and goat-footed *Egiptanes* with whisking tails were its legitimate inhabitants.

Even the cream-coloured cottages, and houses wreathed with gardens and interspersed with trees, which nestle in a horse-shoe-shaped scoop of the rocky Masson (not in rows or streets, but scattered up and down on ledges, and in corners, in the most fantastic way imaginable), have an innocently peaceful air, which is not even dissipated by the bills of "Apartments to let," genteelly posted outside, as far off as relationship between the notice and the premises can be maintained, or unaffectedly in the centre of a white-curtained window.

That bold hill yonder, though only a spur of the grander one on which it rests, rising, as they tell us, 500 feet above the river, and covered, like the offending *Cenis*, with a weight of woods, might as well (no disparagement to the transatlantic name it affects) have been Mount *Mœnalus* as "The Heights of Abraham;" the one is not more artificial than the other, while it has the advantage in softness and sylvan associations, and is borne out moreover to a fanciful mind by special characteristics appertaining to the Pan-haunted hill—its pine-trees, scented shade, and echoes.

Beyond its dusky plantations, and above an efflorescence of villas on its flanks, other woods of oak and elm, and the flowing foliage of the graceful ash, crowd down the side of the vast hill, and give their shade and beauty to the valley. While to the left, a little past the Glebe House, but separated from it by the road and river, rises the scalped head of the High Tor, presenting an almost perpendicular cliff of limestone rock, clothed from the margin of the river, in which the lowermost trees dip their branches, to within a hundred feet of its summit with the same indigenous overgrowth, in which the dark form of the yew shades the other verdure, and the scarlet berries of the mountain ash glow and shimmer in the autumn sunshine.

Here the river, which has come down from the High Peak, playing in the most fanciful way along its course, over beds of gritstone, or shale, finds itself imprisoned between limestone rocks, over the inequalities of which it chafes and foams; or, where the channel widens, flows smoothly on—here half hidden under the luxuriant foliage, there gurgling over mossy fragments of rock, which bar its progress, and separate the current for a moment in wreathing ripples. Under the Tor, as if awed by the presence of the "pale huge" rock, it passes with an almost imperceptible motion; but further on it makes a deep curve, and, encountering a fallen rock or two, rolls over them in a small cascade, with a rush and a roar that softens and loses itself in the tangles of the foliage margining the luxuriantly wooded cliffs on which the "lovers' walks" are situated; beneath which it widens into a broad lake-like piece of water, and doubles the beauty of the scene by reproducing it upon its surface.

Shortly before this point is reached, we have monitions that Matlock Bath has a meaning. The Spa begins to assert itself, and signs of sophistication advance. A row of shops, the first (I believe, I may say, the only) divergence from apparent rusticity, exhibit themselves on what is called the "Museum Parade." And on this side, the name sacred to us only in Bloomsbury, meets us at every dozen yards, and suggests the idea of a congress of *savants* intensely engrossed with geology, to which science the specimens in the windows wholly relate.

These, so called "Museums," are simply spar shops, or places for the exposition and sale of ornaments, and specimens of Derbyshire marble, minerals, petrifications, and fossils, many of which (especially the inlaid marbles) in imitation of Florentine work, are very beautiful. The other favourite commercial pursuits of the male population, and which bear a certain relation to the preceding one, is of a somewhat Troglydite character, and consists in exhibiting the Matlock caverns, of which there are five, and the petrifying wells which are one short of the number. Of the first, Masson claims four; while the fifth, the only one we visited, reserving our plutonic predilections for the more famous caverns in the Peak, is situated at the base of the High Tor, and owes its interest to the glittering crystals of Dogs-tooth spar, with which roof and sides are incrustated. A little beyond the "Museum parade, other signs of local speculation appear, in the form of tufa flower pots, and rudely shaped vases, filled with native ferns, of which numerous and beautiful specimens abound.

Here donkeys are first seen, and bath-chairs and ferry-boats; and still the great cliff that forms the boundary of the dale on the opposite side to Masson and the village, skirts the river which winds its way in graceful sinuosities as far as the Willersley Demense, through which it runs *en route* to Cromford. Nothing can be more picturesque than these cliffs, precipitous even to the water's edge, now showing bare and gray, now densely verdant, and glorious to their very bases, with pendent shrubs and trees, which crowding to the river's side, seem to have their roots in it. At places, great masses of rock push themselves out in bracket-like projections, and appear crowned with a solitary tree, or fringed with wood; and at others recede into quaint clefts and oozy angles, in which the Shield-fern, and the pale green polished fronds of the Harts-tongue fern flourish.

Farther on where the great Hag-rock stands out, and a ridge of fallen rocks assume the appearance of an impediment, the river makes a double leap and rushes over them in wreaths of angry foam with a murmur and a roar that pent between the limestone cliff on one side, and sloping cultivated banks on the other pursues us to the Scarthen Nick at Cromford.

From the natural terrace on the summit of this eastern cliff, the appearance of Matlock and its environs is exceedingly beautiful, every break

between the trees offering fresh points of view, and new surprises. The bold sweep of bare hills through which the natural limestone crops in places, forming the boundary of the dale on the opposite side, converges towards the centre; in rocky ridges on the one hand, and rich woods on the other, within the shelter of which lies the hamlet.

Such an exquisite combination of the picturesque features of landscape it is impossible to conceive, and as impossible to convey in words. An union of hill and valley, wood and water, light and shade, lofty cliffs so sparsely covered that the light falls through the loose foliage of the ash trees, and plays and glitters on the rough limestone crystals of the rock, while other portions are flanked with a dense undergrowth, and overhung with masses of impervious wood.

We mock our own conceptions in striving to recal the effect of such natural beauty when every sense is freshened and made keener by its presence. Can we, by heaping phrase on phrase, build up those rocks that enclose within themselves the story of ages of creation, and produce them to the mental sight, ivy-bound, and lichen-tinted, torn, and broken, yet with thousands of years' endurance in them such as we saw them? or stir the leaves into breezy motion by any number of euphonious adjectives; or give impetus to the river's current, winding through the landlocked dale, that winds with it in a sweet perplexity to the end?

We had revelled in all this sylvan beauty from every point of view—now on this side of the dale, now on that; from the High-rocks and Starkholmes on the one hand, and the steepest points of Masson on the other; in the green fresh morning light; in the brightest sunshine, and in the soft, illusory atmosphere of evening. Moonlight alone was wanted to complete our varied impressions of its picturesque loveliness, and this effect the late rising of *Madame Luna* forbade.

It so happened, however, that we had timed our visit (quite unconsciously) at the period of the year when the village feasts, or wakes, as they are locally called, take place. Antiquarians tell us that these wakes are held on the Saint's day to whom the church happens to be dedicated; but, with all deference to what may have been quite true of the custom when the antiquaries lived who wrote thus, we cannot imagine the saints' days to follow in the regular succession in which these festivities follow one another, week after week, till each town or village has received and feasted its friends and neighbours—for every house has its guest.

Remembering the grey-stone fences monotonously mapping the hill-sides, grey and drear even on a summer's day, each with only a narrow V-shaped outlet, that requires some experience of these wall-tracks to discover, we cannot in some way separate these late autumnal hospitalities from the idea of a general leave-taking and farewell of distant friends, before the

snows of winter blot out the paths over the bleak, storm-swept hills, and the overflowing of the swollen rivers, render the valleys impassable, a catastrophe our landlady tells us not unfrequent at Matlock.

It had rained heavily on the morning of the eve of the "wakes;" but the showers holding up at noon, we bent our steps up the side of Masson, with a view of finding a hill-path to Matlock-bridge. Standing on these heights (for it is quite impossible to go steadily on, without pausing again and again to feast oneself with the untiring details of the scenery) a rainbow suddenly illuminated (I use the word in its relation to colour) the vapoury sky, one end of which very curiously seemed to rest upon the fields and houses at Matlock Bank, which appeared steeped in the prismatic colours, and so remained for some minutes. The effect was singularly beautiful, and not without a certain strangeness; for we had never before seen the iris lay so low as to colour terrestrial objects. It was afternoon, and we thought of the old nursery-rhyme, and drew a good omen from its appearance, which was fully redeemed on the morrow. Visitors to Matlock must have observed the absence of such common-place necessities as butchers', poulterers', and fishmongers' shops. Of the first, one does exist, a good way up, and wholly out of general observation, in the corner of a flight of steps, as if it had turned its back upon itself and was doing penance for its ugly calling—a calling, by the way, which the owner only exercises twice a week; after which the inhabitants depend for their supply on the proprietor of one of the Bath-houses, who kills for his own establishment, and to order for the villagers. The country people drop down from the hills with a scant supply of lean fowls, and flavourless fruit and other garden produce; and now and then a daring speculator comes over, by rail, with a basket of fish from the market at Derby, which has made a tour from the sea of some days' duration. But looking at the shops, apart from bacon and eggs, pork-pies and Bakewell puddings appear to be the staple provisions of the place. The fact, no doubt, has its foundation in the frugal habits of the natives; besides which, a walk of a few miles to the market at Cromford, or Bonsall, or even Wirksworth, is not a very hardy enterprise to a people, who, in the quaint phrase of Philip Kinder, "for diet doe prefer oates, for delight and strength. above any of the graine; for here you may observe, '*jus nigrum*,' the Lacedæmonian pottage to be a good dish if you bring a Lacedæmonian stomach to it." Nevertheless, a stranger in the land is apt to think the number of flour and spar shops out of all proportions to those for the purveyance of provisions.

Even the fact of the "wakes" made no perceptible difference in the prospects of "*diners out*," the only provisional augmentation being in the popular articles Bakewell puddings and pork-pies. The "wakes" we found to be very closely related to an ordinary fair, only the swings, and

roundabouts, and headless horses, and horseless chariots had crept in, surreptitiously, under cover of the night, as if the gentility of Matlock frowned at their coming in broad daylight. Even the entrance of the wild-beast show must have been shorn of all ceremony of shawms and trumpets, since its presence took the *little* people by surprise; and as for the "riders," whom we subsequently met five chariots strong in the High Peak, heralded by a brass band in a gold and scarlet waggon, to which the splendour of Her Majesty's state-coach is mild, they must, poor gentlemen, have entered quite as modestly, divested of all the pomp and pageantry that becomes their *eastern habits*, embroidered jackets, turbans, and pointed shoes. And, being here, the whole arena of the amusements contracted itself into an enclosure belonging to one of the public-houses, as completely cut off from the sight of the visitors and general public, as if it were held miles away.

Young people and children in their Sunday's best, an influx of strangers as distinct in appearance from the accustomed visitors as from the villagers themselves, and the occasional strains of the volunteer band, which was drawn up on the "Museum parade," and from time to time promenaded the village, were the only indications of anything unusual. Of course a spectator looking from either of the terraces above the hamlet would have seen the enclosure, and the canvas booths, with their pictorial legends spread in front of them, and a gaping crowd buzzing around; and have heard, if the wind were in the right way, the invitations of rival showmen, and of the proprietors of ginger-bread-nut stalls, to "taste 'em and try 'em afore you buy 'em," and have witnessed the *posés* of the young lady in pink evening costume, who filleted a tamarine above her head, and exchanged ends of the platform from time to time with a gentleman in a sky-blue pantaloons suit, alashed with silver—a dreary pantomime enough at that distance. But the buzz, and the roar of shouting voices, and bells and gongs, that a few days later made the market-place at Cromford unapproachable, Matlock was pleasantly spared. The travelling photographer, whose van was, happily, adjacent to the scene of the amusements, reaped a rich harvest of sixpences and shillings, to judge by the number of visitors who entered his perambulating studio; and the drivers of hired carriages, boatmen, and donkey-boys drove a brisk trade during the afternoon.

Our landlady—who has been baking tarts and cakes and preparing junkets in expectation of a great concourse of company, and is disappointed of half of them—is disgusted with the whole affair, and assures us the "wake" is quite another thing from what it used to be in her young days; then there was something like amusement, when old women (to the dishonour of their grey hairs) ran in sacks for a prize garment suspended in a sufficiently conspicuous place to stimulate their flagging powers of emulation; then boys and men, with their hands tied be-

hind them, were regaled with hasty-pudding boiling hot, and he who ate the most in a given time was proclaimed the victor; pig races were also popular, and were varied by the game of the greasy-pole. Now, she observes, the old folks have died off, the boys who ate the hasty-pudding are middle-aged men, and their children are being brought up with other notions. Volunteering is the only thing the young men think of, all the high spirits and love of sport resolve themselves into a martial flame, and are exhausted in parades and rifle-practice. She doesn't believe there is anything going on at the present "wake" to make her put her bonnet on to see it; and yet, yes, there is the "illumination of the rocks," which she does hope we shall make a point of seeing by-and-bye; for the inhabitants have been at the expense solely on account of the visitors.

"The illumination of the rocks"! it really sounded romantic as a sensation line in an Adelphi play-bill; but, remembering that the classic custom of the Fontanalia still lingers in the county—that the rush-strewing is continued in the churches—that the bride's crown, and the dead maid's garland of bygone times hung, till very recently, in the chancel of old Matlock church, we resign ourselves to the enjoyment of the feast of lanterns on a small scale, for it would be impossible to imagine anything like an adequate lighting up of the magnificent surface of the eastern cliff. As the evening drew in, the spectators ranged themselves on the terraces and highest points around the town, and waited for the promised spectacle. It began at last with a procession of twinkling lights, that followed each other at regular distances along the opposite margin of the river, and then danced off like wisp-fires up the zig-zag paths, meeting at times in a little constellation at some landing-place, and then, again, separating and skipping up the face of the rock, one in one direction, one in another, like jack-o'-lanterns as they were. It was pretty to see them sparkling through the trees, and suddenly glowing in a concentrated star of light; till presently, in a spot where only bare rocks confronted one in daylight, a burst of red fire flushed its grey surface rose-colour, and brought out for a minute or two, all the irregularities and sparry brilliancy of the glittering limestone. While, farther on in a hollow of the cliff, overhung with trees, a green light gave the most wonderful effect to the foliage, which reminded us of the palms and ferns in the surprise scene of a grand theatrical spectacle. In the meanwhile answering fires were lighted on the terraces on the opposite side, and the scene to those who were on the river must have been singularly striking. Lastly, when all the Bengal lights and coloured fire had been apparently exhausted, an illuminated boat, with a star glittering at her prow, and two lines of pearly lamps beading her gunwales, glided noiselessly down the river under the thick shadows of the massive cliff. We said silently, but we had forgotten the plau-

sits that followed, and the cracking of fiery bonquets, of rockets, and flower-pots, and serpents, that rose up, hissing and sparkling, into the darkness, and fell back in fiery showers. Altogether it was a strange, fantastic, pretty sight; but one glimmer of moonlight had been worth it all.

In the meanwhile the volunteer band, whose marches and martial airs had softened through the evening into sentimental, and Christy Minstrel melodies once more seized with enthusiasm, made the rocks echo with "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen;" whereupon the spectators dispersed—to find, however, in the course of the night (at least those whose bedrooms faced the main road, as ours did), that the Matlock "*wake*" was literally so, especially when this very band, some of the members of which had their homes in distant hamlets, after having disturbed the village throughout the night with broken, disrupted, and we might say, hiccup phrases of sound, finally, and towards the small hours of the morning, blew itself out in blatant dissonance, wholly oblivious of the proprieties and the peace of Matlock.

It was very pleasant, after this small excitement, and the night's unrest, to find the morning dry and clear, with that crisp sharpness in the atmosphere, and absence of clouds upon the horizon, almost conclusive of a fine day in autumn. Such days were becoming precious. The foliage skirting the flanks of the High Tor, which immediately faced the windows of our temporary home, had indicated in its changing colours for the past day or two the touch of night-frosts; while the swollen and turbid river, dyed brown with the peat-moss through which it percolates, told, as it hurried eddying along, the story of storm and rain upon the uplands. Every day, according to the inhabitants, we ran the greater risk of foul weather, so that every fine one like the present was of course to be made the most of.

We had passed through Matlock Bridge on our way to Matlock Bank, remarkable only for Mr. Smedley's hydropathic establishment, and whence we were driven back shivering at the sight of the patients—miserable-looking men and women, walking singly about in various directions, but with a similarity of discomfort in their appearance. We had also visited the village of old Matlock, and its antique church, and had enjoyed there a public view of an interesting collection of fossils from the lime-stone, masses of which are ranged on the walls of a gentleman's garden. But, on the other hand, there was Cromford, and Lea, and Bonsall, and Crich, all of which were worth visiting. Accordingly we concluded, as an American would say, to take the road to Cromford, which is the best starting-point for all the others. We have already spoken of the way in describing the river and the dale; and, what with the brightness of the morning, the buoyancy of the air, and the beauty of the river-side scenery, the distance seemed a mere nothing.

When near the bridge, an old gentleman mounted on a brown pony, which appeared overweighted in its rider, passed us on the way to Willersley—a rosy-faced, not ill-looking old gentleman, who appeared to have arrived at the turning point of seventy, but was by no means tired of this life yet; brisk and strong-looking for his age, his keen blue eye, and the firm mouth, gave a hard expression to the face, which, if local impressions be correct, is eminently characteristic of the man.

The greater part of the works at Cromford were on this morning standing still. Young women were clamorous for employment, and children, it was said, in some houses wanted bread. The look-out, with winter coming on, was very serious. A word from the old gentleman on the brown pony would have set the mills going merrily. New lead-works had drained off a great part of the water by which the machinery of the cotton-mills is worked, and the proprietor having "more than enough for himself," we were told, refused to introduce steam, and so for some time past the work-people had been reduced to work half, or little more than half, time. One can imagine how this state of things affects a manufacturing town. And no blessings were thrown after the firm-sitting little old man when he rode past the doors of the populace, whom his father's invention, and business energies had first brought together.

"Many a one wishes him gone," said a Macclesfield man with whom we had some after-conversation touching the great manufacturer. "He will neither work the mills himself, nor let anyone else. He has been offered thousands for the site of other works; but no: he will keep all, and with the opportunity of maintaining his people well, leaves them to half starve, because he has himself no use for their earnings."

The road to Lea continues for a considerable distance to skirt the river, which meanders through rich meadows overhung by the Willersley woods. The hedges reveal their spring and summer histories as we walk on, and exhibit signs of as rich a *Flora* as those common to Surrey or Kent. As we rise the hill, in a hollow of which the manufacturing village of Lea is situated, we perceive by the thinned aspect of an adjacent wood, in which the dead or dying trees are almost as numerous as the living, that we are in the region of lead-works, the vapour from which is fatal to vegetation. The tall shafts of an iron factory appear above the village roofs; a cotton-mill also exhibits the nucleus of the wealth of the Nightingales, and the villagers are further busied in woollen and stocking weaving.

Leaving Holloway to the right, we are soon on the highroad under Crich Cliff, famous, even in Camden's time, for its lead mines and lime-stone quarries. The hills, which contain this seemingly inexhaustible mineral wealth, are perforated and burrowed in various directions by the miners in search of it. Here

usually the metal is found in veins at no great distance from the surface, but occasionally it exists at more than a hundred feet in depth. A miner who had been employed in such an one, tells us that the work in them is very hard, there being no machinery, as in coal-mines, to lower or take up the men, who are thus obliged to climb by the hands and feet every time they leave the mine, and to let themselves down in the same way.

The calling is at all times an unhealthy one, and few men grow old in it. Young men work at it for a time, and then get away to something else. It is not nearly so bad now, however, as it used to be before the cupola was invented; for the *belland*, we understood him to say (though he frankly tells us we are not likely to know what he means by it, as it is a miner's phrase), destroyed men if they happened to swallow it, as well as horses and cattle when it happened to fall on the grass. We comprehend that the arsenical fumes thrown off in roasting the metal previous to smelting it, are meant, or at least the poisonous powder into which it becomes condensed, and which, in the days of the hearth-furnaces, must have been highly detrimental to those employed in the process.

As we walk on, we perceive that we have attained a much higher altitude than Masson. All the high places in the vicinity are beneath us. We overlook the Willersley rocks, and bend pleasantly across to the hanging woods at Watstanley. The ponderous lime-stone cliff rises hundreds of feet high above the road; and woods that once skirted it, go sloping down hundreds of feet below into the valley. Yonder lies Lea-Hurst, embowered in foliage, and representing, we imagine, the very home to nurture purity and tenderness; but there are shadows in every picture, however bright. And we have a sad, but settled personal belief that no woman ever left a happy home to find her vocation out of it.

As we look over one of these stretches of woodland, the fact that scarcely a timber-tree appears on it attracts our attention. It belongs, like a great deal more land in this direction, to the squire—Squire N—. A few beeches and pines, and an abundance of the comparatively valueless but beautiful ash indigenous to the district, are the only trees it contains. The oaks, we are told, have all been cut down, and the proprietor, who has no direct male heir, and from whose family the estate passes to a nephew or some more distant relative at his death, has not only despoiled it of its timber-trees without throwing in a single acorn in their place, but permits cattle to be driven in to eat off the undergrowth. This fact we had subsequently substantiated with others equally significant.

In a deep hollow of the road, which drops suddenly, and as suddenly rises again, we came upon large lead works; and not far off from them, a man and boy employed in washing the ore from the refuse, for which privilege a small sum is paid. The apparatus was of the most

primitive kind—a cradle suspended between two posts, and worked up and down in a trough of water, by means of a long wooden handle, for which the boy made a fulcrum of his shoulder and with his body as well as hands moved it, with a quick, jerking, ridiculous motion. Every now and then he paused while the man scraped up the particles of lead—mere granules for the most part—which parted from the sediment as it passed through the sieve. *It paid*, they told us, for a great deal of the stuff had been thrown out long before the present system of working and smelting the ore had been thought of.

We looked up at the bare, treeless, heavy-looking hills, and pictured the rude miners of long ago, smelting their lead by wood-fires on their summits, and woe be to the robber of their separate claims or heaps of ore; for any man might work lead who found it, except where gardens, and orchards, and highways were concerned. The punishment for stealing it, on the third conviction condemned the offender to have his hand struck through with a knife up to the haft into the *stow* or "*stowee*," a wooden frame-work, anciently used for drawing up the ore in tubs to the pit's mouth. There it was to remain till the death of the culprit, or till he loosed himself by cutting-off the hand. Wild justice this, but such as would scarcely be out of keeping, in a rude age, with the wild hard rugged aspect of nature in this gloomy district.

As we rise the hill on the other side of the deep natural cutting, in which a steam engine is at work for crushing and cleansing the ore, preparatory to its being sent to the smelting domes or cupolas, the tall spire of Crich church remarkable for its height, even in this land of tall spires, comes into sight. That pedestalled pillar, on the highest point of the cliff on our left, is Crich-stand, from the summit of which a bewildering view is obtained on clear days; but these distant views are, to say the best of them, unsatisfactory. So we pass on without essaying it, and are presently at Crich, a congeries of gloomy-looking, grey-stone cottages and public-houses, with low doors and deep-set windows, in walls two or three feet thick, and with an arid grim, haggard look about every portion of it, from the tumble-down old Market-Cross, to the barn-like "Ebeneser" and sombre-looking "Two Dutchmen," who appear strangely the worse for translation, from their old alluvial flats to this uncomfortable altitude, where they seem to have been hob-nobbing, full glasses of schiedam for a generation or two, judging from their faded colour.

The landlady of the best inn, at which only eggs-and-bacon, or bread-and-cheese are to be had, except on market-days, tells us she has frequently made a descent in furs when the people in the valleys were wearing their summer finery. The winters are long and terribly severe, for Crich is on the very forehead of the hill, and exposed to the wind from every quarter. "Bitter cold," she says it is, with a little anticipatory shudder; but the people are hardy—

miners most of them, and the walls are thick, and coals cheap, and the men earn pretty good wages.

As we make our way down the opposite road to that by which we entered the stony-looking town (for Crich is a market town), a goodly smell of brewing greets us from the open door of a cottage, and before we had gone much farther the spicy odour of elderberry

wine, and the sight of a Crich matron scrubbing the outside of some pretty-looking casks that stood airing at the door of her house, gave us the agreeable feeling that, however cold and desolate things looked on the outside, the miners of Crich are not without home-comforts, and thoughtful housewives to cheer their hard lives, and give warmth and brightness to their rugged-looking dwellings.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

OLD TIMES AT COMBE HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCATTERED SEEDS," "A CHRISTMAS GATHERING," &c.

"Oh! mamma, what a beautiful common this is, all covered with heath and wild flowers; this is real country. And just see what a steep hill there is to the left; and oh, do look at that pretty white house out yonder, standing back amongst the trees." And then little Howard Burton clapped his hands with delight, as a conclusion to his long speech.

"Mamma! you do not answer me; please say that you like it," added he rather impatiently.

"I like it very much indeed, my boy; so much that I cannot find words as quickly as you do."

And mamma once more relapsed into silence, suffering her young companion to ramble about and gather the heath, blue-bells, and delicate pencilled orchids, which grew abundantly round them; whilst she continued gazing upon the "pretty white house" that had attracted Howard's attention. But she was not allowed to remain very long in thought.

"Mamma, mamma, do hold some of these flowers for me, whilst I get some more, there are such lots, and—oh!—it is so jolly, after London! These are *real* wild flowers you know, not like the things we see in London squares, little miserable daisies, 'that are not allowed to wear white frocks, by the naughty smuts,' as Cousin Jenny used to say."

Mamma bent down to relieve her little boy of his nosegay.

"Are not these pretty, and these and these?" he asked, pointing out all his treasures.

"But mamma dearest, there are tears in your eyes; have I been naughty? are you angry?"

"No, my darling; I did not mean you to see my tears; mamma was naughty, not you," she said, smiling.

"What are you sorry about, then, mamma?" continued the little questioner, nestling close to

Mrs. Burton, his straw hat thrown aside, and his bright curly hair needing mamma's hand to soothe and disentangle it."

"I was sorry, dear, because I was thinking about old times, when I was quite a little girl, and —"

"And what, mamma?"

"And lived in that pretty house, which you have been admiring."

"Why, I never knew that—I thought we always lived in smoky London. Have I ever been in Gloucestershire before?"

"No dear, you and Bella are regular little 'cockeys,'" answered Mrs. Burton, smiling; "but I was born in that white house, peeping amongst the trees, and lived there many years."

"But if you liked it so much, as of course you did, why did you ever go away? Was it because papa wished you?" he added, with a sudden recollection of the influence papa's wishes had upon mamma's actions.

"Your papa would never have known me probably, if I had always lived there. No, dear; I went away when I was rather older than Bella is now, and never saw the house again, excepting in my dreams, till to-day."

"But why did you go?" persisted Howard.

"My papa and mamma had a great sorrow there, dear child—a sorrow which I shared with them; so we did not care to remain there, and never wished to go back again."

Howard wanted his mamma to tell him all about this trouble, but Mrs. Burton did not seem quite in the mood. "Another time I will dear, not just now. We must enjoy this bright, lovely day, and not cloud it with any more sad thoughts. Would you like to have a nearer view of the house? I know a short cut across that steep hill, and, perhaps, if we ask at the lodge-gate, we may be allowed to take a walk in the grounds, as I know the place is to let." Howard joyfully agreed and was soon bounding over the turf which skirted the carriage-drive up to the white house, whilst Mrs. Burton

stopped to speak to the lodge-keeper for a few minutes.

"Do make haste mamma, dear, I want to talk to you," cried the impatient young gentleman.

"Well, Howard, what is it?"

"I want to know whether the place is altered, or whether it is as you remember it when you were a little girl?"

"Very much altered—I think it has grown smaller, Howard," was the answer.

"Oh! mamma, dear!" exclaimed he, incredulously.

"I mean, dear, that as a child I looked upon it as quite a grand place, and always remembered it as such, and now it seems quite an ordinary gentleman's residence, and not a bit like a palace.—Yes, all looks as it used to do, only much, much smaller."

"And were these ivy baskets here?"

"These flower-beds? Yes. I have never seen them anywhere else; I always thought those ivy handles so pretty. We used to keep peacocks, and they often perched upon the top and spread out their beautiful feathers in the sun. It is too late in the year for anemones, or we ought to find them in this bed, that is to say if things all go on just as they did in my time," added Mrs. Burton, laughing at her momentary forgetfulness of the years since she was a little girl.

"Look at these beautiful myrtles, mamma, all in flower, why they are quite like trees."

"We always were famous for our myrtle-plants. Howard; I think some of these must have been of your grandfather's planting, the tubs must be new since then, but they are just as I remember them in front of the house."

"I should like to go inside; do you think we can, mamma?"

"There will not be anything to see that is likely to interest you, dear. I dare say I shall find the rooms all shrink to about half their former dimensions; but we can ask this young woman who is opening the window in what used to be the dining-room."

They were soon admitted, "La, sure now, ma'am, pray walk in, and young master too," being the ready and satisfactory reply to Mrs. Burton's inquiry, and her reason for asking permission. Howard was soon racing about like a wild thing, opening door after door, and rushing along the empty, echoing passages; exploring an untenanted house was a novelty to him, and therefore in itself an enjoyment. Mrs. Burton, her thoughts still busy with the past, followed more slowly, answering his eager questions as well as she could.

"And what was this room, mamma?" he inquired, pausing in a moderately large apartment on the second floor, which commanded a front view of the garden, and a distant glimpse of the common, on which they had that morning been walking.

"This used to be a morning or breakfast room, one I remember almost better than any other: a large, old-fashioned gilt chair, with green damask satin seat stood here—your great-

grandfather's favourite place; and that corner of the room just behind it was my usual 'standing point,' after lessons."

"Why, mamma?"

"Because I was very naughty, I suppose, and would not learn my letters. I know the word 'basket' was a sad trouble when I began to spell. I am afraid I was obstinately bent upon using all the right letters in wrong places."

"Well, mamma, I always liked spelling the little words backwards best; so I daresay I took after you. Why, where does this double-door lead?"

"Into a bed-room which was my mamma's, and in this dressing-room I slept sometimes."

"And now come this way, mamma dear, I want to go up that tiny staircase and open that door," said Howard, eagerly. But Mrs. Burton drew him away.

"I would rather not go there, dear Howard; you shall know why some day. Let us have a turn in the garden, you have not seen half of it yet, and I will try and find out the pond where the eels used to be. I remember how Lawrence and I would tease the gardener and coachman to take us to that pond, because we were forbidden to go there alone."

"Who was Lawrence, mamma? I never heard of him before."

"No, I rarely speak of him, dear. He was my only brother, my little pet, my baby-playfellow and companion. Four years younger than I was, but I loved him—nay, we loved each other as dearly as any two children could."

"As much as Bella and I do?"

"Quite as much."

"And what became of him, mamma?"

"He died, dear—that was the sorrow which sent us away from here, we could not bear to live here any longer after that, and the doctors said your poor grandpapa would never be well if we remained. So we went away, but were never the same happy party again; grandpapa died soon afterwards, and my mother was an invalid for years."

"Oh! how very sad!"

"Just at this moment the conversation was interrupted by a gardener, who brought a bunch of choice flowers to Mrs. Burton, begging her acceptance of them. "I wish there was some fruit for young master there, but there isn't any fit; all that was ripe we gathered and sent away to market yesterday."

Mrs. Burton thanked the man, wondering why he should be so civil to a stranger; she was about to turn away, when he stopped her with a—

"Maybe you've forgotten 'old Nimme,' missus—she as used to be cook up at the house when Mr. and Mrs. Ashley lived here? I heard tell at the Lodge, just now, who you was, and made bold to get you the flowers. Mother often speaks of ye to this day, ye see, ma'am; that's how I know'd you was so fond of them. Hope you'll excuse me, ma'am! I'm Nimme's son—"

leastways Nancy Bird's, she as used to be Nancy Nimms."

Mrs. Burton, as it seemed, had not forgotten the good-natured servant she had been wont to call "old Nimms," and whose kitchen and dairy she had so often visited on baking and churning days, that she might have a finger in making little loaves of bread and tiny pats of butter for her own private consumption. Neither had she forgotten Nimms's brother, the postman of those days, who used to bring her such splendid bunches of cowslips in cowslip season from fields close to his cottage. Mrs. Burton inquired after him, and learned that he had been dead many years. "Died quite sudden, miscreant; but t'ould woman, to whome 'll be main glad to hear you've thought of him."

Before saying good-bye, Mrs. Burton ascertained that "Nimms" was now living in some very comfortable almshouses, and, having promised to call upon her as soon as she could conveniently, started homewards with Howard. A little pony-chaise, containing papa and sister Bella, soon overtook them. "Room for two little people," cried papa, pulling up and making way for them to squeeze in, for the accommodation was limited; and Frisky, not objecting to the extra luggage, they were all very soon safely landed at the honeysuckle porch of their temporary home across Combe Common.

"And so those flowers came from your old garden, wife?" observed Mr. Burton, as he watched her carefully arranging them in one of the drawing-room ornaments.

"Yes, and of course they are all the sweeter," said Mrs. Burton, as she completed her bouquet with a centre of snowy myrtle.

"As you tell me the place is to let, Minnie, perhaps you would like to settle down there for the rest of your days? If so I will make inquiries at once."

His wife shook her head. "I shall be very glad, indeed, Arnold, if we succeed in finding a nice house in this immediate neighbourhood; but I would rather not live on that very spot. Some persons, perhaps, would not understand my having such vivid recollections of childish days; but I am sure that, if I lived at Combe House again, I should always be haunted with that one sad thought of poor Lawrence. Did you see any place likely to suit us this morning?"

"I made a few inquiries, but our time at R— was principally taken up in going over a cloth factory, much to Bella's delight. Never having had an opportunity of seeing the process of any manufacture, it was quite a treat to her, and I think she will almost tolerate those ugly tall chimneys more readily now. She was very much interested in seeing the use to which tease-heads are applied in combing the cloth and rendering it smooth, having always supposed, as she told me, that none but donkeys could benefit by them."

"Ah! said Mrs. Burton, laughing, "she always recollects, and has scarcely yet forgiven, that poor donkey, her disappointment at Hampstead that day, when he eat all the fine tease-heads she had intended gathering after tea."

"I remember we could only console her, poor child, by the suggestion that, whilst she was enjoying her strawberries and cake, it was but natural that Master Jacky should require the extra delicacy of a tease to refresh him."

It was a pouring wet morning, not many weeks after the Burtons had arrived at their ready-furnished cottage on the borders of Combe Common, and whilst the neighbourhood was still new to the children, and not fully explored—a wet morning of so decided a nature, that, although Mr. Burton was obliged to go out, mamma would not allow Bella or her brother to accompany him, as had been originally intended.

Now, although they were neither of them such very little children, both Bella and Howard were quite young enough to feel small disappointments just as keenly as any children could do. They were not at all philosophically disposed on this particular morning, because, had it been fine, two treats were anticipated.

A visit to "old Nimms," in the comfortable almshouses to which Mrs. Burton had already found her way, and afterwards a ramble in the garden of "mamma's old home," under the escort of "Nimms's" son, who had also promised them a nice basket of fruit to take away with them. Now both of these events could come off just as well on another day; only you see Master Howard and his sister had made up their minds to enjoy themselves on this particular morning, and—well, it is not a wise thing for any of us, big ones or "little ones," to resolve very decidedly upon what we shall or shall not do, when so many hindrances may present themselves to frustrate our plans—hindrances over which we can have no control. If we "make up our minds" too much, we may be disappointed, and, what is worse, not bear the disappointment bravely.

"Mamma, what shall we do?" inquired Bella, rather crossly.

"Do! why make yourselves happy, and be as busy as bees," said Mrs. Burton, briskly. "Why, we have had plenty of wet days in London, and it is worse there than here, I think."

"I don't, then!" exclaimed Howard, "because we don't want to go out so much there: we know all about the place, and here there is so much that we want to see. We haven't had our day in Combe Wood yet."

Bella agreed, with mamma, that it was better to have rain in the country, "because the flowers would smell so nicely afterwards, and then there would be no horrid London mud to walk through when they did go out again."

The two children began to argue the point, or rather to contradict each other, one asserting one thing the other another, with equal warmth, and, perhaps, with an equal amount of reason.

Mrs. Burton interposed. "Whatever you do, my dears, pray do not quarrel; you may each keep to your own opinions, and I daresay we shall find as much good sense on one side as the other."

"Well, will you settle it for us, mamma?" inquired Bella.

"I will tell you with whom I agree, my child, but I cannot compel you to think alike, or to think with me on such a point. It is not a case of abstract right or wrong—merely a matter of individual taste and preference. Suppose, whilst I finish some writing, you both amuse yourselves with setting down your reasons for liking or disliking rainy days in town and country?"

"Oh! that is a famous idea!" cried both the children, who had long been accustomed to write down what they called their "serious thoughts," viz., thoughts about subjects upon which they had really reflected, for papa and mamma to read and talk over with them afterwards. It was not a task imposed upon them, but a plan originated by the children themselves. They liked finding out occupations and amusements of their own a great deal better than "playing to order," at games which children are expected to find pleasure in as a matter of course.

The papers, being duly completed, were folded carefully away till papa should come home in the evening, and then, as both had quite recovered from their temporary disappointment, and mamma's writing was finished, she proposed fulfilling her promise of telling them something about her own little brother (their Uncle Lawrence), whose early death had been her first great sorrow.

My story would be too long were I to tell you all that Mrs. Burton related of her early days at Combe House, and of the tiny, fairy-like child with the "large wondering eyes," that always looked "as if they were asking questions," who was her companion and baby-playmate for seven years of her child-life. I must, however tell you the end of Mrs. Burton's history, for it was a very sad one.

"So he died, mamma, when he was just seven, poor little fellow! had he been ill long?" asked Howard.

"He was not ill at all, dear: he died from the effects of a terrible accident: his little bed caught fire, how was never exactly ascertained, but most probably a lighted candle was left too near it, and either the child's movement in the bed when asleep, for he was always a restless sleeper, or the draught when the door was closed, brought the thin curtain in contact with the flame."

"Oh, mamma, how very dreadful! could nothing be done to save him?"

"All was done that could be done, but it was too late: when the poor child's cries at length brought Nimms to the room in which he was all by himself, vainly endeavouring to escape from his dreadful enemy, the fiercely raging fire—"

"But Nimms was the cook, had you no nurse, mamma?" Bella inquired.

"Nurse was unfortunately gossiping at the gardener's lodge, instead of being in the nursery, as Nimms believed, and papa, mamma, and grandpapa were out at an evening party with aunt Ellen, who was just then on a visit to us. I slept with her in quite another part of the house, away from my usual room, and that was how I knew nothing about it till the following morning. I saw my darling brother once more, only once more alive, when he begged to say 'good-bye' to me: his worst sufferings were over then, thank God, and he was soon afterwards at peace for ever. Now, my children, we will say no more about this old sorrow," added Mrs. Burton, as she kissed the tears away from the two young faces; "but you will understand why we were all so glad to leave that pretty white house nestling amongst the trees, and how it is that I have never even had the courage to visit the old place again till now. Come, wipe away those tears, Bella, only let what I have told you cause you to prize each other's love more than you have ever done whilst it is yours, remembering that death by illness or what we call accident may at any moment separate you and deprive you of it for a lifetime."

Y. S. N.

THE THREE TREES.

(From the German.)

Once upon a time there stood three trees near one another in an orchard—a cherry-tree, an apple-tree, and a young fir-tree. The two first were quite covered with snow-white and rosy-striped blossoms; and made very merry at the expense of the fir-tree, who stood modestly beside them in his simple dress of dark green.

"Look at us," they said; "how we shine afar off, with our glory of blossoms, and rejoice the hearts of all that behold us. And we are not only beautiful, but we bear delicious fruits; while you, poor little fir-tree, can only yield cones, that are good for nothing but to light the kitchen-fire. You cannot even bestow a decent shade! I only wonder that people let you stay there so quietly, and do not cut you down and burn you, or make you into tables or benches; for otherwise you are of no use at all, you queer little thing!"

The young fir-tree listened quietly, and did not appear to trouble itself about the scornful speeches of its proud neighbours. It smiled slyly to itself, and at last said, quite in a friendly manner:

"I know what I am good for, though; and if you asked the people which of the three they liked the best, why, who knows which of us they would name?"

At this the cherry-tree and the apple-tree laughed aloud; and the cherry-tree said, in a sneering voice:

"We can soon try that. Do you see a young child coming this way? We will ask him which of us he likes the best; for children speak the truth."

The other two agreed; and, as the little boy drew near the cherry-tree, called to him and said:

"Look at us three, and tell, without fear or favour, which you like the best. I am a cherry-tree. Out of my pretty white blossoms grow the great juicy red cherries that delighted you so much last year. Delicious tarts are made from my fruit; and you well know, when your mother preserves my cherries in bottles, how good they taste."

The apple-tree now took up the conversation.

"My rosy blossoms," she said, "become fine red-cheeked apples, with which you are well acquainted, are you not, my little man? How good they are, made into fritters! How nice to

take to school, for luncheon! Then in winter, you know, when all other fruit is over, my rosy apples still remain. What do you say to that, eh?"

It was now the turn of the fir-tree. But he said nothing; he merely signed to the child with his dark-green boughs.

Then the child rushed forwards, and embraced him with both arms, crying out, joyfully:

"You are the dearest to me, you dear, dear Christmas tree! What are all the apples and all the cherries in the world, compared with your beauty and glory when you smile upon me and upon my little brothers and sisters on Christmas Eve!"

When the other trees heard that, they shook from vexation, until all their blossoms fell off. And did not the little fir-tree laugh at them then?

A M O T H E R ' S T R I A L .

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"He has a sinking turn! Oh dear, won't the doctor never come?" exclaimed the nurse, with white lips, as she tried to force a little brandy through the closed mouth, and unfastened the light night-dress to feel for a faint pulsing of his heart.

I could not then see him die, my pretty, pretty baby! And so I turned away, and sought for darkness and God. "If it is Thy will, spare my child, my precious child! But thy will, not mine, be done!" I cried, again and again, amid choking sobs and tears.

"If you will take upon yourself the guardianship and responsibility of all the future life of your babe, independent of God's foreknowledge, he will be spared," was the temptation.

"Thy will, not mine, be done, Heavenly Father, for thou seest all the future!" I answered.

"Let your darling one die, bury the little fingers that lie on your bosom each night, the soft lips that kiss your cheek. Never hear his cooing voice, sweeter than the ring-dove's, and the merry shout of glee as you come in from your morning walk: the lisping voice just learning to say 'papa,' and the steps so soft you almost hold your breath to catch their sound: bury the eyes that glance back your unfathomable love."

"Thy will, not mine, be done, came moaning quickly back, as if human love was overpowering faith, and soon there would be no strength to say it.

The kind physician looked up sadly as I en-

tered the room. I knew it all: there was no hope, and I sat down by the nurse and reached my arms for my baby. She laid him upon them, and I smoothed back the bright golden ringlets that had won for him the pet name of "Sunshine," and laid his little hand once more upon my neck. His eyes were closed, and the long eyelashes rested upon his cheek like delicate pencillings, and my tears fell fast upon them as I leaned over him. The drops aroused him, and he looked up and said, "Mamma, mamma." A faint wan smile crept around his lips, a glance of love welled into his clear, bright eyes, and then a spasm of pain, a sinking of the pulse, and it was all over, and I had a baby, no more to die, in heaven!

The branches of the maple creaked and moaned against the house, and the wind rattled the casement and sung dirges upon the broad staircase, and I buried my head in the pillows all the long, dreary night, and sobbed—"Thy will, O Father! help me say Thy will be done!" I wanted my baby in my arms, to bend down caressingly and whisper, "Darling, darling," and kiss his cheek, and feel his soft fingers clasping mine, and his warm breathing on my bosom, and I could not shut out the sight of the little white-robed form lying cold and still, all alone in the chill parlour, and the hands and feet lily-white, iced stiff by the River of Death.

Morning came at last, and the sunbeams peeped into the window, and the canary sung his blithest song, and the little children in the lane beyond the bridge shouted and played as

merry as if there was no dying in the world, and it all came mockingly to my aching heart. I wanted to get away, and I opened the darkened parlour and laid my cheek against the cold cheek of my baby. The curls lay in golden coils all around his white forehead, and the blue veins seemed to flow as gently as ever under the clear skin, and a pleasant surprised smile dimpled his lips as if his eyes were just ready to unclothe from a pleasant slumber at a loving kiss pressed upon his cheek. A sprig of myrtle and spray of white flowers looped up his little sleeve, and a bud or two was tucked into his hand, and nestled amid the gossamer folds that banded his waist. He seemed so near, still mine, that I grew calm, and raised the curtain a trifle to let in the sunshine.

Ghostlike, stiff, and cold, spread out before me on the hillside, in the graveyard, stood the tombstones, and close by them the sexton digging a grave—my baby's grave! The curtain fell from my nerveless hand, and I sunk down beside my boy, and with arm thrown close around him, cried aloud, "I cannot give him up!"

Kind friends led me from the room, and God mercifully parted the clouds of darkness and let in a ray of heavenly light into my soul so dimmed by sorrow that I could not see even a dim outline with an eye of faith, and I lived, lived to kiss baby's lips the last time, to hear the rattling of the cords under the coffin, and the shuddering sigh of the sods as they left him in the dark, dreary grave. The myrtle put on its brightest green, and the white flowers, like nestled snow-flakes, peeped up again by my path ere I could gaze on the tiny shoes, still shaped by his little feet, or raise the curtain that shut out his grave from sight, or see the baby across the street that cooed and laughed to mine so often, without a rush of tears and an uplifted prayer for resignation.

* * * * *

"Nellie." And then there was a pause and a questioning glance, as if husband was reading if I could hear what he had to say.

"What is it, Philip?" And I folded up the golden curl in the tissue envelope, and turned toward him with a cheerful face.

"Daniel Hurlbut is sentenced to the penitentiary for two years, for larceny! It almost killed his mother: she just goes from one fainting-fit into another, and Lucy wrings her hands and cries! I never saw such a distressed family! They did not hear a word about it till it all came out in some gossiping city newspaper, whose editor by some means found out his true name! And if he had been brought home a corpse, I do not believe it would have stricken them down so."

Back again through twenty years, and Daniel Hurlbut laughed and cooed in his mother's arms, and my baby lay stiff and white in the darkened parlour. Almost twin by age for my child, I could not see him for one long, dreary year without bringing such yearning to clasp

my baby in my arms that my pillow would be wet with tears; and now he was in that gloomy prison and my child in Paradise!

The brightness of the sun to the darkest night, the sweetness of the rose to the sickening, pestilential vapours of the lowest city haunt the pureness of the falling snow to the soiled plant choked in the dusty pathway, so my cherub's home seemed to his; and like a song that comes outgushing from the heart, cadenced by love and praise, so came the thoughts that my precious one was where sin could not soil nor crime stain the white purity of his soul for evermore.

STANZAS.

(Written upon entering the Studio of the late Mrs. Valentine Bartholemew for the first time after her Death.)

The quiet study where she used to sit
And paint, and talk, and pass away the hours,
While through the open door the sunbeams came
With the faint perfume of sweet garden flowers.

Thimble and brush—artist, and woman's work,
With books and paintings scattered everywhere,
And forms of life, where nothing now remains
Save empty vases, and a vacant chair!

We miss the cheerful voice, the pleasant smile,
The cherished kindnesses of bygone years—
Those unforgotten memories of the Past,
Which stir the heart and dim the eyes with tears.

R. C.

Oct. 11, 1862.



NEWGATE.—The antiquity of this building is prodigious, if viewed in connexion with what it was meant to continue or restore; for on this spot stood a Roman fort. If considered in its present capacity as a prison, it is still very ancient. During nearly 750 years have the guilty or the unfortunate been here incarcerated. The prison, as we now see it, was built by Dance, in 1783, after the partial destruction of the former edifice by the rioters under the notorious Lord George Gordon. An underground passage leads from the cells to the dock in the Old Bailey Sessions House. Notice in the prison-wall as to look like the stone wall of which it forms part. This door is opened for the removal or entrance of prisoners, when the prison-van just fits the aperture, so as to prevent the possibility of escape.—*Routledge's Shilling Guide to London*, by G. F. Pardon.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE LEECH AND HIS ENEMY.

Nearly twelve years ago a French naturalist constructed, for a certain purpose, a scientific aquarium. This aquarium consisted of a circular basin lined with lead, and was so contrived that a current of water could be established through it at pleasure. At the bottom of the basin was a bed of rich loam, in which were planted a number of aquatic herbs; while in one part a sort of island rose above the surface of the water, composed of loam covered with common earth and turf.

All these careful preparations were made for the benefit of a party of leeches, who were expected to sport among the plants, to burrow on the island, and to hold themselves generally ready to make their appearance when called upon.

The distinguished party referred to amounted to three hundred. They were perfectly healthy, beautifully shaped and tinted, and came all the way from Hungary. Once safely housed in the basin, they were left to their own devices until the end of the month of September; except that during that period they were thrice regaled, twice on their favourite diet, and once on a dish of frogs.

Left to themselves in so convenient a habitation, in every way adapted to their nature and habits, and apparently free from the remotest suspicion of danger, living thus in peace and safety, neither overfed, nor starved for lack of nourishment, these favoured reptiles were bound, in the usual course of affairs, to increase and multiply at a rapid ratio; it was a duty which they owed to themselves and their protector. But what actually occurred? When the naturalist came to examine into the condition of his stock, the original three hundred had almost all disappeared, while in their places were found only about a hundred newly-born leeches, a quarter of an inch in length, and mostly concealed in the folds of the leaves of the aquatic plants placed in the basin.

It was then remarked that each of the infant leeches enclosed a little, colourless, ten-legged animal. Many of these curious creatures were likewise walking about at the bottom of the basin. They could not swim, but climbed up the stems of the irises and *typha* as far as the surface of the water, and lodged upon the sieves that had been used to fish for the leeches. The greater number of them, however, were found in the interior folds of the leaves where the young leeches had hidden themselves. These singular parasites are thus described: head furnished with four broken antennae, two of them longer than the others; legs ten in number, each terminating in a small hook; body, a longish square, depressed at the anterior extremity, whence issues a tail formed of a single segment, and ending in two biforked terminations. Be-

neath the tail are appendages that continually beat the water for the purpose of renewing it to the surface of the respiratory organs.

Our naturalist now took a glass globe filled with water, and placed therein a certain number of the parasitical insects; he then threw in an equal number of young leeches. Their enemies no sooner became aware of their presence than they rushed upon them. The leeches in vain endeavoured to disembarass themselves of the intruders, and were ultimately obliged to succumb.

M. — then wishing to ascertain with certainty whether these formidable little animal, were capable of attacking full-grown leeches placed a few of them in another globe filled with water along with two large leeches. In a few minutes they had fixed themselves upon their natural prey. The poor leeches struggled violently, and sought to escape. They could not, however, by their utmost efforts, get rid of their rapacious enemies.

This scourge of an animal so necessary in medical operations, is common in the waters of the Seine, and in several pools in the neighbourhood of Paris. Naturalists name it the *Asellus vulgaris*. At the time we speak of, leeches had become very scarce in France, and their price had risen in proportion. In consequence of this scarcity, sundry French speculators had attempted to acclimatise this useful reptile, and to further its rapid reproduction. Some unknown obstacle had hitherto nullified all their endeavours, and it was to the discovery of this obstacle that the researches of our savant had been directed. How he succeeded has already been seen: it were well if entomological science were more frequently directed to the like practical purposes.

"DUNDREARY."

What next "sensation" is there that will tell
After this stammering and senseless swell,
Who, thanks to present drawing-room propriety,
Would not be tolerated in society.
But who, much to the Manager's delight,
Crams the Haymarket Theatre each night.
Whose mind and matter are both weak, combined;
But, since we laugh, no matter, never mind,
Particularly as he skips and stutters,
We roar at every word his Lordship utters;
And he may be allowed to be the rage,
If witnessed nowhere else but on the stage.
Yet where is Sheridan? where Colman? where
Those glorious comedies once acted there,
And now revived on some occasion rare?
But which, like the old "dames have had their day."
Of "Lord Dundreary" much more might I say:
Of more I would, but feel no more I may,
Since all, much to the purpose has been said
(Except three pages which need not be read)
By one who writes whilst "breakfasting in bed."
T. F. D. C.

LADIES' PAGE.

NETTED JUPON.

MATERIALS:—5 reels of strong Bear's Head Netting Cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby. Two meshes, one an inch wide, and one three-quarters of an inch.

The petticoat is very light, and much more easily made up than the crinoline of which it supplies the place.

Net 109 stitches on the wide mesh; on the narrow mesh net 3 plain rows.

5th row.—In every third loop net 2 stitches.

Net 5 plain row. Now unite it, and net round.

11th.—In every sixth loop net 2 stitches.

Continue to net in plain rounds till the netting

is from seven-eighths of a yard to a yard in length, according to the height of the person it is intended for. Then net a row on the wide mesh, in which a whalebone or steel, neatly covered and joined, is run in, and which keeps out quite stiff; and in every alternate round for 4 times, put a stiff-blind cord. Set it into a band at the waist; it should be well starched.

FIRE-SCREEN OF PHEASANTS' WINGS.

Fire-screens composed of the wings of pheasants, or other game, are both pretty and useful, and when hung at the fireside, below the bell pull, form a nice addition to the decorations of a drawing-room. The wings must be cut off when the bird is fresh killed, and as near the body as possible, being careful not to ruffle the feathers. The first process in forming the screen is to cut, with a sharp pair of scissors, through the skin in the inside of the wing, in the direction of the bones. The skin is then to be turned carefully back from the shoulder to the second joint; but the bones composing the part above that are so small, and the skin adheres so closely to them, that it is necessary to detach them at the first joint, and remove them with the flesh. The skin is then to be stretched straight upon a board, with a weight placed upon it. The same process must be gone through with the sister

wing. When perfectly dry, place their straight edges in close contact, and sew the skins, as far as the second joints, together. If the skin should be thin, it will be requisite to inclose a strip of card-board, thin wood, or wire, in the place of the bones which have been taken out; these will not only keep the screen extended, but serve also as a firm substance to which the handles (gilt ones look best) may be fixed. The seam and the place where the handles are inserted must be concealed by rosettes of the large scarlet chenille, sew one on each side so as to cover where the handle joins; a pair of scarlet chenille tassels and silk cord are required. The screen is hung by the loop of cord. Instead of the chenille rosettes, oval or lozenge groups of feathers from the head or breast of the bird, form an appropriate ornament.

CROCHET FLOWERS.

HAWTHORN; OR, MAY FLOWER.

This flower may be made in white, but it looks more natural when done in a very pale, delicate shade of pink, split wool. The centre is composed of twelve or fifteen small stamens, tipped with a brownish red. These are sold by the manufacturers of artificial flower materials at a very trifling charge.

FLOWERS.—Make first a small ring of wire, by folding a bit of wire in the middle and twisting the ends together two or three times; cut off one end of the wire, take a length of the split wool, make a loop with it on the crochet-needle, and work a plain stitch of crochet on the ring. Then work four long stitches in succession, also on the ring, and continue to make one plain and four long stitches four times more, forming

altogether five small round petals; break off the wool some distance from the work; place the stamen in the centre of the flower, twist the ring quite close, and, with a piece of green silk split, or very fine floss silk, tie the ends of the wool to the stem, cut off the wool, and cover about two inches of the stalk with the same silk.

About ten or twelve of these flowers will form a full bunch; all the little stalks (though of different lengths) must be placed together.

LEAF.—Make a chain of seven stitches, and work round it a row of double crochet, with a pretty yellow shade of green, lighter than that used for the chain; a wire must be worked in the edge, and in mounting the leaves place three together, covering the stalk with split wool,

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

LES MISERABLES FANTINE. A Novel. By Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Charles E. Wilbour.—A Philadelphian bookseller has recently issued an edition of this highly abused, and most interesting work, and as curiously showing the different spirit in which "Les Misérables" have been received by transatlantic critics (for the following is only one of many, couched in a very different tone from the majority of home opinions, we quote it entire :

The world has been benefited by the death of a single obscure individual in France. The story runs that for twenty-five years Victor Hugo has suppressed his "Les Misérables," on account of some difficulty with his publisher; and now, upon the decease of the latter, the most remarkable book of the age is suffered to be made public. We should say books, rather, for there are a series of five, treating of the same theme, and, if we may judge by the titles of the subsequent ones, all connected in story. Hugo has attempted the great work of showing how society is itself responsible, in a measure, for its criminals, by its treatment of those who have made a single false step. "Fantine" is the first of the series of these books, and has for its hero and heroine Jean Valjean, a convict just from the galleys, and Fantine an unfortunate woman. Though treating of characters and subjects abhorred and forbidden, there is nothing in the book which can disgust the reader, or which panders to depraved tastes. It is, in truth, written in most beautiful and chaste style, though its beauty is somewhat marred by its indifferent English translation. In his attempts to heal the festering wounds of society Hugo probes deeply and unhesitatingly, and in consequence we shall not be surprised to hear some crying out, and see some shrinking at his touch. But this to the skilful physician is the more certain sign of disease. If books can effect anything, it seems that the influence of this for good must be measureless. The first portion of "Fantine" is devoted to a brief sketch of M. Myriel, Bishop of D——, a person who has a passive influence rather than an active part in the events narrated. It is a model of a biography, and aside from the rest of the book will be read with interest by all who can appreciate a character so simple-minded and overflowing with benevolence as he. For Hugo, whether he has drawn from real life or not, has clustered around the bishop all the virtues that he could conceive as belonging to a good and truly great man. As sequels to "Fantine," "Cosette" and the books following will be anxiously looked for, and cannot be issued too soon.

JOURNAL OF THE WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY. (London: Longman, Green and Co.—No. 21 contains, amongst other matter, interesting to all who concern themselves with the welfare of the poor and needy, the friendless, and the fatherless, an especially well-written paper, by Miss Mary Carpenter, "On the Education of Pauper Girls." This lady, whose personal experience on the subject of education in con-

nection with neglected children, is well known, gives additional force to her suggestions. There is much more in her plea—"Let us think of them simply as young girls, not as pauper girls"—than appears at the first glance. But all who have any practical knowledge of the class, know how the name acts on the prospects of these children: how it oppresses and degrades them, even below the level of the other poor, who, outside the House feel themselves free from its contaminating stigma.

"Children," observes this lady, "children ought never to be considered as paupers; they have committed no act of their own which should degrade them; children *must* always be dependent on others for their support; nature assigns to the parent the support of them; society discharges to the child a duty which the parent cannot or does not perform. All human beings, in a free and Christian country, should be regarded as entering the world free and unstained by any acts of others—all equal in the sight of the Creator."

And, so the writer goes on to argue for home, instead of workhouse education for these poor sufferers for the sins, or misfortunes, of their parents. She shows how, in a true home, the affections of the girl are awakened and developed, and how, while fondling the baby like a little mother herself, or helping to prepare her father's dinner, or assisting her mother in keeping the home to rights, she is practically preparing to fill her duties in life, especially when all this is combined with attendance at a good school. In workhouses the young girl learns nothing practically useful for service or a poor man's home. The dormitory does not teach her a housemaid's duties; nor the cooking—which is, of course, always on a large scale, and managed by steam and other apparatus, wholly unknown in ordinary kitchens—how to dress the most simple meal. Even in needlework, from the subdivision of labour in order to produce well-made articles more quickly, each girl learns one part of it only; in other schools, with the same object, that of adding to the funds by the earnings of the girls, only very fine needlework is taught, and in none is the homely and very necessary knowledge how to piece and repair acquired by these poor girls. We counsel all our lady readers, who feel interested in the future of the multitudes of young girls springing-up in our workhouses, and who can step between them and the evils of a system of training and rearing, that by depriving them of the exercise of all the affections that God intended should sway their nature, and bring forth home and family affections in womanhood, to read this really important paper. The remainder of the number contains supplementary matter in connection with the subject in the "Extracts from

the Evidence of the Hon. Mrs. Way," taken before the Select Committee on Poor Relief (England). This lady has for fourteen years maintained a special training school—the BROCKHAM HOME for workhouse girls of about fourteen years of age—which has proved highly advantageous to the children, and certainly not less so to society. In London Miss Twining's Industrial Home promises to bear as happy results.

LITERARY NOTICE.—We hear that Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. have in the press a new work by the author of the "Study of the Bible," entitled—"The Destiny of the Human Race: a Scriptural Inquiry," which will probably appear this month.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. (19, Langham Place, Regent Street; W. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row).—The October number contains, amongst other useful papers, the conclusion of "Heinrich Pestalozzi," an interesting summary of the great teacher's life and trials. We recommend, for more than the amusement to be derived from it, "A Dream of Nabonassar," which bears upon a subject in which every parental heart is, or should be interested, and which deeply affects the happiness of thousands of families. A fertile cause of domestic misery is the inaptitude of so-called educated women to adapt themselves to circumstances; and many a home has been wholly wrecked under a temporary pressure of monetary matters which the wise economies and personal efforts of a practical housewife would have helped to tide it through. It is, however, well that women of the middle classes are beginning to give this knowledge—which should really be the substructure of all other, rather than as it is, where it does exist, a something picked up by the way, and altogether outside the aim and scope of modern education—their earnest consideration. We believe that the want of knowing how things should be done on the part of mistresses is the true cause of the ignorance of servants, and lies at the root of much home discomfort of the nature described in this "Dream of Nabonassar," whom we remember to have met with in our own early course of Magnell's Questions, which knowledge, we are bound to cry out with the poor victim in the story, has never been of any use to us as long as we have lived. "Manners and Morals" is the title of a thoughtfully written paper, the questions involved in which are acquiring deeper consequence from day to day. We are afraid to flatter society by the unqualified acceptance of the author's conclusions. Never was there a period when faith in the moral progress of human nature, especially British human nature, was subjected to greater shocks and doubtings; for never was there a period when the leaders of religion, philanthropy, and education were more active, or one in which domestic crime and commercial debasement had arrived at so great an excess. J. A., we cannot help thinking, treats the matter too mildly, and scarcely goes deep enough to

lay bare its ugly and wide-spread roots. "Hints on Taste" contains some that are worth attending to, but practically we fancy the scarlet chimney-cloth and plaster-casts would not appear to the same advantage in the homes of the labouring classes as a fitch of bacon or a chain of home made sausages: nor can we endorse as good taste the suggestion of a bunch of flowers to fill the summer fire-place: dried grasses might be permitted, but blooming flowers suggests a floral suttie. Several other interesting papers connected with the special objects of the magazine diversify these lighter papers.

MAGNET STORIES: THE ORPHANS OF ELFHOLM. By Frances Brown. (London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row).—It is so long since we have seen anything of Frances Brown's that we are glad to meet her in these healthful pages. She has put heart into her pretty story, and all our young friends will thank us for introducing them to Elfhelm and its Orphans. Elfhelm lies hidden among the woods and hills of pleasant Shropshire, and has as yet escaped railways and tourists. But jealousy and anger are found all the world over, and these bad passions lead to the separation of two happy families, hitherto near neighbours and friends: a separation extended to the grandson of old Adam Bell, and the niece of widow Bell, Luke and Lily, who had no quarrel whatever, but who were forbidden to speak or play together as they had done all the happy years of their young lives, in order that the variance of their elders might be made more complete. How all this wrong and sorrow came about, our readers will learn on reference to the current number of this delightful series of children's stories, which promise to run on with the months and to be looked for with unabated interest. The chapter headed "The Flood" will be read eagerly by boys and girls, and the whole story so agreeably balances the influence of the little hero and heroine that the story will be read by either sex with equal pleasure.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING FOR THE PEOPLE; OR, HOW TO BE HAPPY IN BOTH WORLDS. (London: Wertheim and Co., Paternoster Row).—The aim of this brochure is best explained by the author, who at paragraph 173 observes,

The word of God and this little book are full of evidence and instruction about the moral laws of God: showing the rewards that are sure to follow obedience, with the delights enjoyed while obeying, and the punishments always resulting from disobedience unless the sinner obtains forgiveness. The laws of God affecting our material well-being are very imperfectly known and understood; but they will be found very clearly and practically set forth in "Wealth, how to Get, Preserve, and Enjoy it;" and all his laws affecting both our bodies and our minds are very fairly and plainly expounded in "Health made Easy for the People; or, Physical Training to make their Lives in this World long and happy."

ODD FELLOWS' QUARTERLY (MANCHESTER). (London: Judd and Glass, New Bridge-street).—The late period at which we received

the October part of this Quarterly limits our notice to the fact that it is a good one. The lovers of Eliza Cook's poems will be delighted

with a charming one entitled "Over the Downs," which possesses all the sparkle and resonant freshness of her early lyrics.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

A concert of a very agreeable and novel character was given at this elegant place of entertainment on the evening of the 16th ult., the whole selection consisting of Welsh melodies, and the only instruments used being harps. The beautiful appearance of the orchestra filled by a choir four hundred strong; the band of twenty harps presenting an almost unique and picturesquely graceful appearance, took the senses captive through the sight, and predisposed the audience (a very large one by the way) to fully enjoy the evening's entertainment. The *benefactor* was Mr. Lockyer, the energetic secretary of the Vocal Association, who had provided a well-selected and most liberal programme. "The Rising of the Sun," effectively performed by the choir, though only the second piece, received the honour of an encore. "All through the Night" was also deservedly applauded, and Miss Eliza Hughes, by her graceful singing of "The Rising of the Lark," elicited deserved applause. The duet for two harps—"Scenes of Childhood," deliciously played by two pairs of master-hands, was, as might be expected, rewarded with a very *furor* of enthusiastic praise. Miss Lascelles sang "The Ash Grove" with considerable pathos and expression, and the first part was brought to a close by the performance of those established favourites within these walls—"The Dawn of Day," and "The March of the Men of Harlech" in which the members of the choir sang with even more than

their wonted spirit and artistic precision. Miss Edith Wynne charmed her audience by the unaffected sweetness with which she sang the melodies allotted to her. Though wanting power, she by no means lacks feeling; and in the simple air, "The Dove," her voice admirably adapted itself to the requirements of the music, and exhibited careful study. Of the other solos, the great success of the evening was Mr. Lewis V. Lewis's singing of "Love's Fascination," which he gave with much verve and expression. This gentleman possesses a baritone of very agreeable quality, and his excellent management of it promises well for his usefulness as a popular concert singer. The entertainment ended with the song and chorus "The Joy of the Mead Cup," which was admirably calculated to send the well-pleased audiences home in a pleasantly merry mood. The great want of the evening was the dearth of positive talent on the part of the solo singers. But even this want was forgotten in listening to the score of harpers "harping on their harps," and the perfection with which the greater part of the choruses were given. Much praise is due to Mr. Lockyer for originating one of the most delightful novelties in concert-giving, and which is admirably calculated to produce the end he aims at, that of giving a *higher tone* to our national melodies. Another of these delightful entertainments took place on the evening of the 30th ult., the particulars of which we reserve. As before, the orchestra was admirably conducted by Mr. Thomas.

T H E T O I L E T.

(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Bride's dress of white *padecoy*, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with a deep flounce, put on in hollow plaits, and presenting large vandykes at the top. Above these points runs a netted trimming of white silk, every knot of which is a small rosette executed in Spanish point. Three fringed medallions of the same are placed at the points of the vandykes. Body, high and buttoned, cut in the waistcoat shape. Sleeves with elbow open at bottom, and trimmed at top with a lace jockey, and fringed medallion, and at bottom with a netted trimming like that on the skirt; a fringed medallion is placed at the bend of the arm, and

at the commencement of the opening made at the side. Under-sleeves of *tarlatane* formed of two puffs which fall over the arm finished by a double *ruche*. English *applique* lace collar. Coronet of white wild roses and orange flower buds; bouquet to match. Veil of *tulle illusion*. Handkerchief with lace border.

SECOND FIGURE.—Bridesmaid's costume: White silk dress, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with three goffered *tarlatane* flounces, put on in undulations, and figuring a tunic in front: Body pointed, with a *berthe* composed of *tarlatane* drapery, bordered by a goffered frill turning and rounding off on each shoulder,

Here, over a sleeve formed of two goffered frills, there is a *Marguerite* puff; behind, at the bottom of the waist, is another similar puff. Waistband long and wide, bordered by a frill. Head-dress a coronet of wild white roses.

THIRD FIGURE.—Ball dress of silk, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with palm-leaves of Chantilly lace, and *ponces* peony, half blown, on each point. Body pointed, trimmed with a lace *bertha* in the *faku*-shape. On the sides of the dress an ornament composed of half-blown peonies and lace palm-leaves. On the head a wreath of peonies placed *à la Milanaise*.

FOURTH FIGURE.—Ball dress of *mauve* silk, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with waved rows of *mauve* crape, separated by Chantilly lace. These ornaments run up to the middle of the skirt, and are interspersed with tea-roses, which also ornament the hair, or head-dress. The body is cut pointed, and has a *bertha* very deeply pointed behind and before, composed of a bias piece and lace. The newest body is cut with waistcoat points, and is trimmed with guipure, gimp, or ruching, in the Figaro style.

Walking dresses are still worn simply trimmed with a ruching on the hem of the skirt, or a single flounce set on in hollow plaits. For full toilet I have seen a very elegant silk dress trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with a puffing of blue silk, bordered by a black lace *ruche*. Body plain, pointed, and ornamented with braces made of blue silk, like that trimming the skirt. Sleeve, almost plain, cut with an elbow, and closed at the wrist with three or four buttons on one side. A puffing follows the seam of the sleeve, and goes round the bottom.

A velvet cape, having several plaits at the top, so as to fit well on the shoulders, is worn with this dress. It is trimmed with a fancy silk ornament of *point d'Espagne*.

A Venice point collar and *tulle* under-sleeves, trimmed to match, accompany this toilet, which is completed by a bonnet of white crape, with an azulin blue velvet front, over which is thrown a handsome white lace barb, the ends of which descend and cross on a blue velvet curtain.

Figaro and Zouave jackets of sprigged muslin, lined with coloured silk, and trimmed with black velvet, or ribbon *ruches*, are very pretty and effective for quiet parties and home evening wear.

Small combs continue to be worn. Those resembling amber, of a pale gold colour, are the most expensive.

High dresses are often trimmed to give them the appearance of a jacket, and jockeys are set on at the back; sometimes cut square, and at others diagonally, the fastening beginning at one shoulder and ending at the waist on the opposite side.

I cannot resist sending you the following model for evening dress: A toilet of rich *mauve* silk, with a trimming set on about half a yard up the skirt. This trimming consisted of the dress silk, one quarter of a yard deep, scalloped on each edge, and bound with black velvet. It was then run in large diamonds, and the threads drawn, so that each diamond was puffed, and the running was concealed by pipings of black satin. A fall of rich lace was below this trimming, and the body and sleeves were trimmed to match.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

The principal events of the past month are by no means calculated to lighten the proverbial dullness of November. The war in America "grows by what it feeds on," and the pitilessness of the Red Indian seems to have entered into the successors of their soil. The acts by which the Federal Government hope to dishearten and destroy the Secessionists are only equalled on the page of modern history by the arbitrary edicts of the Revolutionists during the Reign of Terror. We can scarcely realize President Lincoln's proclamations as those of a man born and bred under the laws of a Republican government. They savour of the very grossest tyranny and despotism, and lay the

axe to the roots of the tree of Liberty that Washington planted full-grown. Judging from these edicts, and the promised reprisals they have stimulated on the part of the Southerners, the war threatens to become one of extermination, unless the nations who accepted America's self-inscribed credentials of freedom when the rule of the mother country became distasteful to her shall, in the name of that self-asserted freedom, claim for her Southern sons an equal right to choose their form of government. In the meanwhile, the wealth accumulated by slave-labour is being dissipated in the struggle to retain it; and the stripes, and imprisonment, and separation of families so ruthlessly inflicted on the slaves, is

terribly retributed in the self-annihilation of a great people. North and South seem to shut their eyes to this reading of their fratricidal quarrel.

We also are suffering our share in the sin and its punishment, and a darker and more hopeless aspect settles down, day by day, upon the prospects of the distressed cotton-spinners in Lancashire. With well-grounded fears of a more than ordinarily hard winter, the condition of thousands of families, twelve months ago well clothed and fed, but who have parted, through the summer months, with every available article to ward off present want and the dreaded degradation of the poor-house, becomes more and more alarming. Pens far more powerful and eloquent than ours are daily busied on the behalf of these multitudes of sufferers; and stories ooze out, of their bitter troubles, their cruel wants, and the bravery with which they are borne, a thousand times more pathetic in their unvarnished simplicity than any amount of fine writing can make them. Take the two we have stolen in order to touch our readers' hearts withal, and to add other mites to the treasury open for the temporary alleviation of their need.

"One young woman," says the writer, "about thirty years of age, with a child in her arms, was standing in a by-street singing, in a sweet plaintive voice, a Lancashire song. It was her first song in public, and the tremulous voice and the downcast eyes, as she hugged, with nervous grasp, her little one, was very touching. When the song was over, the poor creature looked round with a timid air to the bystanders; but

she had miscalculated her strength—the occasion was beyond her powers of endurance, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. While I felt, in common with those around (many of whom were not dry-eyed), sympathy and sorrow for the poor minstrel, our feelings were turned into hearty gladness when a strong, brawny Lancashire lad walked up to the place she had occupied, took off his hat, and, saying he would take their money to her, made a collection on the spot."

Here is the second—a newspaper-cutting from the *Blackburn Times*, of August 16th: "Poverty in its worst form was seen in a street in this town on Thursday. A lass thinly clad, but bearing evidence of better days, saw a dog with a bone. She tried to take it away. The dog snarled, would not give it up, and she foiled stood in angry attitude. A tradesman, seeing the lass, said: 'What did you want with that bone?' 'I could have swapped it for salt, and the salt I might have swapped for a bit of bread.' As she said this she burst into tears. The lass had coppers enough given to her to purchase a loaf of bread by the tradesman who had watched the scene."

And we know that its very recital here will not be powerless, for *Pity's* sake; and that our lady-readers—aye, and their husbands, fathers, and brothers who have not already given to the Lancashire relief-fund—will help such home-subscription as a little feminine sacrifice of some sort will enable ladies to make, from time to time, during this season of social calamity.

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. J.—We cannot return MSS. unless stamps are enclosed for the purpose. This notice has so frequently appeared that, unless attended to, we must follow the example of our contemporaries and decline to return them under any circumstances.

"A GOOD WOMAN," excellent in intention, but inadmissible from poverty of style, which reminds us very much of that in which moral stories were written in "*The Lady's Magazine*" of fifty years since.

ELLA is thanked for the offer of the tale from her journal, which is quite unsuited to our pages. We have done with it as requested.

POETRY received, with thanks.—"The Mirror;"

"Come Back;" "Rain and Sunshine;" "Twine Me a Wreath;" "The Happy Days Gone By."

PROSE received and accepted.—"Gustave Doré;"

"Tigers and Tiger Hunting."

Declined with thanks.—"Pressing Engagements."

Authors and publishers are invited to send their works for notice in our pages before the 20th of each month.

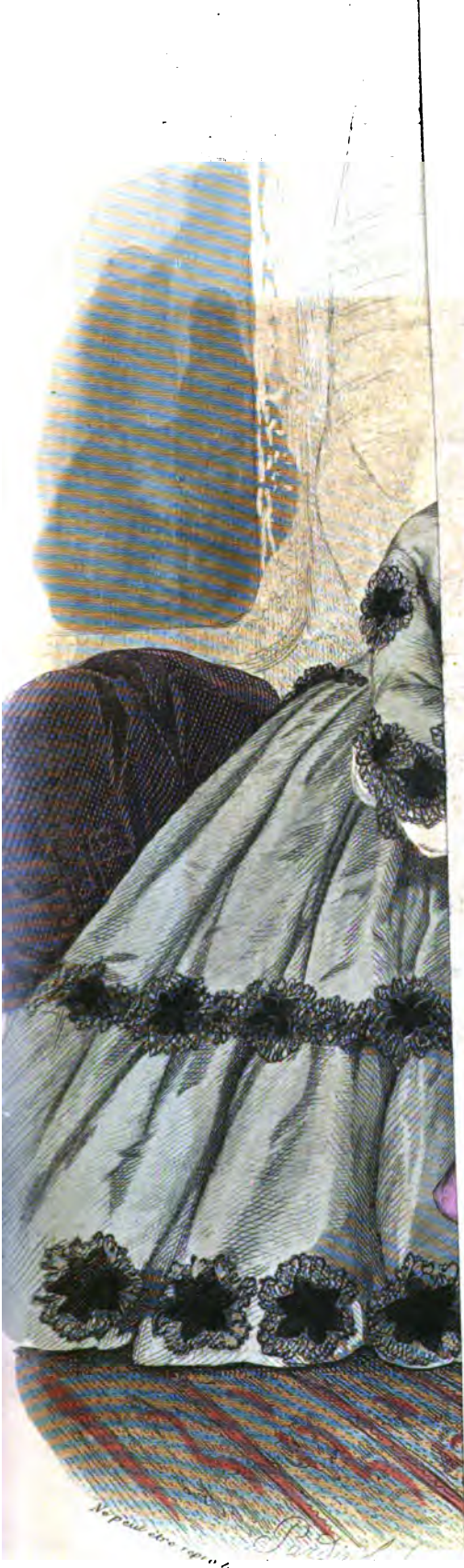
The back numbers of this magazine, containing "*Magdalen Stafford*," "*Rutson Morley*," &c., may be obtained on application to the Editor. Terms of subscription per annum (posted free to all parts of the Kingdom) twelve shillings. Subscriptions payable in advance. Single copies posted free on receipt of twelve stamps.



"Mortally Wounded."

London, Published by Rogers & Turner, 24, Abchurch Lane.

A. D. Cooper



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"Fortitude Wounded."

London, Published by Rogers and Telford, 146 Strand.



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"THE PASTOR FIDO" OF GUARINI.

(*By the Author of "The Double Marriage."*)

The poem of "Pastor Fido," by Guarini, seems to have passed into complete oblivion, and to be now very little known or read.

Although it belongs to an era of poetry filled with quaint conceits, whose productions, of too exuberant growth perhaps, like a garden run wild, require in many parts to be pruned and weeded, it nevertheless abounds with passages of remarkable beauty.

The heroine, Amarillis, has an innocent sweetness in her character, which, like that of the Miranda of our immortal Shakspeare, captivates by the truthfulness of its delineation.

Amarillis is the exquisite original of all the shepherdesses, who, now banished from our novels and romances, once played a conspicuous part in imaginative writing. They belong to another country, another age than ours, and therefore they can have no legitimate place in our present compositions.

But we must remember that they have had their foundation in truth; that the primeval simplicity which they represent was once exhibited in the patriarchal ages, and long time after lingered in the beautiful plains of Greece; that still there are vestiges of it to be found in those climes where man leads a natural and inartificial life; and that there was an Arcadia, a river Alpheus, and a fountain of Arethusa.

A pastoral life in the open air, amidst flocks of sheep and herds of cattle—

"And shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,"

beneath the heavens of a milder region than ours—diversified with its fitting clouds and rainbow hues, soft showers, and odorous, ambient airs, breathing over an earth redolent with all the charms with which it first came from the hands of its Creator—is no fiction but a reality.

This life, so suited to man in his simplest and happiest state of society, is the one for which, even in this iron age, the heart, true to its natural instincts, yearns with many an anxious sigh; and, amidst the toils, the pleasures, the vices of crowded cities, dreams of a retirement—of a few quiet years before death, spent amidst rural scenes and bowery thickets, surrounded by sweet sights, and accents, and sounds.

Neither was this life the scene of stupid ignorance or supine indolence.

The highest of intellectual attainments, the study of astronomy—under heavens whose clear concave displayed the stars in their most brilliant aspect—employed the aged sage; while the pursuit of the terrible wild boar, the scourge of those thinly inhabited countries, gave ample scope for the exercise of courage and activity in the younger shepherds.

Their fauns, satyrs, wood-nymphs and oreades haunting the woods, streams, and "violet embroidered vale," were as natural a superstition to them, as the genii of eastern story, or the fairy legends of times nearer our own, are to us.

In our cold, northern climates we can have but little idea of the enjoyment of a life spent almost entirely in the open air. Where the mind has a proper bias, it at once calms the passions, elevates the soul, and naturally turns the thoughts towards the Supreme Being, who has spread such beauties around.

That the love of nature and of her simple pleasures is an inborn feeling in every soul, we may observe from the multitudes who rush from the great towns, on Sundays and holidays, into every approachable spot to which a few trees and shrubs and a green sward give them the possibility of designating as "the country."

How does the poor artist or artisan, who has toiled all the week in an unwholesome atmosphere, long to breathe the country air! to see the primrose bursting into flower by the dusty road-side, or to inhale the perfume of the new-mown hay! The poor needlewomen, the laundresses, the char-women, and all the other inmates of dark lanes and musty buildings, simultaneously turn their footsteps thither.

Our own old poets abound with beautiful sketches of pastoral life. To realize them, and bring them home to our imaginations, we must refer the scene of them to another country, and not to the one we inhabit.

Thus the shepherd of Arcadia might well ask his mistress to spend her life with him, in Marlowe's words:

"Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove,

That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yield."

Or he might say with Herbert :

"The leaves a whisp'ring noise shall make ;
Their music notes the birds shall wake ;
And while thou art in quiet sleep,
Through the green wood shall silence keep.

And while my herds about thee feed,
Love's lessons in thy face I'll read,
And feed upon thy lovely look,
For beauty hath no fairer book.

* * * * *

Thou shalt have wool, thou shalt have silk,
Thou shalt have honey, wine and milk ;
Thou shalt have all, for all is due
Where thoughts are free and love is true."

And the Knight Sir Calidore might

"— help fair Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecy flock—"

That fair damsel of whom he was enamoured,

—"which did wear a crown
Of sundry flowers with silken ribands tied,
Yclad in home-made green that her own hands had
dyed."

In reading pastoral poetry we must try to form
an illusion for ourselves, and, being transported
into a fairy-land, endeavour to give our poet the
concomitants of place and scenery. Let us seek
the deep valley or the flowery meadow. There,
the ear lulled by the melody of birds and the
purling of streams, the eye fed by the refreshing
green and spring flowers, let us take our
pastoral poet, and we shall soon find

"How calm and quiet a delight
Is it alone
To read and meditate."

But should we think that those representations
were ever realized in our own country, we shall
soon discover that

"Alry dreams sat for the [picture, and the poet's
hand
Impos'd a gay delirium for a truth."

But to return to the poetry of Guarini. To
show how beautiful some of his passages are,
let us take the soliloquy of Amarillis. Her
lover Mirtillo describes her as

"— Del candido liguistro
Più candida e più bella,
Ma dell' aspidio sordo
E più sorda, e più fera, e più fugace."

Amarillis is the destined bride of the hunter
Silvio, who is indifferent to her charms, and
whom she hates ; the beloved of the shepherd
Mirtillo, whose passion she secretly returns, yet
from whom honour obliges her to fly with all
the appearance of disdain. Only child of Titiro,
a descendant of Pan, Amarillis, in consequence
of an oracle which pointed to such union, is
betrothed to Silvio, the son of the high-priest,

Montano, who traces his genealogy from Alcides.
This soliloquy is to be found in the second act,
fifth scene, of "The Pastor Fido," and begins
thus :

"Care silve beate,
E voi solinghi e taciturni orrori,
Di riposo, e di pace alberghi veri,
O quanto volentieri
A rivedervi i' torno !"

The following translation but faintly shadows
forth the beauty of the original :

AMARILLIS.

Beloved, happy woods, and you
Silent and solitary glades,
Whose haunts repose and quiet woo—
Again how willingly do I
Return to seek your gentle shades !
And if it were my destiny
Upon this earth at will to range,
Your lovely bowers I would not change
For the Elysian fields, where blest,
The demi-gods and heroes rest.
Alas ! if right I look upon
Those mortal riches strewn around,
They are but evils, and the one
Has most in whom they least abound ;
Their brightest, fairest seeming, chains
In which our liberty remains.
Of what avail is youth or fame,
Of beauty, or a spotless name,
Or high descent, celestial birth,
Favours from heaven and from earth—
Here wide and joyful fields of grain,
There lovely hill and verdant plain,
And fruitful pasturage and flock
More fruitful still—when all but mock
With outward show of happiness
The weary heart that none can bless ?
O humble, happy shepherdess !
Scanty and coarse her garments flow
'Tis true, but white as new-fallen snow ;
Rich only in herself she seems,
With Nature's simple graces drest.
Though poor, not poverty she deems
Her gentle lot, nor cares molest
That riches bring her peaceful breast ;
But since no wish of having more
Torments her, she of wealth has store ;
Yes, she is poor and yet content :
From nature's purest nourishment,
Honey and milk, more lovely glows
The beauty Nature's self bestows—
Her drink, her bath—the streamlet, where
(A mirror true) she braids her hair,
And, pleased herself, but little cares
What aspect all the world wears.
Portents and clouds may dim the skies,
And rumours of calamities
May reach her ear—what recketh she,
Content amidst her poverty ?
Thus far removed from mortal woes
Only one care her bosom knows—
One tender care—sweet herbage feeds
Her daily charge, the flock she leads
To pasture, and her soft eye gives
Food to the shepherd youth who lives
For her alone. Oh ! not the one
Allotted by a wayward fate,
Or human power, despite her hate ;

But he her heart has smiled upon.
And 'neath the thick embowering leaves
Of their beloved myrtle grove,
Breathing their mutual vows they rove.
And while his pure flame she believes,
Her own she whispers timidly.
How blest amid her poverty!
O, shepherdess! Thou knowest not
The misery of dying ere
Thy spirit leaves its earthly sphere—
Would I could change with thine my lot!

Such is the soliloquy of the beautiful Amarillis amidst the enchanting groves of Arcadia. It is the pouring out of a simple maiden's heart—a heart which has wrestled with its own emotions, and hidden its secret from the world. If we nicely analyze what it is, in works of fiction, which raises the most pleasing emotions or excites the strongest passion in our mind—which attracts our sympathy, or fixes our attention—we shall always find that it is some plot or passage which, from its analogy to nature, the truthfulness of its description, or its striking perhaps upon some secret chord, some golden thread intertwined in our own existence, fascinates by the faithful representation of something we have seen or felt, or of what we too would do or feel were we in a like circumstance. Thus, who ever reads over the account of the Michaelmas we spent at neighbour Flam-borough's, in Goldsmith's charming "Vicar of Wakefield"—how Mr. Burchell set the boys and girls to play at blindman's buff, and of the games of hot cockles, questions and commands, and hunt the slipper, which succeeded—without a half-sigh and smile, and a retrospective glance to some until then almost forgotten, happy day long ago—some short, ah! too short, half-hour in life, when the heart had not a care?

It is this retrospective glance of the mind which gives a deathless fame to Gray's "Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College." We have learned it as a task in our school-days; it is as hackneyed as the air we breathe; yet who ever recurs to it, that a host of recollections, at once exquisitely pleasing and painful, do not rush upon the mind? It is with feelings something akin to those that we read the scenes in the "Pastor Fido," where the game of blind-man's buff is played by the young shepherdesses.

The act opens with the soliloquy of Mirtillo—

"O primavera, gioventù dell' anno."

MIRTILLO.

Spring, the year's youth! amidst these bowers
Again thy tender bloom I see,
Thou mother of new loves, new flowers,
Thou bringest joy to all but me.
Thou art returned, but in returning
Thou no vivifying power hast
For days sweet as the flush of morning,
Glad, serene, but for ever past!
Thou art returned, O Spring! yet pleasure
Never to me canst thou impart:
Alas! the memories of my lost treasure
Thou bringest with thee but wring my heart.

Thou art the same; fair thou appearest—
But I? I am the same no more,
For ah! as then no longer dearest
Am I to her I still adore!

Mirtillo, who has been directed thither by the wily Corisca, discovers the nymphs and shepherdesses engaged at the game of blindman's buff in the vicinity of the wood. Having been previously won over by Corisca, her companions desert the fair Amarillis, after the bandage has in turn been tied over her eyes, and leave her running at random, and laying hold of one tree after another, in order to give Mirtillo an opportunity of conversing with her. She innocently calls upon her guides to conduct her to the open ground, and bids her companions make a circle round her, and begin the game. Wearied with her fruitless endeavours she at length exclaims—

"Dunque giocare debb' io
Tutt' oggi con le piante?"

And Corisca is obliged to come forward and encourage the timid lover to allow himself to be caught.

The charm of all this consists in its simplicity and truth—the same charm which fascinates in those beautiful lines by one of our English poets, descriptive of the now obsolete game of "Barley-break," which are to be found in "Hymen's Triumph"—

"And when, in sport with other company
Of nymphs and shepherds, we have met abroad,
How would she steal a look, and watch mine eye
Which way it went? And when at barley-break
It came unto my turn to rescue her,
With what an earnest, swift, and nimble pace
Would her affections make her feet to run,
And further run than to my hand! Her race
Had no stop but my bosom, where no end.
And when we were to break again, how late
And loth her trembling hand would part with
mine:
And with how slow a pace would she set forth
To meet th' encountering party who contends
To attain her, scarce affording him her finger-
ends."

Although the beautiful Amarillis flies from her beloved Mirtillo, and conceals from him the preference she feels, she is, by a chain of circumstances and by the perfidy of Corisca—her pretended friend—made to appear guilty of infidelity to her betrothed lord, Silvio, both in the eyes of Montano, the high-priest of Diana, and of Mirtillo himself. Proofs considered to be incontestable that she has favoured the love of Mirtillo are given to the high-priest, and she is condemned to die for it; while Mirtillo is impressed with the belief that the inconstant Amarillis has been led astray by a satyr, one of the wood-gods.

The following is a translation of part of the scene between Amarillis and Nicandro (chief minister to the high-priest), by whom she is

about to be led to death. It is in the fifth scene of the fourth act, and begins thus :

" O sentenza crudele !
Ovunque ella sia scritta, o'n Cielo o'n Terra !"

AMARILLIS.

O cruel sentence ! whether sign'd
In heaven or earth : but not on high
'Tis grav'd ; for there my purity
Is known : yet now my spotless mind
What 'vails it me, since I must die ?
To die ! O hard award of fate !
O bitter cup ! Nicandro, stay ;
By thy own pitying heart I pray,
Nor to the temple lead so soon.
Wait, yet one little moment wait.

NICANDRO.

Alas ! unhappy nymph, delay
Brings every instant death to one
Who fears that death. And why unwise
Wouldst thou retard it ? Knowst thou not
That death's worst torment is the thought
Of dying, and his victim flies
Soonest from death who quickest dies ?

AMARILLIS.

A little time may bring some grace—
And dost thou too abandon me,
My father ? Dearest father, I,
An only child, remain to thee,
And helpless canst thou see me die ?
At least bestow a last embrace !
Two hearts must bleed beneath one blow :
Thy own life's blood will trickling flow
From an unhappy daughter's side !
Father ! O name so dear, so sweet !
Me ne'er before didst thou deceive
When I implored thee. Nuptials meet
For me, thy child, are these ? A bride
At morn, a sacrifice at eve !

NICANDRO.

Ah nymph ! 'tis vain to tarry here !
Why wilt thou still with sad lament
Thyself and others thus torment ?
Thee to the temple I must bring—
My duty chides this lingering.

AMARILLIS.

Then fare thee well, ye haunts so dear,
My own beloved woods, adieu ;
These my last sighs I give to you
Till, by the ruthless knife set free,
My cold shade, wandering pensively,
Shall 'mid your solitude appear.
For, innocent, I may not dwell
Amidst th' infernal depths of Hell :
Nor yet can I among the blest,
For ever thus despairing, rest.
Mirtillo ! O Mirtillo ! sad
The inauspicious day that I
Did first behold thee : that hour had
In store for us much misery
In which I pleased thee. Far more dear
Am I to thee than is the breath
Of life ; and yet I am below'd
Only that thou shouldst cause my death.
Ah ! credence can they give, who hear
That one for thee condemned dies,

Who still by innocence was mov'd
To listen coldly to thy sighs.
Too daring for myself I've prov'd,
Too little have I dar'd for thee.
'Twas better far to fail or flee,
Since death I meet where'er I move,
Without or guilt or thee, my love !
Alas ! I die, Mirtill—

NICANDRO.

Oh ! run—
Me to assist her shepherds aid.
Hard destiny ! too luckless maid !
Truly she dies ! With that dear word
Mirtillo's name, her soul is gone !
Sorrow and love, in death have won
The maid, and stolen her from the sword.
Oh ! miserable damsel—yet
Methinks she lives ! With life I feel
Her boom feebly palpitate.
We'll bear her to the neighbouring spring,
Perchance the cooling stream may bring
Her senses home ; yet cruelty
It may be, under pity's guise,
To call back to such misery
One who, to 'scape the bloody steel,
Haply released by sorrow, dies.
It may be so ; but 'tis not given
To man the future to descry—
That power alone belongs to Heaven ;
What pity prompts, then, let us try.

Notwithstanding Mirtillo's conviction of the infidelity of Amarillis towards both Silvio and himself, he offers to die in her stead. This, despite the strenuous opposition of Amarillis, being accepted by Montano, the high-priest of Diana, he is immediately led to the altar, where he is to be sacrificed.

The *dénouement* takes place at the moment the sentence is about to be executed, by the intervention of Carino, an old shepherd, hitherto supposed to be the father of Mirtillo. He discloses to the high-priest that Mirtillo is only his foster-child, he (Carino) having found him, a helpless babe in its cradle, after a memorable flood, which had devastated Arcadia some twenty years before. Montano had lost a child in this inundation—Mirtillo proves to be the one ; and, being his elder-born, the destined husband of Amarillis. The innocence of Amarillis is likewise cleared, and the drama thus ends happily.

RAIN AND SUNSHINE.

Gloom and darkness reign around,
All the sky o'erspreading ;
Piles of leaden-coloured clouds
Rain in torrents shedding.
Hopeless fall the heavy drops—
Not a ray appearing
Tells of brighter times to come,
Tells of prospects cheering.

Suddenly upon the sky
Comes a gleam of lightness ;
Suddenly upon the scene
Falls a ray of brightness :
Sunshine o'er the angry clouds
New dominion gaining,
Bursting thro' the mists and gloom,
O'er the scene is reigning.

Shining on the falling shower,
O'er each raindrop glowing,
Brilliant hues of sparkling light
O'er the landscape throwing.
Trees with moisture overweighed,
Verdant branches bending,
Raise their drooping heads to greet
Gladsome rays descending.

Gem-like drops are falling fast,
In the sunlight beaming;
Trees beset with gems appear,
Every leaf is gleaming.
Never had they shone so bright,
Glistened with such lustre,
Had the rain not fallen to form
Every diamond cluster.

Thus it is, in life's dark hour
Heavenly rays come glowing,
While amid the glooms of earth
Sorrow's drops are flowing—
Cheering many a heavy heart
With celestial lightness;
Gilding all the passing scenes
With unearthly brightness.

Drawing gladness out of woe,
Comfort out of mourning,
In the darkest, dreariest hours,
Joy from sorrow turning,
Oft will Heaven's own light first gleam
Thro' our earthly sorrow,
Pointing thro' the mists and gloom
To a brighter morrow.

S. R.

THE HAPPY DAYS GONE BY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I roam by the calm and sunny sea,
And I gather glistening shells,
And list to the pleasant melody
Of the distant village bells:
And the flocks are grazing on the hill,
And the south-winds softly sigh;
Yet my heart is sad—I am thinking still
Of the happy days gone by.

Hark! sounds of music around me float—
And I hear the merry lay
Of fishers tending their tiny boat,
And of children at their play.
I do not dwell from the world apart,
And I smile when friends draw nigh,
But my friends were dearer to my heart
In the happy days gone by.

Oh! the earth is rich in lovely things,
But their sweetest charm has fled
When the constant heart too fondly clings
To the memory of the dead.
Yet I do not yield to hopeless pain—
I look on the peaceful sky,
And trust to meet with the friends again
Of the happy days gone by.

THE MIRROR.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Old Mirror! on whose surface bright,
So cold, so clear, so free from stain;
Where only now the noonday light
Is given and return'd again,

Oh! who can say what lovely forms,
What noble brows, what beaming eyes,
And bosoms heav'd by passion's storms,
Fill'd thee with ever-changing dyes.

And scenes that never linner's hand
Portray'd with pencil half so true,
The sad, the beautiful, the grand,
Have sprung to life once more in you!

The mother's holy look of love,
The father's smile of conscious pride,
His grateful hasty glance above
In thee have liv'd, in thee have died.

The lip stirr'd by unuttered prayer,
The cheek which showed the troubled heart,
And sneer of scorn, have each been there,
All clear and vacant as thou art.

My mem'ry too can fill thee now
With many a cherish'd form of worth;
With loving eye and radiant brow,
That long have pass'd from thee—and earth.

TWINE ME A WREATH.

BY H. BELCHER.

Twine me a Wreath—not diamonds bright,
Nor costly pearl of Orient light,
Nor twinkling stars that peer in shade,
Nor flow'rets in the dewy glade;
No flow'ret fair my brow should twine,
Nor precious stone from glittering mine—
For all such wreaths do pass away,
Diamond, pearl, and floweret gay.

Twine me a Wreath—nor wealth, nor fame
Of burning light in Heaven's flame;
All others thou, O Muse, disown,
And claim the wreath from Heaven's throne,
That e'er shall bloom, and grow more bright,
Nor sink—as others do—in night;
That shall exist when time will be
Merged in a grand eternity.

Twine me a Wreath—that marks the way
In whirlwind-crash or briny spray,
Nor rudder-like, nor like the wind
Which leaves no certain track behind.
Wouldst know the wreath I'd have entwine
Around that throbbing brow of thine?
Its name was sung by choirs above—
Twine me a Wreath—the Wreath of Love.

DAVID GAUNT.

(A Tale of the American War.)

Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisset,
Das ist im Grund der Herren eigner Geist.—FAUST.

PART I.

What kind of sword, do you think, was that which old Christian had in that famous fight of his with Apollyon, long ago? He cut the fiend to the marrow with it, you remember, at last; though the battle went hardly with him, too, for a time. Some of his blood, Bunyan says, is on the stones of the valley to this day. That is a vague record of the combat between the man and the dragon in that strange little valley, with its perpetual evening twilight and calm, its meadows crusted with lilies, its herd-boy with his quiet song, close upon the precincts of hell. It fades back, the valley and the battle, dim enough, from the sober freshness of this summer morning. Look out of the window here, at the hubbub of the early streets, the freckled children racing past to school, the dewy shimmer of yonder willows in the sunlight, like drifts of pale green vapour. Where is Apollyon? Does he put himself into flesh and blood, as then, nowadays? And the sword which Christian used, like a man, in his deed of daring?

Reading the quaint history just now, I have a mind to tell you a modern story. It is not long: only how, a few months ago, a poor itinerant and a young girl (like these going by with baskets on their arms) who lived up in these Virginia hills, met Evil in their lives, and how it fared with them: how they thought that they were in the Valley of Humiliation, that they were Christian, and Rebellion and Infidelity Apollyon; the different ways they chose to combat him; the weapons they used. I can tell you that; but you do not know—do you?—what kind of sword old Christian used, or where it is, or whether its edge is rusted.

I must not stop to ask more, for these war-days are short, and the story might be cold before you heard it.

A brick house, burrowed into the side of a hill, with red gleams of light winking out of the windows in a jolly way into the winter's night: wishing, one might fancy, to cheer up the hearts of the freezing stables and barn and hen-house that snuggled about the square yard, trying to keep warm. The broad-backed old hill (Scofield's Hill, a famous place for papaws in summer) guards them tolerably well; but then, house and barn and hill lie up among the snowy peaks

of the Virginian Alleghanies, and you know how they would chill and awe the air. People away down yonder in the river-bottoms see these peaks dim and far-shining, as though they cut through thick night: but we, up among them here, find the night wide, filled with a pale starlight that has softened for itself out of the darkness overhead a great space up towards heaven.

The snow lay deep, on this night of which I tell you—a night somewhere near the first of January in this year. Two old men, a white and a black, who were rooting about the farm-yard from stable to fodder-rack, waded through deep drifts of it.

"Tell yer, Mars' Joe," said the negro, banging the stable-door, "dat hoss ort n't to risk um's bones dis night. Ef yer go ter de Yankee meetin', Coly kern't tote yer."

"Well, well, Uncle Bone, that's enough," said old Scofield testily, looking through the stall-window at the horse, with a face anxious enough to show that the dangers of foundering for Coly and for the Union were of about equal importance in his mind.

A heavily built old fellow, big-jointed, dull-eyed, with a short black pipe in his mouth, going about peering into sheds and out-houses—the same routine he and Bone had gone through every night for thirty years—joking, snarling, cursing, alternately. The cramped old routine, dogged, if you choose to call it so, was enough for him: you could tell that by a glance at his heavy, stolid face; you could see that it need not take Prospero's Ariel forty minutes to put a girdle about this man's world: ten would do it, tie up the farm, and the dead and live Scofields, and the Democratic party, with an ideal reverence for "Firginya" under all. As for the Otherwhere, outside of Virginia, he heeded it as much as a Hindoo does the turtle on which the earth rests. For which you shall not sneer at Joe Scofield, or the Pagan. How wide is your own "sacred soil"? —the creed, government, bit of truth, other human heart? Self, perhaps, to which your soul roots itself vitally—like a cuttle-fish sucking to an inch of rock—and drifts out palsied feelers of recognition into the ocean of God's universe, just as languid as the aforesaid Hindoo's hold upon the Kalpas of emptiness underneath the turtle.

Joe Scofield sowed the fields and truck-patch

—sold the crops down in Wheeling; every year he got some little, hardly-earned snugness for the house (he and Bone had been born in it, their grandfathers had lived there together). Bone was his slave; of course, they thought, how should it be otherwise? The old man's daughter was Dode Scofield; his negro was Bone Scofield, in degree. Joe went to the Methodist church on Sundays; he hurrahed for the Democratic candidate: it was a necessity for Whigs to be defeated; it was a necessity for Papists to go to hell. He had a tight grip on these truths, which were born, one might say, with his blood; his life grew out of them. So much of the world was certain—but outside? It was rather vague there: Yankeedom was a mean-soiled country, whence came clocks, teachers, pedlars, and infidelity; and the English—it was an American's birthright to jeer at the English.

We call this a narrow life, prate in the North of our sympathy with the universal man, don't we? And so we extend a stomachic greeting to our Spanish brother that sends us wine, and a bow from our organ of ideality to Italy for beauty incarnate in Art—see the Georgian slaveholder only through the eyes of the cowed negro at his feet, and give a dime on Sunday to send the gospel to the heathen, who will burn for ever, we think, if it never is preached to them. What of your sympathy with the universal man, when I tell you Scofield was a Rebel?

His syllogisms on this point were clear, to himself. For slavery to exist in a country where free government was put on trial was a tangible lie, that had worked a moral divorce between North and South. Slavery was the vital breath of the South; if she chose to go out and keep it, had not freemen the right to choose their own government? To bring her back by carnage was simply the old game of regal tyranny on republican cards. So his head settled it: as for his heart—his neighbours' houses were in ashes, burned by the Yankees; his son lay dead at Manassas. He died to keep them back, didn't he? "Geordy boy," he used to call him—worth a dozen puling girls: since he died, the old man had never named his name. Scofield was a Rebel in every bitter drop of his heart's blood.

He hurried to the house to prepare to go to the Union meeting. He had a reason for going. The Federal troops held Romney then, a neighbouring village, and he knew many of the officers would be at this meeting. There was a party of Confederates at Blue's Gap, a mountain-fastness near by, and Scofield had heard a rumour that the Unionists would attack them to-morrow morning: he meant to try and find out the truth of it, so as give the boys warning to be ready, and, may-be lend them a helping hand. Only for Dode's sake he would have been in the army long ago.

He stopped on the porch to clean his shoes, for the floor had been newly scrubbed, and Miss Scofield was a tidy housekeeper, and had, besides, a temper as hot and ready to light as her father's

pipe. The old man stopped now, half chuckling, peeping in at the window to see if all was clear within. But you must not think by this that Dode's temper was the bugbear of the house—though the girl herself thought it was, and shed some of the bitterest tears of her life over it. Just a feverish blaze in the blood, caught from some old dead grandfather, that burst out now and then.

Dode, not being a genius, could not christen it morbid sensibility; but as she had a childish fashion of tracing things to commonplace causes, whenever she felt her face grow hot easily, or her throat choke up as men's do when they swear, she concluded that her liver was inactive, and her soul was tired of sitting at her Master's feet, like Mary. So she used to take longer walks before breakfast, and cry sharply, incessantly, in her heart, as the man did who was tainted with leprosy, "Lord help me!" And the Lord always did help her.

My story is of Dode; so I must tell you that these passion-fits were the only events of her life. For the rest, she washed and sewed and ironed. If her heart and brain needed more than this, she was cheerful in spite of their hunger. Almost all of God's favourites among women, before their life-work is given them, pass through such hunger—seasons of dull, hot inaction, fierce struggles to tame and bind to some unfitting work the power within. Generally, they are tried thus in their youth—just as the old aspirants for knighthood were condemned to a night of solitude and prayer before the day of action. This girl was going through her probation with manly-souled bravery.

She came out on the porch now, to help her father on with his coat, and to tie his spatter-dashes. You could not see her in the dark, of course; but you would not wonder if you felt her hand, or heard her speak, that the old man liked to touch her, as everybody did—spoke to her gently: her own voice, did I say? was so earnest and rich—hinted at unsounded depths of love and comfort, such as utter themselves in some unfashionable women's voices and eyes. Theodora, or -dosis, or some such heavy name, had been hung on her when she was born—nobody remembered what: people always called her Dode, so as to bring her closer, as it were, and to fancy themselves akin to her.

Bone, going in, had left the door ajar, and the red firelight shone out brightly on her, where she was stooping. Nature had given her a body white, strong, and womanly—broad, soft shoulders, for instance; hands slight and nervous; dark, slow eyes. The Devil never would have had the courage to tempt Eve, if she had looked at him with eyes as tender and honest as Dode Scofield's.

Yet, although she had so many friends, she impressed you as being a shy home-woman. That was the reason her father did not offer to take her to the meeting, though half the women in the neighbourhood would be there.

"She a'n't smart, my Dode," he used to say,—"s got no public sperrit."

He said as much to young Gaunt, the Methodist preacher, that very day, knowing that he thought of the girl as a wife, and wishing to be honest as to her weaknesses and heresies. For Dode, being the only creature in the United States who thought she came into the world to learn and not to teach, had an odd habit of trying to pick the good lesson out of everybody: the Yankees, the Rebels, the Devil himself, she thought, must have some purpose of good, if she could only get at it—God's creatures alike. She durst not bring against the foul fiend himself a "railing accusation," being as timid in judging evil as were her Master and the archangel Michael: an old-fashioned timidity, of course. People thought Dode a time-server, or "a bit daft."

"She don't take sides sharp in this war," her father said to Gaunt—"my little girl; 'n fact, she isn't keen till put her soul intill anythin' but lovin'." She's a pore Democrat, David, and not a strong Methody—allays got something till say fur t'other side, Papishers all' real. An' she gets religion quiet. But it's the real thing"—watching his hearer's face with an angry suspicion. "It's out of a clean well, David, I say!" "I hope so, Brother Scofield"—doubtfully, shaking his head.

The conversation had taken place just after dinner. Scofield looked upon Gaunt as one of the saints upon earth, but he "danged him" after that, once or twice to himself, for doubting the girl; and when Bone, who had heard it, "guessed Miss Dode'd never fling herself away on sich whinin' pore-white trash," his master said nothing in reproof.

He rumbled her hair fondly, as she stood by him now on the porch.

David Gaunt was in the house—he had been there all the evening, she said; a worried heat on her face. Should not she call him to go to the meeting?"

"Jest as *you* please, Dode; jest as *you* please."

She should not be vexed. And yet — — What if Gaunt did not quite appreciate his girl? see how deep-hearted she was, how heartsome a thing to look at even when she was asleep? He loved her, David did, as well as so holy a man could love anything carnal. And it would be better, if Dode were married; a chance shot might take him off any day, and then—what? She did n't know enough to teach; the farm was mortgaged; and she had no other lovers. She was cold-blooded in that sort of liking—did not attract the men: thinking, with the scorn coarse-grained men have for reticent-hearted women, what a contrast she was to her mother. She was the right sort—full-lipped, and a cooing voice for everybody, and such winning blue eyes! But, after all, Dode was the kind of woman to anchor to; it was "Get out of *my* way!" with her mother, as with all milky, blue-eyed women.

The old man fidgeted, lingered, stuffing "old Lynchburg" into his pipe (his face was dyed saffron, and smelt of tobacco), glad to feel,

when Dode tied his fur cap, how quick and loving for him her fingers were, and that he always had deserved they should be so. He wished the child had some other protector to turn to than he, these war-times—thinking uneasily of the probable fight at Blue's Gap, though of course he knew he never was born to be killed by a Yankee bullet. He wished she could fancy Gaunt; but if she did n't—that was enough.

Just then Gaunt came out of the room on to the porch, and began loitering, in an uncertain way, up and down. A lean figure, with an irresolute step; the baggy clothes hung on his lank limbs were butternut-dyed, and patched besides: a Methodist itinerant in the mountains—you know all that means? There was nothing irresolute or shabby in Gaunt's voice, however, as he greeted the old man—clear, thin, nervous. Scofield looked at him wistfully.

"Dunnot drive David off, Dody," he whispered; "I think he's summatt on his mind. What d'ye think 's his last whimsey? Told me he's goin' off in the mornin'—Lord knows where, nor for how long. Dody, d'ye think?—he'll be wantin' till come back for company, belike? Well, he's one o' th' Lord's own, ef he is a bit cranky."

An odd tenderness came into the man's jaded old face. Whatever trust in God had got into his narrow heart among its bigotry, gross likings and dislikings, had come there through the agency of this David Gaunt. He felt as if he only had come into the secret place where his Maker and himself stood face to face; thought of him, therefore, with a reverence whose roots struck deep down below his coarseness, into his uncouth gropings after God. Outside of this, Gaunt had come to the mountains years before, penniless, untaught, ragged, intent only on the gospel, which he preached with a keen, breathless fervour. Scofield had given him a home, clothed him, felt for him after that the condescending, curious affection which a rough barn-yard hen might feel for its adopted poult, not yet sure if it will turn out an eagle or a silly gull. It was a strange affinity between the lank-limbed, cloudy-brained enthusiast at one end of the porch, and the shallow-eyed, tobacco-chewing old Scofield at the other—but a real affinity, striking something deeper in their natures than blood-kinship. Whether Dode shared in it was doubtful; she echoed the "Poor David" in just the voice with which high-blooded women pity a weak man. Her father saw it. He had better not tell her his fancy to-night about Gaunt wishing her to be his wife.

He hallooed to him, bidding him "hap up an' come along till see what the Yankees were about.—Go in, Dode—you sha'n't be worrit, child."

Gaunt came closer, fastening his thin coat. A lean face, sharpened by other conflicts than disease—poetic, lonesome eyes, not manly.

"I am going," he said, looking at the girl. All the pain and struggle of years came up in

that look. She knew where he was going: did she care? he thought. She knew—he had told her, not an hour since—that he meant to lay down the Bible, and bring the kingdom of Jesus nearer in another fashion: he was going to enlist in the Federal army. It was God's cause, holy: through its success the golden year of the world would begin on earth. Gaunt took up his sword, with his eye looking awe-struck straight to God. The pillar of cloud, he thought, moved, as in the old time, before the army of freedom. She knew that when he did this, for truth's sake, he put a gulf between himself and her forever. Did she care? Did she? Would she let him go, and make no sign?

"Be quick, Gaunt," said Scofield, impatiently. "Bone hearn tell that Dougl's Palmer was in Romney to-night. He'll be down at Blue's Gap, I reckon. He's captain now in the Lincolnite army—one of the hottest of the bell-hounds—he is! Ef he comes to the house here, as he'll likely do, I don't want till meet him."

Gaunt stood silent.

"He was Geordy's friend, father," said the girl, gulping back something in her throat.

"Geordy? Yes. I know. It's that that hurts me," he muttered, uncertainly. "Him an' Dougl's was like brothers once, they was!"

He coughed, lit his pipe, looking in the girl's face for a long time, anxiously, as if to find a likeness in it to some other face he never should see again. He often had done this lately. At last, stooping, he kissed her mouth passionately, and shuffled down the hill, trying to whistle as he went. Kissing, through her, the boy who lay dead at Manassas: she knew that. She leaned on the railing, looking after him until a bend in the road took him out of sight. Then she turned into the house, with no thought to spare for the man watching her all this while with hungry eyes. The moon drifting from behind a cloud threw a sharp light on her figure, as she stood in the door-way.

"Dode!" he said. "Good bye, Dode!"

She shook hands, saying nothing—then went in, and shut the door.

Gaunt turned away, and hurried down the hill, his heart throbbing and aching against his bony side with the breathless pain which women, and such men as he, know. Her hand was cold, as she gave it to him; some pain had chilled her blood: was it because she bade him good-bye forever, then? Was it? He knew it was not: his instincts were keen as those of the old Pythoness, who read the hearts of men and nations by surface-trifles. Gaunt joined the old man, and began talking loosely and vaguely, as was his wont—of the bad road, and the snow-water oozing through his boots—not knowing what he said. She did not care; he would not cheat himself: when he told her to-night what he meant to do, she heard it with a cold, passive disapproval—with that steely look in her dark eyes that shut him out from her.

"You are sincere, I see; but you are not true to yourself or to God!"

That was all she said. She would have said the same, if he had gone with her brother. It was a sudden stab, but he forgave her: how could she know that God Himself had laid this blood-work on him, or the deathly fight his soul had waged against it? She did not know—nor care. Who did?

The man plodded doggedly through the melting snow, with a keener sense of the cold biting through his threadbare waistcoat, of the solitude and wrong that life had given him—his childish eyes turning to the gray depth of night, almost fierce in their questioning—thinking what a failure his life had been. Thirty-five years of struggle with poverty and temptation! Ever since that day in the blacksmith's shop in Norfolk, when he had heard the call of the Lord to go and preach His word, had he not striven to choke down his carnal nature—to shut his eyes to all beauty and love—to unmake himself, by self-denial, voluntary pain? Of what use was it? To-night his whole nature rebelled against this carnage before him—his duty; scorned it as brutal; cried out for a life as peaceful and meek as that of Jesus (as if that were not an absurdity in a time like this), for happiness, for this woman's love; demanded it, as though these things were its right!

The man had a genial, childish temperament, given to woo and bind him, in a thousand simple, silly ways, into a likeness of that Love that holds the world, and that gave man no higher hero-model than a trustful, happy child. It was the birthright of this haggard wretch going down the hill, to receive quick messages from God through every voice of the world—to understand them, as few men did, by his poet's soul—through love, or colour, or music, or keen healthy pain. Very many openings for him to know God through the mask of matter. He had shut them; being a Calvinist, and a dyspeptic (dyspepsia is twin-tempter with Satan, you know), sold his God-given birthright, like Esau, for a hungry, bitter mess of man's doctrine. He came to loathe the world, the abode of sin; loathed himself, the chief of sinners; mapped out a heaven in some corner of the universe, where he and the souls of his persuasion, panting with the terror of being scarcely saved, should find refuge. The God he made out of his own bigoted and sour idea, and foisted on himself and his hearers as Jesus, would not be as merciful in the Judgment as Gaunt himself would like to be—far from it. So He did not satisfy him. Sometimes, thinking of the pure instincts thwarted in every heart—of the noble traits in damned souls, sent hellwards by birth or barred into temptation by society, a vision flashed before him of some scheme of the universe where all matter and mind were rising, slowly, through the ages, to eternal life. "Even so in Christ should all be made alive." All matter, all mind, rising in degrees towards the Good? made order, infused by God? And God was Love. Why not trust this Love to underlie even these social riddles,

then? He thrust out the Devil's whisper, barred the elect into their narrow heaven, and tried to be content.

Douglas Palmer used to say, that all Gaunt needed to make him a sound Christian was education and fresh meat. Gaunt forgave it as a worldly scoff.

The two men had a two-miles' walk before them: they talked little as they went. Gaunt had not told the old man that he was going into the Northern army: how could he? George's dead face was between them whenever he thought of it. Still, Scofield was suspicious as to Gaunt's politics: he never talked to him on the subject, therefore, and to-night did not tell him of his intention to go over to Blue's Gap to warn the boys, and, if they were outnumbered, to stay and take his luck with them. He nor Dode never told Gaunt a secret: the man's brain was as leaky as a sponge.

"He don't take enough account o' honor, an' the like, but it's for tryin' till keep his soul right," he used to say, excusingly, to Dode. "That's it! He minds me o' th' man that lived up on the pillar, prayin'."

"The Lord never made people to live on pillars," Dode said.

The old man looked askance at Gaunt's worn face, as he trotted along beside him, thinking how pure it was. What had he to do with this foul slough we were all mired in? What if the Yankees did come, like incarnate devils, to thieve and burn and kill? This man would say "that ye resist not evil." He lived back there, pure and meek, with Jesus, in the old time. He would not dare to tell him he meant to fight with the boys in the Gap before morning. He wished he stood as near to Christ as this young man had got: he wished this revenge and bloodthirstiness were out of him. Sometimes he felt as if a devil possessed him since George died. The old fellow choked down a groan in the whiffs of his pipe.

"Was the young man back there, in the old time, following the Nazarene? The work of blood Scofield was taking up for the moment, he took up, grappled with, tried to put his strength into. Doing this, his true life lay drained, loathsome and bare. For the rest, he wished Dode had cared—only a little. If one lay stabbed on some of these hills, it would be hard to think nobody cared—thinking of the old mother he had buried, years before. Yet Dode suffered. The man was generous to his heart's core—forgot his own want in pity for her. What could it have been that pained her, as he came away? Her father had spoken of Palmer. That? His ruled heart leaped with a savage, healthy throb of jealousy. Something he saw that moment made him stop short. The road led straight through the snow-covered hills to the church where the meeting was to be held. Only one man was in sight, coming towards them on horseback. A sudden gleam of light showed him to them clearly. A small, middle-aged

man, lithe, muscular, with fair hair, dressed in some shaggy, dark uniform, and a felt hat.

Scofield stopped. "It's Palmer!" he said, with an oath that sounded like a cry.

The sight of the man brought George before him, living enough to wring his heart. He knocked a log off the worm-fence, and stepped over into the field.

"I'm goin', David. To think o' him turnin' traitor to Old Virginia! I'll not bide here till meet him."

"Brother!" said Gaunt, reprovingly.

"Don't hold me, Gaunt! Do you want me till curse my boy's old chum?"—his voice hoarse, choking.

"He is George's friend still!"—

"I know, Gaunt, I know. God forgi' me! But—let me go, I say!"

He broke away, and went across the field.

Gaunt waited, watching the man coming slowly towards him. Could it be he whom Dode loved—this Palmer? A doubter? an infidel? He had told her this to-day. A mere flesh-and-brain machine, made for the world, and no uses in him for heaven!

Poor Gaunt! no wonder he eyed the man with a spiteful hatred as he waited for him, leaning against the fence. With his subtle Gallie brain, his physical spasms of languor and energy, his keen instincts that uttered themselves to the last syllable always, heedless of all decencies of custom, no wonder that the man with every feminine, unable nerve in his body, rebelled against this Palmer. It was as natural as for a delicate animal to rebel against and hate and submit to man. Palmer's very horse, he thought, had caught the spirit of its master, and put down its hoofs with calm assurance of power. Coming up at last, Gaunt listened sullenly, while the other spoke in a quiet, hearty fashion.

"They tell me you are to be one of us to-night," Palmer said, cordially. "Dyke showed me your name on the enlistment-roll: your motto after it, was it? 'For God and my right.' That's the gist of the whole matter, David, I think—eh?"

"Yes, I'm right. I think I am. God knows I do!"—his vague eyes wandering off, playing with the horse's mane uncertainly.

Palmer read his face keenly. "Of course you are," he said, speaking gently as he would to a woman. "I'll find a place and work for you before morning."

"So soon, Palmer?"

"Don't look at the blood and foulness of the war, boy! Keep the cause in view, every moment. We secure the right of self-government for all ages: think of that! 'God'—his cause you know?—and 'your right.' Haven't you warrant to take life to defend your right—eh?"

"No: but I know"—Gaunt held his hand to his forehead as if it ached—"we have to come to brute force at last to conquer the right.

Christianity is not enough. I've reasoned it over, and—"

"Yet you look troubled. Well, we'll talk it over again. You've worked your brain too hard to be clear about anything just now"—looking down on him with the questioning pity of a surgeon examining a cancer. "I must go on now, David. I'll meet you at the church in an hour."

"You are going to the house, Palmer?"

"Yes. Good-night."

Gaunt drew back his hand, glancing at the cold, tranquil face, the mild blue eyes.

"Good-night," following him with his eyes as he rode away.

"An Anglo-Saxon, with every birth-mark of that slow, inflexible race. He would make love philosophically," Gaunt sneered. "A made man." His thoughts and soul, inscrutable as they were, were as much the accretion of generations of culture and reserve as was the chalk in his bones, or the glowless courage in his slow blood. It was like coming in contact with summer water to talk to him; but underneath was—what? Did Dode know? Had he taken her in, and showed her his unread heart? Dode?

How stinging cold it was!—looking up drearily into the drifting heaps of grey. What a wretched, paltry baulk the world was! What a noble part he played in it!—taking out his pistol. Well, he could pull a trigger, and let out some other sinner's life; that was all the work God thought he was fit for. Thinking of Dode all the time. *He* knew her! *He* could have summered her in love, if she would but have been passive and happy! He asked no more of her than that. Poor, silent, passionate Dode! No one knew her as he knew her! What were that man's cold blue eyes telling her now at the house? It mattered nothing to him.

He went across the corn-field to the church, his thin coat flapping in the wind, looking at his rusty pistol with a shudder.

Dode shut the door. Outside lay the winter's night—snow, death, the war! She shivered—shut them out. None of her nerves enjoyed pain, as some women's do. Inside—you call it cheap and mean, this room? Yet her father called it Dode's snuggery: he thought no little nest in the world was so clean and warm. He never forgot to leave his pipe outside (though she coaxed him not to do it), for fear of "silin' the air." Every evening he came in after he had put on his green dressing-gown and slippers, and she read the paper to him. It was quite a different hour of the day from all of the rest: sitting, looking stealthily around while she read, delighted to see how cozy he had made his little girl—how pure the pearl-stained walls were, how white the matting. He never went down to Wheeling with the crops without bringing something back for the room, stinting himself to do it. Her brother had had the habit, too, since he was a boy, of bringing everything pretty or pleasant he found to his sister. He had a fancy that he was making her life bigger

and more heartsome by it, and would have it all right after awhile. So it ended, you see, that everything in the room had a meaning for the girl—so many milestones in her father and Geordy's lives. Besides, though Dode was no artist, had not what you call taste, other than in being clean, yet every common thing the girl touched seemed to catch her strong, soft vitality, and grow alive. Bone had bestowed upon her the antlers of a deer which he had killed—the one great trophy of his life (she put them over the mantelshef, where he could rejoice his soul over them every time he brought wood to the fire). Last fall she had hung wreaths of forest-leaves about them, and now they glowed and flashed back the snowlight, in indignant life, purple and scarlet and flame, with no thought of dying: the very water in the vases on the table turned into the silver roots of hyacinths that made the common air poetic with perfume; the rough wire-baskets filled with mould, which she hung in the windows, grew living, and welled up, and ran over into showers of moss, and trailing wreaths of ivy and cypress-vine, and a brood of the merest flakes of roses, which held the hot crimson of so many summers gone, that they could laugh in the teeth of the winter outside, and did do it, until it seemed like a perfect sham and a jest.

The wood-fire was clear just now, when Dode came in; the little room was fairly alive, palpitated crimson. In the dark corners, under the tables and chairs, the shadows tried not to be black, and glowed into a soft maroon: even the pale walls flushed, cordial and friendly. Dode was glad of it: she hated dead, ungrateful colours: greys and browns belonged to thin, stingy duty-lives, to people who are patient under life, as a perpetual imposition, and, as Bone says, "gets into heben by the skin o' their teeth." Dode's colour was dark blue—you know that means in an earthly life stern truth, and a tenderness as true. She wore it to-night, as she generally did, to tell God she was alive, and thanked him for being alive. Surely the girl was made for to-day; she never missed the work or joy of a moment here, in dreaming of a yet ungiven life, as sham, lazy women do. You would think that, if you had seen her standing there in the still light, motionless, yet with latent life in every limb. There was not a dead atom in her body: something within, awake, immortal, waited, eager to speak every moment in the coming colour on her cheek, the quiver of her lip, the flashing words or languor of her eye. Her auburn hair, even, at times, lightened and darkened. She stood now leaning her head on the window, waiting. Was she keeping, like the fire-glow, a still, warm welcome for somebody? It was a very homely work she had been about, you will think. She had made a panful of white cream-crackers, and piled them on a gold-rimmed China plate (the only one she had), and brought down from the cupboard a bottle of her raspberry cordial. Douglas Palmer and George used to like those cakes better than anything else she made: she remem-

bered, when they were starting out to hunt, how Geordy would put his curly head over the gate, and call out "Sis! are you in a good humour? Have some of your famous cakes for supper, that's a good girl!"

Douglas Palmer was coming to-night, and she had baked them, as usual, stopping to cry now and then, thinking of George: she could not help it when she was alone. Her father never knew it. She had to be cheerful for herself and him too, when he was there.

Perhaps Douglas would not remember about the crackers, after all?—with the blood heating and chilling in her face, as she looked out of the window, and then at the clock, her nervous fingers shaking as she arranged them on the plate. She wished she had some other way of making him welcome; but what could poor Dode do? She could not talk to him, had read nothing but the Bible and "Jay's Meditations"; she could not show glimpses of herself, as most American women can, in natural, dramatic words. Palmer sang for her, sometimes, Schubert's ballads, Mendelssohn. She could not understand the words, of course; she only knew that his soul seemed to escape through the music, and come to her own. She had a strange comprehension of music, inherited from the old grandfather who left her his temper—that supernatural gift, belonging to but few souls among those who love harmony, to understand and accept its meaning. She could not play or sing; she looked often in the dog's-eyes, wondering if its soul felt as dumb and full as hers; but she could not sing. If she could, what a story she would have told in a worldless way to this man who was coming! All she could do to show that he was welcome was to make crackers. Cooking is a sensual, grovelling utterance of feeling, you think? Yet, considering the drift of most women's lives, one fancies that as pure and deep love syllables itself every day in beefsteaks as once in Sapphic odes. It is a natural expression for our sex, too, somehow. Your wife may keep step with you in keen sympathy, in brain and soul; but if she does not know whether you like muffins or toast best for breakfast, her love is not the kind for this world, nor the best kind for any.

She waited, looking out at the gray road. He would not come so late?—her head beginning to ache. The room was too hot. She went into her chamber, and began to comb her hair back: it fell in rings down her pale cheeks. Her lips were crimson; her brown eyes shone soft, expectant; she leaned her head down, smiling, thanking God for her beauty, with all her heart. Was that a step?—hurrying back. Only Coly stamping in the stable. It was eight o'clock: the woman's heart kept time to the slow ticking of the clock, with a sick thudding, growing heavier every moment. He had been in the mountains but once since the war began. It was only George he came to see? She brought out her work and began to sew. He would not come: only George was fit to be his friend. Why should he heed her poor old father, or

her?—with the undefinable awe of an unbred mind for his power and wealth of culture. And yet—something within her at the moment rose up royal—his equal. He knew her as she might be! Between them there was something deeper than the shallow kind greeting they gave the world—recognition. She stood nearest to him—she only! If sometimes she had grown meanly jealous of the thorough-bred, made women, down in the town yonder, his friends, in her secret soul she knew she was his peer—she only! And he knew it. Not that she was not weak in mind or will beside him, but she loved him as a man can be loved but once. She loved him—that was all!

She hardly knew if he cared for her. He told her once that he loved her; there was a half-betrothal; but that was long ago. She sat, her work fallen on her lap, going over, as women will, for the thousandth time, the simple story, what he said, and how he looked, finding in every hackneyed phrase some new, divine meaning. The same story; yet Betsey finds it new by your kitchen-fire to-night, as Gretchen read it in those wondrous pearls of Faust's!

Surely he loved her that day! though the words were surprised, half-accident: she was young, and he was poor, so there must be no more of it then. The troubles began just after, and he went into the army. She had seen him but once since, and he said nothing then, looked nothing. It is true they had not been alone, and he thought perhaps she knew all: a word once uttered for him was fixed in fate. *She* would not have thought the story old or certain, if he told it to her for ever. But he was coming to-night!

Dode was one of those women subject to sudden revulsions of feeling. She remembered now, what in the hurry and glow of preparing his welcome she had crushed out of sight, that it was better he should not come—that, if he did come, loyal and true, she must put him back, show him the great gulf that lay between them. She had strengthened herself for months to do it. It must be done to-night. It was not the division the war made, nor her father's anger, that made the bar between them. Her love would have borne that down. There was something it could not bear down. Palmer was a doubter, an infidel. What this meant to the girl we cannot tell; her religion was not ours. People build their faith on Christ, as a rock—a factitious aid. She found Him in her life, long ago, when she was a child, and her soul grew out from Him. He was a living Jesus to her, not a dead one. That was why she had a healthy soul. Pain was keener to her than to us; the filth, injustice, bafflings in the world,—they hurt her; she never glossed them over as "necessity," or shirked them as we do: she cried hot, weak tears, for instance, over the wrongs of the slaves about her, her old father's ignorance, her own cramped life; but she never said for these things, "Does God still live?" She saw, close to the earth, the atmosphere of the completed work; the next step upward—the kingdom of that

Jesus; the world lay in it, swathed in bands of pain and wrong and effort, growing, unconscious, to perfected humanity. She had faith in the Recompence; she thought faith would bring it right down into earth, and she tried to do it in a practical way. She did do it: a curious fact for your theology, which I go out of the way of the story to give you—a peculiar power belonging to this hot-tempered girl—an anomaly in psychology, but you will find it in the lives of Jung Stilling and St. John. This was it: she and the people about her needed many things, temporal and spiritual: her Christ being alive, and not a dead sacrifice and example alone, whatever was needed she asked for, and it was always given her—*always*. I say it in the full strength of meaning. I wish every human soul could understand the lesson; not many preachers would dare to teach it to them. It was a common-place matter with her.

Now do you see what it cost her to know that Palmer was an infidel? Could she marry him? Was it a sin to love him? And yet, could she enter heaven, he left out? The soul of the girl that God claimed, and the devil was scheming for, had taken up this fiery trial, and fought with it savagely. She thought she had determined: she would give him up. But—he was coming! he was coming! Why, she forgot everything in that, as if it were delirium. She hid her face in her hands. It seemed as if the world, the war, faded back, leaving this one human soul alone with herself. She sat silent, the fire charring lower into glooming red shadow. You shall not look into the passion of a woman's heart.

She rose, at last, with the truth, as Gaunt had taught it to her, full before her, that it would be crime to make compact with sin or a sinner. She went out on the porch, looking no longer to the road, but up to the uncertain sky. Poor simple Dode! So long had she hid the thought of this man in her woman's breast, clung to it for all strength, all tenderness. It stood up now before her—Evil. Gaunt told her to-night that to love him was to turn her back on the cross, to be traitor to that blood on Calvary? Was it? She found no answer in the deadened sky, or in her own heart. She would give him up, then? She looked up, her face slowly whitening. "I love him," she said, as one who had a right to speak to God: that was all. So, in old times, a soul from out of the darkness of His judgments faced the Almighty, secure in its own right: "Till I die I will not remove mine integrity from me."

Yet Dode was a weak woman; the trial went home to the very marrow. She stood by the wooden railing, gathering the snow off of it, putting it to her hot forehead, not knowing what she did. Her brain was dull—worn-out, she thought—it ached. She wished she could sleep, with a vacant glance at the thick snow-clouds, and turning to go in. There was a sudden step on the path—he was coming! She would see him once more—once! God could

not deny her that! her very blood leaping into hot life.

"Theodora!" (he never called her the familiar "Dode," as the others did) "why, what ails you, child?"—in his quiet, cordial fashion. "Is this the welcome you give me? The very blood shivers in your hand! Your lips are blue!"—opening the door for her to go in, and watching her.

His eye was more that of a physician than a lover, she felt, and cowered down into a chair he put before the fire for her, sheltering her face with her hands, that he might not see how white it was, and despise her. Palmer stood beside her, looking at her quietly; she had exhausted herself by some excitement, in her old fashion; he was used to these spasms of bodily languor—a something he pitied, but could not comprehend. It was an odd symptom of the thoroughness with which her life was welded into his, that he alone knew her as weak, hysteric, needing help at times. Gaunt or her father would have told you her nerves were as strong as a ploughman's.

"Have you been in a passion, my child?"

She chafed her hands, loathing herself that she could not deaden down their shiver or the stinging pain in her head. What were these things at a time like this? Her physician was taking a different diagnosis of her disease from his first. He leaned over her, his face flushing, his voice lower, hurried.

"Were you disappointed? Did you watch—for me?"

"I watched for you, Douglas," trying to rise.

He took her hand and helped her up, then let it fall: he never held Dode's hand, or touched her hair, as Gaunt did.

"I watched for you—I have something to say to you," steadying her voice.

"Not to-night," with a tenderness that startled one, coming from lips so thin and critical. "You are not well. You have some hard pain there, and you want to make it real. Let it sleep. You were watching for me. Let me have just that silly thought to take with me. Look up, Theodora. I want the hot colour on your cheek again, and the look in your eye I saw there once—only once. Do you remember?"

"I remember," her face crimson, her eyes flashing with tears. "Douglas, Douglas, never speak of that to me! I dare not think of it. Let me tell you what I want to say. It will soon be over."

"I will not, Theodora," he said, coolly. "See now, child! You are not your healthy self to-night. You have been too much alone. This solitude down there in your heart is eating itself out in some morbid whim. I saw it in your eye. Better it had forced itself into anger, as usual."

She did not speak. He took her hand and seated her beside him, talked to her in the same careless, gentle way, watching her keenly.

"Did you ever know the meaning of your name? I think of it often—*The gift of God—Theodora*. Surely, if there be such an all-

embracing Good, He has no more helpful gift than a woman such as you might be."

She looked up, smiling.

"Might he? That is not"—

"*Lover-like?* No. Yet, Dode, I think sometimes Eve might have been such a one as you—the germ of all life. Think how you loathe death, inaction, pain; the very stem you thrust into earth catches vitality from your fingers, and grows, as for no one else."

She knew, through all, that though his light words were spoken to soothe her, they masked a strength of feeling that she dared not palter with, a something that would die out of his nature when his faith in her died, never to live again.

"Eve fell," she said.

"So would you, alone. You are falling now, morbid, irritable. Wait until you come into the sunshine. Why, Theodora, you will not know yourself—the broad, warm unopened nature."

His eyes faltered; he stooped nearer to her, drew her hand into his own.

"There will be some June days in our lives, little one, for you and me"—his tone husky, broken—"when this blood-work is off my hand, when I can take you. My years have been hard, bare. You know, child. You know how my body and brain have been worn out for others. I am free now. When the war is over, I will conquer a new world for you and me."

She tried to draw away from him.

"I need no more. I am contented. For the future, God has it, Douglas."

"But my hand is on it!" he said, his eye growing hard. "And you are mine, Theodora!"

He put his hand on her head: he never had touched her before this evening: he stroked back her hair with an unsteady touch, but as if it and she belonged to him, inalienable, secure. The hot blood flushed into her cheeks, resentful. He smiled quietly.

"You will bring life to me," he whispered. "And I will bleach out this anger, these morbid shadows of the lonesome days—sun them out with love."

There was a sudden silence. Gaunt felt the intangible calm that hung about this man: this woman saw beneath it flashes of some depth of passion, shown reluctant even to her, the slow heat of the gloomy soul below. It frightened her, but she yielded: her will, her purpose slept, died into its languor. She loved, and she was loved—was not that enough to know? She cared to know no more. Did Gaunt wonder what the "cold blue eyes" of this man told to the woman to-night? Nothing which his warped soul would have understood in a thousand years. The room heated, glowless, crimson: outside, the wind surged slow against the windows, like the surf of an eternal sea: she only felt that her head rested on his breast—that his hand shook, as it traced the blue veins on her forehead: with a faint pleasure that the face was fair, for his sake, which his eyes read with a meaning hers could not bear; with a quick throb of love to her Master for this moment He had given

her. Her Master! Her blood chilled. Was she denying Him? Was she setting her foot on the outskirts of hell? It mattered not. She shut her eyes wearily, closed her fingers as for life upon the hand that held hers. All strength, health for her, lay in its grasp: her own life lay weak, flaccid, morbid on his. She had chosen: she would hold to her choice.

Yet, below all, the words of Gaunt stung her incessantly. They would take effect at last. Palmer, watching her face, saw, as the slow minutes passed, the colour fade back, leaving it damp and livid, her lips grow rigid, her chest heave like some tortured animal. There was some pain here deeper than her ordinary heats. It would be better to let it have way. When she raised herself, and looked at him, therefore, he made no effort to restrain her, but waited, attentive.

"I must speak, Douglas," she said. "I cannot live and bear this doubt."

"Go on," he said, gravely, facing her.

"Yes. Do not treat me as a child. It is no play for me"—pushing her hair back from her forehead, calling fiercely in her secret soul for God to help her to go through with this bitter work He had imposed on her. "It is for life and death, Douglas."

"Go on," watching her.

She looked at him. A keen, practical, content face, with small mercy for whims and shallow reasons. Whatever feeling or gloom lay beneath, a blunt man, a truth-speaker, bewildered by feints or shams. She must give a reason for what she did. The word she spoke would be written in his memory, ineffaceable. He waited. She could not speak; she looked at the small vigilant figure: it meant all that the world held for her of good.

"You must go, Douglas, and never come again."

He was silent—his eye contracted, keen, piercing.

"There is a great gulf between us, Douglas Palmer. I dare not cross it."

He smiled.

"You mean—the war?—your father?"

She shook her head; the words balked in her throat. Why did not God help her? Was not she right? She put her hand upon his sleeve, her face, from which all joy and colour seemed to have fallen forever, upturned to his.

"Douglas, you do not believe—as I do."

He noted her look curiously, as she said it, with an odd remembrance of once when she was a child, and they had shown her for the first time a dead body, that she had turned to the sky the same look of horror and reproach she gave him now.

"I have prayed and prayed"—an appealing cry in every low breath. "It is of no use—no use! God never denied me a prayer but that—only that!"

"I do not understand. You prayed—for me?"

Her eyes, turning to his own, gave answer enough.

"I see! You prayed for me, poor child, that I could find a God in the world?" patting the hand resting on his arm pitifully. "And it was of no use, you think? no use?"—dreamily, his eye fixed on the solemn night without.

There was a slow silence. She looked awestruck in his face: he had forgotten her.

"I have not found Him in the world?" the words dropping slowly from his lips, as though he questioned with the great Unknown.

She thought she saw in his face hints that his soul had once waged a direr battle than any she had known—to know, to be. What was the end? God, and Life, and Death, what were they to him now?

He looked at her at last, recalled to her. She thought he stifled a sigh. But he put aside his account with God for another day: now it was with her.

"You think it right to leave me for this, Theodora? You think it a sin to love an unbeliever?"

"Yes, Douglas," but she caught his hand tighter, as she said it.

"The gulf between us is to be the difference between heaven and hell? Is that true?"

"Is it true?" she cried suddenly. "It is for you to say. Douglas, it is you that must choose."

"No man can force belief," he said, drily, "You will give me up? Poor child! You cannot, Theodora!" smoothing her head with an unutterable pity.

"I will give you up, Douglas!"

"Think how dear I have been to you, how far-off you are from everybody in the world but me. Why, I know no woman so alone or weak as you, if I should leave you!"

"I know it!"—sobbing silently.

"You will stay with me, Theodora! Is the dull heaven Gaunt prates of, with its psalms and crowns, better than my love? Will you be happier there than here?" holding her close, that she might feel the strong throb of his heart against her own.

She shivered.

"Theodora!"

She drew away; stood alone.

"Is it better?"—sharply.

She clutched her hands tightly, then she stood calm. She would not lie.

"It is not better," she said, steadily. "If I know my own heart, nothing in the coming heaven is so dear as what I lose. But I cannot be your wife, Douglas Palmer."

His face flashed strangely.

"It is simple selfishness, then? You fear to lose your reward? What is my poor love to the eternity of happiness you trade it for?"

A proud heat flushed her face.

"You know you do not speak truly. I do not deserve the taunt."

The same curious smile glimmered over his mouth. He was silent for a moment.

"I overrate your sacrifice: it costs you little to say, like the old Pharisee, 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' You never loved me, Theodora. Let me go down—to the land where you think all things are forgotten. What is it to you? In hell I can lift up my eyes!"—

She cried out sharply, as with pain.

"I will not forsake my Master," she said. "He is real, more dear than you. I give you up."

Palmer caught her hand; there was a vague deadness in her eye that terrified him; he had not thought the girl suffered so deeply.

"See now," she gasped quickly, looking up, as if some actual Presence stood near. "I have given up all for you! Let me die! Put my soul out! What do I care for heaven?"

Palmer bathed her face, put cordial to her lips, muttering some words to himself. "Her sins, which are many, should be forgiven; she loves much." When, long after, she sat on the low settle, quiet, he stood before her.

"I have something to say to you, Theodora. Do you understand me?"

"I understand."

"I am going. It is better I should not stay. I want you to thank God your love for your Master stood firm. I do. I believe in you: some day, through you, I may believe in Him. Do you hear me?"

She bent her head, worn-out.

"Theodora, I want to leave you one thought to take on your knees with you. Your Christ has been painted in false colours to you in this matter. I am glad that as you understand Him you are true to Him; but you are wrong."

She wrung her hands.

"If I could see that, Douglas!"

"You will see it. The selfish care of your own soul which Gaunt has taught you is a lie; his narrow heaven is a lie: my God inspires other love, other aims. What is the old tale of Jesus?—that He put His man's hands on the vilest before He blessed them? So let Him come to me—through loving hands. Do you want to preach the gospel, as some women do, to the Thugs? I think your field is here. You shall preach it to the heart that loves you."

She shook her head drearly. He looked at her a moment, and then turned away.

"You are right. There is a great gulf between you and me, Theodora. When you are ready to cross it, come to me."

And so he left her.

In all times it has been the individual who has worked for progress; not the age. It was the age which gave Socrates the poisoned cup; the age which burnt John Huss. The age has always been the same.

G U S T A V E D O R É .

"He is only twenty-nine years old, and throughout France a great man of ten years' standing." These, or words to a similar effect, are said daily of Gustave Doré.

It is the lasting misfortune of this young French artist that he made a name too early in life. He demanded the applause of the world before he was of age, and gained it; but the approbation was dimmed by much necessary fault-finding. Especially here, in England, his first important work, the illustration of the legend of the Wandering Jew, gained him as much prejudice as praise, and here he has never since obtained the consideration he deserves. There can be no doubt that his Wandering Jew exhibited many puerilities which only too successfully obscured the new light of his genius.

Doré's versatility is unquestionable. The man who can with equal success illustrate the tales of Mother Goose and the sacred writings, Rabelais and Shakespeare, Tasso and a London funny journal entitled "The Comic Times," cannot be pronounced limited in powers. Versatility! Let any other quality be denied to Doré, but grant him this. A just man can have little hesitation in saying that no artist ever surpassed Doré in versatility. Before me is now lying a penny French illustrated journal. On a couple of its pages are as many illustrations by Doré. These illustrations, with many others, make valuable a very unpleasant work by Leon Gozlan, "The emotions of Polydore Marasquin, or three months among the apes." This book is one of those cynical, shallow, mock-profound, shifting raps at society, in which French literature so unhappily abounds. Leon Gozlan is a great admirer of Swift, and having read the "Gulliver's Travels," all on one side, so to speak, he attempted to imitate the work in the memoir of Polydore Marasquin, "an adventurer of unknown parentage, who passed sometime amongst the apes." The entire novellette is devoted to a weak, satirical description of ape-life. The two illustrations now before me literally swarm with monkeys. Doré never so thoroughly luxuriated in a new form of composition as when he sat down cheerfully to illustrate this dismal tale.

The larger of these two pictures is devoted to a general consultation of the apes, the human visitor being in their midst. This engraving is about six inches by six, with a little offshoot at the bottom on to a second page. There are no less than ninety apes in the foreground, while in the extreme perspective hundreds upon hundreds of the animals are suggested rather than drawn. It may be safely asserted that no two of these apes are alike or quite in a similar position. There are old, young, and middle-aged apes; jolly and excessively dismal apes; acrobatic, pugilistic, and in-

quiring apes; apes standing on their heads, playing at the trapeze, pulling each other's tails, and apes scratching, but all with their eyes more or less on the strange animal, man. In the background, and drawn so faintly that it is difficult to make out the artist's work, there are apes swarming up poles, apes making monkey-bridges from tree to tree, and apes at see-saw. The picture is full of life, except (and here one may witness the artist's great power) around the strange creature, man. Here the apes are comparatively quiet and watchful, yet one can feel that the group is "boiling up," and getting ready for emergencies. Pray understand me! I do not say that even one of these apes is drawn with anatomical truth, but when you shape nearly five score apes for a small picture in a penny journal, extremely good anatomy need not be a feature. If you want to see Gustave in true anatomical drawing you must go to his Dante. But if the picture is not anatomically correct, it is full of life—the moving *curving* existence of the ape is in its every corner.

The second cut in this same penny journal is not only funny—it is marvellous. The human visitor has stooped down at the brink of a lake to drink, and some miles of apes and monkeys have immediately done the same thing. There, in that cut of two-and-a-half inches by twelve, you see the miles of monkeys. A stand might be taken on this one picture to assert that Doré, in his way, has never been equalled. Figures may be a poor way of substantiating an artist's claims to consideration, but in the case of Gustave Doré they may be of infinite service. It has been said the picture consists of an immense sweep of monkeys imitating their human visitor when he stoops to lap water. All the tails of these mimics are raised (obviously to contrast with the tailless man), and laboriously counting these appendages through the vanishing line as far as two hundred, there one stops, the strokes of the pencil being too minute for enumeration. Behind this line the distance is once more impressed upon the beholder by a splendid and exquisitely broken-up sweep of bamboos, which number about half-a-dozen to each ape. Will it be believed that even this line of trees does not complete the perspective? The bamboos are surmounted by miles of distant hills, on the faint sides of which the lines of the ridges marking the valleys are kept with wondrous truth. But this is not all. The concentric ripples made by the lapping of the apes, and the consequent broken shadows of the animals, are all thoroughly portrayed; and as though to end this astounding work with a fragment of fun, the French artist has drawn a few rampant tails in the foremost ground, and sticking up alone, suggestive that the lapping stretches far

away in another and unseen direction. It might be supposed that these two pictures were the work of some time. Wrong. The amount of labour Doré was completing daily when those two pictures were published proves that he could not have devoted more than one day to both. Indeed, some French critics have asserted that expedition is the curse of Doré's artistic life.

To be candid, in England we know little of Gustave Doré. How few of us, for instance, are aware that he has recently illustrated Dante, and that the book costs about £4? This pictorial delineation of the magnificent awe-inspiring poet is in wondrous keeping with the "Inferno." All is vast, terrible, threatening, unearthly. All is unhealthy, oppressive, and purgatorial. The rains of fire seem to be endowed with avenging life, rocks are horribly jagged, abysses are without termination, and his ghastly forms have never perhaps been equalled, except in the case of Turner's terror-inspiring monsters. The trees are shaped into the human figure, and seem to hiss at the passing sinner—the graves literally break up, and yield their dead. In this series of awful engravings there is not one peaceful resting-place for the eyes, except the calm forms of the two poets.

A few of the specimen-plates of Doré's Dante are hung up in Messrs. Hachette's window, in King William-street, Strand, and it is great fun to stand near them and watch passers-by. These specimens seem really to hit pedestrians, who pull up, as it were, with sudden astonishment. Then comes the examination; and the change upon the face as certainly gives the clue to the character as would a month's watching. The narrowly religious go away simply scandalized. Stupid people who have no theological objections, for the simple reason that they have no decided theology to object about, stare and stare at the vast engravings with an amazed expression of face which is delicious to witness. I have seen children shrink from these pictures (on the other hand, I possess a copy of Doré's "Rabelais," over which I have seen little children laugh till I thought them descended from the great humourist himself). Sometimes a business-looking man will examine these Dorés, give them five seconds' examination, and, not understanding them, come to the natural conclusion that they must be all humbug. At other times I have seen solemn-looking gentlemen hang about that window with extreme longing, and at last go into Messrs. Hachette's establishment.

Gustave Doré is, beyond a doubt, a genius. The savage opposition he frequently meets with proves this. And only ten years ago he was a school-boy, frightening parents, friends, and all nervous people who knew him, by a personal audacity as pervaded by *chique* as are those of his drawings not devoted to epic subjects.

They still talk in Rouen, where Doré was born in the January of 1833, of Gustave's performances on the parapet of the cathedral, perform-

ances which do not pale before those of Leotard and Bloudin. On a certain day all those Rouen worthies present on the Grand Place were horrified, startled, or piqued, by a loud scream from a market-woman, whose eyes were fixed on the exterior of the parapet of the cathedral. Everybody followed the woman's eyes, and then everybody saw a slender youth performing gymnastic tricks on the ledge of the highest cornice of the building. Everybody was shocked, and everybody stopped to see the end of it. The *bouquet* of the performance consisted in the exhibition of the feat called, in French gymnastic circles, the *bras de fer*, which consists in holding yourself out horizontally from a pole. This the young performer achieved by grasping the balustrade, and stretching his body out in mid-air. The performer was perfectly cool, but the screeching among the market-women in the Grand Place was terrific. They declared he was lost, but not one of them would faint till the affair was decided. Meanwhile the police assumed a position of severity, with the air of an intention to take the body into custody the moment it reached the ground. Everyone was deceived, and the police were probably outraged, for the young performer made a graceful bow and retired, as though overwhelmed with applause. This was the first appearance in public of Gustave Doré, and it must be admitted quite as startling as any.

Those young Britons, of Doré's age, who are intimate with him, know that he is more English than French: for instance, he does not fancy that every woman he looks at is in love with him, though certainly he is handsomer than forty-nine out of fifty average Frenchmen; while, on the other hand, he drinks, smokes, and laughs like a young Saxon, and possesses that other English qualification—the love of betting. Say to him "You don't bet, do you, Gustave?" "Bet you I do," is his answer. To complete his English tendencies, in travelling he will drive a-head of everybody. "Get on," he always seems to be saying, as though touring were a kind of Derby-day. Pedestrianizing in the Tyrol, with a few friends, some time back, he felt the necessity of a day's rest. He and his party were in advance of some Oxford men, who were pushing over the mountains at a pace which put the Frenchmen to some inconvenience to maintain the lead. "Well," says Doré, "we'd knock off for a day, but those English are so obstinate they'll get before us." "You can't stop them for an hour," says a friend. "Bet you I can," says Doré—"all a day."

He did, for that same evening he invited all the guides of the locality, their wives, and daughters to a ball, moistened with unlimited wine, and he kept them dancing all night. Next day there was not a guide to be had till the morrow; and Doré gained his wager. Nor, apart from the bet, had he laid out his money in vain; for like Wilkie in an ale-house, or at a farmer's, he was sketching the peasants for hours, while they were enjoying themselves.

The father of Doré, at the time of his son's birth, was a Government engineer; and though that gentleman violently and persistently, during some years, opposed Doré's love of the pencil, he shows, or did till recently, a battle piece, the first drawing done by his son at the age of four, in 1837, the child's genius having been fired by one of the early French successes in Algeria. Of course this work is a child's, but the investigator can see in it the movement, the life, the *sweep*, if I may use the word, for which Doré is now celebrated.

The father, however, committed a miserable error when, alarmed at the passion the boy had for the pencil, he forbade him to draw, either at home or at school. Perhaps that order does not say much in favour of the engineer's own genius. The boy neglected everything for his pencil, which was always in his hand.

"What will become of you?" said the school-master one day, when he had caught the lad sketching—"have you forgotten you are the son of an engineer? You are lost."

This rebuke enraged Doré, nor has he ever been celebrated for his patience, and though he drew no less after the reprimand than before it, he worked more, and at the end of the term he carried off *all* the prizes of his form.

This success gained him his first visit to Paris, during the holidays. This was in 1847, when he was fourteen years of age. "Paris," says Prud'hon, in a recent work, "is more than mere matter—it is an idea." This must have been Doré's feeling upon entering it, though, perhaps, he was not able to define the emotion; for the very first day he was in Paris, he slipped away from his father, and hunted up Philippon, the artist-publisher. Philippon opened the little portfolio with a smile, then took the young artist by the hand.

But Doré the elder raged at the idea of his son being an artist. Back went little Doré to Philippon, who immediately applied the great "how much?" argument. He sent the son back, with the copy of an agreement, by which he bound himself to pay the lad at the rate of £200 a year for his services.

Thereupon M. Doré permitted his son to practise as an artist. The boy was placed with a family in Paris, and became a day-scholar at Charlemagne College. Here he was the class-fellow of Edmond About, who is about five years Doré's senior. His first important appearances in public were made in the *Journal pour Rire*, and a vast increase in the circulation of this paper was one result, another being that Doré withdrew from his college, and devoted himself entirely to art. Nor did he study under a master, and his independence shows itself in the originality of his art-interpretations; but on the other hand it may be frequently prominent as error.

At the age when most men of genius are at the foundations of their fame Doré has completed the corner-stone of his. He revels in his work. Take his battle-pieces; they are innumerable, yet not two are alike—not one is mo-

delled on Vernet; look at his landscapes, they resemble those of nobody else, and yet you feel they are true: you see far into his forests, his abysses seem to drag the eyes down into them; and while he can make his horizons boundless, his jagged rocks seem to be ready to topple on you. I do not deny that Doré may sometimes be vulgar, but his worst enemy cannot say he is insipid—no, not in one of the 60,000 separate works which have resulted from his hand.

A great question in French artistic circles now stands—What will be Doré's future? It is impossible to say. A French writer, of little fame, declares that Doré possesses the "*illogisme de la passion*." It is difficult to understand the meaning of this phrase. I report it as one of the criticisms on the works of a genius, perhaps the most unequal the world has ever seen. All his pictures are marvellous in one of a thousand varying ways, and yet not a single specimen is free from glaring faults. Another French critic says: "You must take one of Doré's pictures as a whole, you must not analyze it," and perhaps this is the fairest criticism it is possible to give him. That he exaggerates is indisputable. A hill is made as high as a mountain, a hedge-bank is converted into a ravine, and his every fortress appears as impregnable as Gibraltar. It may be easily understood that Doré has few critical friends in England. The one living English artist who approaches his style in any successful degree, Mr. Gilbert, seldom meets with other printed praise than that faint eulogy which is almost as provoking as silence.

The French critics divide Doré's works into three great classes: those which produce "laughter," such as his illustrations of Rabelais; those which induce "excitement," such as his Wars of the Crimea and Italy; and those which create "awe," such as the Wandering Jew cartoons, and, within the last few months, the illustrations of Dante.

Doré delights the public, he disgusts critics. The public ask for the obvious, the critics for the profound. Doré is always obvious, while he works far too rapidly to be profound. Critics abhor facility, and the greater number on this side the channel, who know anything of Doré, are disposed to maintain, while admitting a general truth in all his work, that till he is careful he is below consideration—a style of criticism which would apply with equal effect to Rubens.

That Doré, however, has become more careful during the past two years than he was, is certain. Perhaps the art-world will mark a great change in him between the thirtieth and thirty-fifth years of his age. This improvement shows itself in the Dante, where the anatomy is frequently as true as stupendous. Some critics say that here the anatomy is too prominent. This objection might as well be taken to Michael Angelo.

When the critic comes to Doré's canvasses he still finds the same kinds of beauties, exaggerations, and faults that he may mark in the engravings; but in painting Doré's grandeur is

still more visible than in his black work. In looking upon one of his pictures it seems to surround the observer. In 1860 he exhibited an immense canvas, the subject of which was taken from the thirty-second canto of the "*Inferno*," Virgil and Dante, arrived within the ninth circle, are crossing the icy lake, which was terrifically boundless. On all sides roam and writhe the souls of "traitors," condemned to the torture of eternal cold. The figures coil rather than float in the freezing water. The effect presses upon one's very heart—the observer feels as though in prison while looking on this work, and his eyes seek the grand, calm figures of the poets, a resting-place as sweet as an oasis in a desert. All beyond the boundaries of these two figures is terror, pain, and despair, which contrast wonderfully with the calm and repose of the poets. The livid tone of the picture completes the idea—the whole work making a sensitive observer shrink from a chance breeze which may pass him as he looks upon this painting of the passions. Some people say this is not at all a painting. What is it? Does it reflect Dante? If so—necessarily it stands a great work of art.

Doré is not troubled by criticism. He hears, but he never loses his temper or his appetite through the medium of an adverse judgment. He lives happily, if nervously, in his smaller studio, with its four tables, a little stove, and a great litter—wood blocks, lithographic stones, crayons, proof sheets, sketches, books, papers lying about everywhere, and cigar ends well rained all over the blocks, stones, papers &c., &c.; for Doré smokes while at work, and in the joyous, time-devouring agony of composition he pitches his half-smoked cigars about in the most frantick manner.

The visitor—and one must thoroughly well know Doré to have the entry into his sanctum—will find the queerest combination of half-worked-out ideas about the place. Here is a portrait of a prince shouldering Jack the Giant Killer; there a vivid battle-piece side by side with Gargantua.

There is something new in every faintly-sketches idea. Take that paper on the ground. Hop o' my Thumb valiantly leading his brothers, and asking house-room of the ogre's wife. The picture is exquisite in its simplicity. It is night, the forest is dark, and the children are crowding away from one of Doré's wonderful trees, as like the ogre himself as it is possible to be. Hop o' my Thumb coolly asks shelter, and above him stands the ogre's dismal wife, lighting up the group with a lantern—altogether a Rembrandt-like effect. But the giant's house must look ogriish. Mark the hideous *bat* nailed against the wall, and the bull's skull over the door. As for Doré's Rabelais pictures, the only true criticism of this work would be that of a child who would look, and shrink; then look again—first wonder, and then laugh. This *genre* of Doré's work may be called that of "fantastic reality." Or take his picture of Puss

in Boots. In the distance you see the carriage of the Marquis de Catrabas approaching; meanwhile the cat, with the most cunning face ever seen even in a cat, is bullying the rustics into a show of respect for "my lord." The *severity* of the boots is splendidly shown.

On the walls of Doré's studio are a few very simply-framed drawings, made at an early date in his career of success. One is a sketch of the Wandering Jew, purse in hand, passing the cross, from which he shrinks. The despair on the face is heart-rending. Another is a sketch of a highly important soldier caressing a birth-day flower-pot of wall-flower, and knocking at the door of "*Mlle. Jettie, blanchisseuse*."

Tenez—what's that?

While you have been looking about, Doré, who knows all those sketches, has taken down his violin, for he is a musician in a small way, and sometimes lets fall the pencil in order to take up the bow.

There is no nonsense about Doré. He knows how short life is—how long art. His very painting rooms (he has two) show his serious workman-like spirit. Minor artists love to stuff their rooms with bits of armour, fragments of carving, dabs of brocade, a few rapiers (the rustier the better) and canvasses which may have been looked upon by some of the old masters, and with contempt into the bargain. In Doré's rooms you see nothing but canvases and wood-blocks, with more or less genius in colour or pencil upon their surfaces, and all leaning against grey walls as plain as an old-fashioned quakeress's dress. There is not one spare chair in the place, and quite a dozen half-finished fortunes all about. Look! observe that partly completed picture—a little fair-haired girl stopping the hand of the jolly undertaker stretched towards the dead mother. Or the next canvas—an old, old beggar woman, alive only to *souls*, seated near a church porch, while two fresh rosy children play about her. The contrast between death and life, age and childhood, in these two pictures, is marvellous. There always is something marvellous in Doré's pictures.

But the oddest sight in Doré's *atelier* is Gustave himself. He can't *sit still* to his work. Either one leg or both knees are doubled under him. His head is never straight, and frequently his right foot is temporarily the highest part of him. Sometimes he will stick his block against the wall, and sketch with the wood above the line of his eyes. The next moment he is full length, or half-length on the table, and all the while he is whistling like a blackbird, and smoking like a trooper. And at last, when five minutes' quietude suggest that he has found a comfortable position and the work is progressing—it is finished.

Gustave Doré is as simple and candid as a well-bred child. Nor let it be supposed, as it may easily be by those who know him only through his works, that he is eccentric or unsteady. He is a respectable Frenchman, who has not much opinion of his looks, and who

does not worship a mirror. Naturally he is eminently melancholy, but it costs him no effort to be gay and light-hearted in his social, as distinctive from his artistic, life, because he is delightfully generous, and always desirous of pleasing without any wish to shine exceptionally.

He has already marked out the work of his life, which he calls his "epics." A good and telling word that last, for he aspires fully to illustrate Dante, the Niebelungen, Homer, Tasso, Cervantes, Perrault, and finally Shakespeare. These works he intends crowning with an illustrated Bible.

Perhaps Gustave Doré's life is almost perfect grave happiness. Eminently sensitive, he can at once tell those whom he shall like, and those who will hate him. His innate power of attracting regard is stupendous. An ignorant loving old nurse vows that he can cast spells upon people whom he wishes to like him; but his only conjuring lies in extreme frank-heartedness and a gentle manner. Perhaps it need not be added that those who do not like Doré hate him intensely. And being naturally melancholy, sensitive, and easily gay, it follows Doré is a bit of a humorist. Upon being asked upon one occasion for an autograph he wrote it (diagonally, in order to be different from everybody else) in the form of a cheque—*bon pour* an autograph. To be sure, Doré has other faults beyond his artistic ones, but they are hardly worth the weighing against the fact that he is perhaps at once the most famed and most fortunate of all the men of genius belonging to Young France.

His last picture, recently finished, is from the "Inferno;" Paolo and Francisca di Rimini floating in Hades. The composition is wonderfully grand, and German rather than French in treatment. There is no exaggeration in the whole work, which throughout is subservient to the awful remorse on the Francesca's face. People who idolize Doré's art vow that in its way the repentance of this countenance is as great as the sublime exaltation of Murillo's Louvre Virgin, or the power of the Venus Victrix.

J. R. WARE.

DEATH.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

From the faint pulse the life-blood ebbs away;
Thicker and faster come the gasping breath;
And now we stand by a pale piece of clay:
Was, then, that passing sigh the thing called
Death?—

The thing we figure, with its ruthless hand
Down sternly pressing the life-clinging will;
Scoffing at every future we have planned;
The strong hand powerless, and the high heart
still?

Gaze on the stony features of the dead—
The new claimed subject of its chill control—
Why does the living heart start back with dread
From this poor cast-off garment of the soul?

Why do we, near it, feel such solemn awe?
Why for us, round it, do such terrors lie?
Is't in the livid cheek, the fallen jaw,
Or the dull glare of the glazed upturned eye?

What is't we shrink from? what is it that shrinks?
Why before Death does Life crouch down a slave?
Whisper the secret, Corpes! betray its links!
No: dumb it passes to the dumb, dark grave.

The mind is quenched which in it lately burned;
The rigid limbs are bound in icy thrall;
"Ashes to ashes—earth to earth" returned,
A coffin, spade, and mound of earth end all—

All that beclouded eyes of flesh can see—
All that the gross dull ears of earth can hear;
Yet, to our *souls*, the spirit now set free
Speaks of a higher state—a holier sphere!

Asking for gratulation, not for grief;
Whispering, what we call Death is Life, indeed!
Birth of pure joy!—of pain the sure relief!
Not the dull blank of the cold Athlete's creed.

Death! great deliverer from earth's care and toil!
Bright wreaths—not cypress—should thy brows
entwine!
Setting the soul free from its "mortal coil:"
What need we more?—"O Death, the palm is
thine!"

TO L. V.

Full many a happy day hath dawned and set
Since I have taught, and thou hast learnt from me:
One lesson still remains—thou know'st not yet
My love for thee.

Ever thou gavest me a willing ear,
Returning many gentle thanks in fee:
Wilt thou with look still unaverted hear
My love for thee?

Of lot more fair than e'en thy dreams of old,
Of gifts laid up in far-off treasury,
Of love itself—but never have I told
My love for thee.

Speaks to the heart now earth, and sea, and air,
Thou know'st their voice, the voice thou learn'st
from me:
Where shall I find a voice that may declare
My love for thee?

And still thou thirstest, ever asking more
For higher light and deeper mystery:
Oh! ask to learn my highest, deepest lore,
My love for thee.

Yet ask me not; but O, with sweet surmise,
Ask thy own heart; for I must learn from thee!
And tell me, fondly, with those trembling eyes,
Thy love for me.

THE RED POOL COTTAGE.

BY LOUIS SAND.

"Aye, whistle away. Many a fiercer blast has had a tussle with the old chimneys; but they'll stand my time. How cold it is!"

The fire was piled in the grate, and sent its shadows leaping and dancing on the walls; but the old man raised himself in his pillowed chair, and spread his hands before it, shivering.

"Another Christmas—one more, and I have seen seventy. This is the last, though. Lucy, we must have some holly, child, and ivy. The berries are thick, this year: don't forget it: and Lucy—" (a girl rose from her seat by the fire, and went up to the old man)—"are the curtains drawn?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And the doors shut? How cold it is!"

"Christmas weather, uncle. Listen to the wind!"

"There'll be fine skating on the Red Pool, to-morrow, Lucy. I remember—"

Lucy Woodleigh turned hastily, with a pretence of drawing the curtains closer over the window. She knew what it was that John Woodleigh remembered, and wondered why he always would talk about it at night.

"I always made a pet of him, Lucy. There were twenty years between us, and yet we were always together—your father and I; and I saw him drowned, and never lifted a finger to save him!"

"You couldn't swim, you know, uncle."

"It wasn't that, child—I loved him so, the sight turned me to stone; and I had not the power to move. But it would have been all the same; there were plenty to help, if help would have done anything. And I thought of his young wife, and the little wee thing that had just come to bless them—that was you, Lucy. Never you learn to skate—do you hear?"

"It isn't very likely, uncle."

"I don't know that. Ladies do it, and you are as good a lady as any of them. Haven't I had you educated as well as any lady? Answer me that."

"I suppose so."

"Then what do you talk nonsense for? Poor Frank loved books: if he could see you he would say the old fellow had done his duty. If there is no money for you when I am gone, you could get your living as a governess to-morrow, couldn't you?"

"I suppose so," repeated Lucy.

Get a living as a governess! And Lucy looked round the twelve-foot square parlour of the Red Pool Cottage, wondering how she should feel when the time came. Small as the room was, it had a piano (Lucy's own), a full book-case,

and an old-fashioned sofa, besides John Woodleigh's easy-chair; and it had also that indescribable air of comfort which is always traceable to the hand of a gentlewoman. If Lucy Woodleigh were not a lady born, there was not a look of hers, or a gesture, or a word, that did not tell of an innate gentleness and refinement which education may improve, but cannot plant.

"But I shouldn't like you to do it, Lucy," said the old man, going back to his last speech. "We musn't let it come to that. Shall I ever sit in my loom again, I wonder? But there's little call for weaving in these days. I remember, Lucy, when your mother used to come on a pillion behind poor Frank, to bring—"

"Uncle," interrupted Lucy, "why didn't you teach me to spin?"

"Out of fashion," said the old man, grimly. "Your mother spun herself a set of table-linen before she was married. There's little of the good old home-made stuff now; but I can weave the linseys yet. See how fashion changes everything! Why, I remember when your aunt would have scouted the notion of a linsey petticoat to go to church, and now all the grand folk wear nothing else. Lock the door, Lucy. Dr. Fenton won't come to-night."

"He said he should."

"Said he should, did he? Ah, that was to you; I didn't hear it. Dr. Fenton? In my days young lads didn't get that put before their names. Where did he study?"

"At Edinburgh."

"She knows all about it," murmured the old man. "Lucy, what does George Fenton come so often for?"

"How can you ask, uncle? What should a doctor come for, but to see his patient?"

"Patient—that I never was, in my born days; less so now than ever. But, Lucy, folks aren't so desperately anxious to keep an old man out of his grave a month or two longer—a month or two at most. Well, well, I'll not torment thee, child; lock the door, however; there's lots of fine parties up in the town this fine Christmas night, and he won't come. Go and look through the north window; you'll see the lights like a great illumination through the frost—hush! Was that a knock? See, child."

Perhaps it was that her uncle's words had roused some consciousness which had been sleeping hitherto—Lucy never stirred to meet the doctor as she had been wont to do, but suffered their one servant to usher him in with due decorum; and he was in the room with his cheery words, and his face all glowing with the frosty wind, before she rose slowly from her seat.

"My Lucy's turned coward, this cold weather," said the old man. "Shut the door, Meg. Dr. Fenton, take a seat."

"I couldn't come before," said the young doctor. "I had a case down in Ward's Alley—a very painful one, because the cook is more wanted than the doctor."

"Aye, aye, this sharp weather pinches the poor folk with bare cupboards. Heaven help them! I didn't expect you to-night—thought there would be lots of grand balls, and that sort of thing; but Lucy said you would come."

George Fenton turned to look at Lucy, as she sat with some intricate piece of work in her hand; but she was obstinate, and would not raise her head, neither did his face turn readily away from her. There was something satisfying in every detail his eye took in—something unlike other young girls—something which, in fact, caused his attention to wander strangely from the old man's garrulous speeches, and he stammered when John Woodleigh recalled him peevishly.

"I—I beg your pardon," said George; "the fact is, I am engaged to go to a party to-night, at the mayor's. I couldn't well refuse, because—"

"He won't patronize you, don't think it. Eh! you are getting so grand, your old friends may whistle for you shortly, I see!"

"But I thought," proceeded the doctor—"I fancied—that is, I wanted to know how you were going on."

The old man rubbed his hands and chuckled, for he knew, or thought he knew, whom it was the doctor wanted to see. A sharp spasm distorted his face suddenly, and he groaned. Lucy was beside him in a moment; but he motioned her away.

"No, no, it's nothing worse than usual. Go away, little one, and talk to Meg. I must have a word or two with this doctor of ours."

"Aye, you may look," he said, as the door closed after her, and the room and the fire seemed to George to have grown dull all at once. "She is one of a thousand—my little girl. I have given her everything I could think of, in the way of education, and I have few fears for her." George's answer was something between a groan and a platitude; but the old man went on, watching him closely. "She will be able to get her own living with the best of them when I am gone. Education is a fine thing, no doubt."

"How are you to-night?" asked the doctor, wincing desperately.

"What does it matter? We know, you and I, George Fenton, that it can't be long—not many months. I wanted to ask you how long, but, after all, it's no matter. Sometimes I am sorrowful for Lucy, and think perhaps I might have done better for her. It's hard to think of her out in the world alone. And I was a rich man once, as I daresay you have heard; but farming got bad, and I gave it up. Weaving

has gone the way of all trades, and so—what, already! You can't be rested yet."

"Yes, I must go," said the doctor, hastily. "I only just looked in to—mayn't I wish your niece good-night?"

"Lucy child, here; Dr. Fenton is going."

The room was whirling round with Dr. Fenton, as he ventured to hold the small hand, which no rough work had been suffered to harden, in his own for a moment.

Poor George! he would have liked to put his arm round Lucy, and claim her as his own possession for ever; but there were big obstacles in his way, and he knew it. As for Lucy, she said good-night in the calmest voice, and withdrew her hand seemingly without a shade of feeling of any sort; "for she was thinking all the while—" "I am of no consequence at all to Dr. Fenton; my uncle fancies I am equal to all those fine ladies he goes amongst; but I know better, I do not talk like them, or feel like them. As to my dress—" And she looked down upon her plain, dark dress with a smile, which said, "It is all as it should be. I don't think I should like to be tricked out in muslins and laces this winter weather!" . . . "Isn't it bright and comfortable here, uncle?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders,

"The doctor didn't seem to find it so, Lucy."

"Ah, he was in a hurry to go to the party," said Lucy, nodding indifferently.

"And I forgot to ask him if he would eat his Christmas dinner here to-morrow."

"I wouldn't ask him, uncle. He is sure to have so many invitations, and will be more in his element amongst—"

"The fine people—eh? It's all a mistake," grumbled the old man to himself. "I did think he was one that would have liked her for herself: but I'm glad I didn't tell him, that I am. And she doesn't seem to care, after all. A woman would have known now all about the signs and symptoms, but I'm nothing but a clumsy old grumbler. Well, she's fit for a duke, anyhow. Governess, indeed—I think I see it!"

And Lucy went to bed, in her indifference; and she lay still and slept, like the quiet child she was, and awoke again and again with the dull, heavy pain of having lost something; and then she would say, "What have I done? Why did I never think of it before? As if I could be anything to him, who lives amongst people so different! Oh, I hope I shall be better to-morrow!"

And so many people have hoped, and will hope: but the sun rises on a trouble which takes many a bitter morrow to cure.

CHAP. II.

George Fenton bent his head to the wind, and walked away rapidly in the direction of the gleaming lights of the town. What a fool he had been to leave them! What use was there in

it? And he under an engagement to go to a party, too!

"Hang the party!" muttered the doctor,

And then his long strides grew shorter, and a sort of uncertainty came into them, till at the next stile he stopped and leaned against it, instead of getting over, and making the best of his way home, like a sensible man.

He was looking at the light in the kitchen window of the Red Pool Cottage, and at the Red Pool itself, which glistened like a hard, white sheet in the moonlight. And George thought how solitary it looked, down there amongst the bare trees, with the smoke of one of the old chimneys rising up to the cold, bright sky. And by this time his anger against the old man had evaporated, and a great heavy sigh broke from him as he leaned back on the stile.

"He didn't mean it," thought George, "he didn't mean to torment me. He doesn't know—how should he?—that it would be anything to me if Lucy Woodleigh went out in the world to get her own living. For the matter of that, who will ever know it? and why have I been such a fool as to keep on going there day after day, when I knew nothing but misery could come of it? Out in the world! Lucy Woodleigh out in the world!"

It was bitterly cold as he stood there, and he might be excused for giving the world a larger share of abuse than perhaps it altogether merits. Also he had conjured up for himself a slight, dark figure buffeting that frosty wind, with none to protect her; and he stretched out his arms, only to drop them again and say, angrily—"What a fool I am!"

How did he know she would have anything to do with him, even if he could ask her? And then the hopelessness of the thing! Ha, a strange young doctor, with so many older and wiser heads mocking at his efforts to keep his own above water! Could he ask another to share what would barely keep life and soul together for one? He might have dreamed, perhaps, of the good time coming, but then it was so long on the road; and when it arrived, if ever it did arrive, Lucy Woodleigh might be—out in the world.

He had thought it over so many times that it was useless for his love to grow clamorous now; and what matter? She had not parted with him as though she cared whether he went or stayed; she did not care. Well, it was better so; he could survive it. He would be a fool no longer, but give up going to the Red Pool Cottage. And so, making this brave resolution, he cried out, bitterly, "Good-bye, Lucy," as though she would hear him, and marched off resolutely to dress for the party. It did not take much time to do that, since his wardrobe was not so extensive as it might have been; and when he got to the mayor's house, and found himself one of the moving mass of perfumed drapery and gay faces, it was strange, after his late resolution, that he could not keep from muttering—"Out in the world." And when he danced, as he did, with

ladies in brilliant ball-dresses, a ~~the~~ figure in a dark dress always came between him and his partner, and a pair of brown, mournful-looking eyes seemed to ask him what he did there. Once he got up into a corner, and watched the light motion of the dancers till his brain grew dizzy. And the music, albeit gay enough and merry, seemed to him to have sorrow in its tone; and he covered his face for a moment to shut it all out. "There are none like her," muttered George, "not one!" Then two people with their backs towards him began, or rather continued, a conversation which he could not help hearing, particularly as he knew from the first that it concerned himself.

"He has lost his wife in old Woodleigh's cottage."

"Nonsense! He wouldn't be such a fool as to stich up his prospects in that sort of way."

"Don't know. It is reported that old Woodleigh will out up well, only, like other misers, he pretends poverty. The Woodleighs were rich once."

"All folly. Why, John Woodleigh couldn't keep on his farm! Besides, a young fellow like Fenton, with his way to make, should look a step higher than that, and win some one to help him, both with rank and money. He is noticed now as a bachelor; but if he is such a donkey as that, it's all up with him."

George felt that he could stand it no longer, so he had a convenient headache, which obliged him to go home.

Home! As if it were not the same thing everywhere! As if his meagre little room did not look more meagre than ever, more chill and desolate, more absolutely unbearable! As if that little, dark-robed figure did not sit in the chair opposite him, wherever he turned, and fill his heart with unspeakable bitterness! It was not so much for his own sake, he thought. He could bear it, but Lucy—out in the world! And he knew that what those people had said was all true! It would be ruin to him, ruin to both; even if—What use to think about it?

He could not sit there thinking all night, so he went to bed, and had it all over again in his uneasy sleep.

And Christmas morning rose, bright and frosty, but George was in no haste to rouse himself. When he did go down it was with a heavy step and a heavier heart, for he had heard some one say in the street, "A merry Christmas!" and it made him shiver with envy.

Then the window was all over beautiful trees and flowers, which had begun to drift away slowly, and show the clear sky of pale blue without. What did he care that it was a fine, a glorious day? What did he care for the breakfast that was waiting for him?

"I can't touch it," muttered George, rubbing the window with his finger. "I am a fool, an ass; I am so wretched that I can hardly live!"

Then he turned and saw a letter on the table, and he sat down and broke the seal, with an

irritated exclamation; for he knew the handwriting, and expected a lecture on economy and perseverance. And then a sudden change came over the miserable young doctor. He read his letter twice—the second time with trembling fingers; then he jumped up and cried out, “A merry Christmas!” He poked the fire and made it blaze, with a reckless disregard of that big lump which had been intended to smoulder away and last all morning; he walked to the window, rubbing his hands, and said what a glorious day it was. And he wished the half-starved-looking Buttons, who brought in the roll, a merry Christmas; much to that injured individual’s amazement.

“Engaged to dine, am I?” thought the doctor. “Where is it, and don’t I wish they may get it? There’s only one place I’ll go to this day besides church. It must be to church first, as becomes a thankful man—and I am thankful. A merry Christmas to you all, my friends and everybody!”

CHAP. III.

“A merry Christmas!”

Old John Woodleigh said it to his niece, as she arranged his pillows, and propped him up for his dinner with her usual care.

By way of answer she repeated the sentence; but something in her tone struck the old man, and he pulled her into the light that he might look at her.

“What is it, Lucy? You are cold. Your hands are like ice. There, now they are burning! Bless me, there’s nothing the matter, is there?”

“No, uncle.”

“Don’t you go to fall ill. Who’s to see after my pillows and things, if you do?” said the old man, with the unconscious selfishness of age. “Eh, Lucy? do you hear? You are not going to fall ill?”

“There is nothing the matter, uncle. The church was cold, that’s all.”

“Warm yourself, then, and eat your dinner; and then you shall tell me what the sermon was about. When I was hearty, I never missed church; I’ve got a whole book full of texts, somewhere.”

But Lucy could not remember the text; nor did she seem to know much about the sermon. And the old man went off into a doze, which cut short his reproof for her wandering thoughts and carelessness.

Then Lucy sat looking into the fire, and making big caverns in the red coals, and human faces; always with that dull weight at her heart which had come last night, and the strange feeling that something which used to be a part of herself was gone for ever. In fact, though that to-morrow that never comes had passed into to-day, she was no better; but rather

the weight grew heavier. And the holly and ivy had been stuck about the windows, more as though it was a task to be got over than a pleasure and a joy this merry Christmas time. And she thought drearily that it was a mistake for people to go about saying “A merry Christmas!” Was it merry to any one?

The future troubled her, for the first time. Not that she dreaded that indefinite state of “getting her own living,” but it was so hard to live. If that weight never went away, but was to be there always pressing upon her, how could she bear it? And so, passing from a certain stage of sorrow whose desire is only to be still, into one which craves motion for relief, she went out into the passage to walk up and down there, that she might not disturb her uncle. Why had she never thought of all this before? She could remember now, how George Fenton’s visit had come to be the one object in her day; but why had she never thought about it till too late? The only thing now was to be brave and patient, and do faithfully the old duties which had grown so strangely distasteful to her. Perhaps if she persevered, rest and quietness would come, if she might never again know the buoyant happiness that died last night under her uncle’s speeches.

And the Christmas Day grew old, so that when George Fenton knocked softly and opened the door, there was just light enough to show him the very figure which had haunted him from the time he saw it last. And in his excitement he stretched out both his hands, and took hers into them, crying, passionately, “Lucy, Lucy!” He had never called her so before; but no misgiving troubled either of them then, for they understood each other. But George told her all, out there in the cold (which neither of them felt), and then he went in and sat down by John Woodleigh’s chair, wishing him a merry Christmas.

The old man bent forward, and looked into the doctor’s face, curiously.

“What is it you want now, George Fenton? Don’t trifle with me, I haven’t long to live.”

“Last night,” said George, slowly, “I went away from here a hopeless man, loving Lucy Woodleigh better than anything on earth, and having nothing to offer her. This morning I have had good news. My father’s cousin, and my godfather gives up to me—not sells the goodwill, mind, but gives—his practice, in Fel-lerton Wood. The monopoly of a small town and its neighbourhood—a rare practice!” said George, exultingly, “so I have asked Lucy to go with me, and we want your consent.”

“Umph! so you, George Fenton, a born gentleman—”

“Isn’t Lucy a born lady, and better? What if she were not?”

“Hear me out. You, I say, want to marry the penniless niece of an old weaver?”

George’s lips grew tremulous.

“I can never be thankful enough for the good fortune that has given me her love.”

"She will make you a good wife. She has been a good niece; but I could wish she had something to help."

George smiled; a happy, careless smile. What did he want with more than Lucy herself?"

"You are a good lad, and an honest," said John Woodleigh. "Last night I thought to tell you, for I knew you were poor; but I'm glad I did 'nt—I'm glad I never told. You see—you see—I wanted one for my Lucy, who would like herself—not her money. Now I am satisfied. I have worked hard for Frank's child; and so, on her wedding-day, George Fenton, she will have five thousand pounds. Ah, they thought the old weaver was bled to death—used up; I'm glad I didn't tell. Call her, George."

"Lucy, child; here! What do you think of being an heiress, after all? Why, George——"

But if a shade had crossed the face of the young doctor—for it is so pleasant to think of giving all to those we love—it passed away as Lucy stood beside him, and the old man put her hand in his, and bade him be good to her, and be thankful.

So he was thankful. Who can tell how thankful?

"You will not like my Lucy less for the Christmas-box I have given her, eh, George? She can't help it, you know."

Dr. Fenton made no answer, except by drawing the hand he held a little closer. It was worth while to suffer as he had suffered, for such a day as this.

"Ah!" said the old man, nodding at them, "I shan't be long, but I am glad to have seen it. I wanted a gentleman for poor Frank's daughter, and she will have one, eh, doctor? I'm glad it's you; I always fancied you for a nephew. And so a merry Christmas to you both, and many of them!"

STANZAS.

Is it true then? She, my idol,
My unspoken, yet my idol,
Snatch'd away in hurried bridal
To the furthest ends of earth!
Is it true? And is it fated
That her fresh young life be mated
With one whose hateful—hated
Riches are his only worth?

She, so young, so fair, so beautiful,
She, so modest and so duteous,
She, with graces ever new to us
Who liv'd upon her eyes!
He, a hard metallic trader,
A mere bargain-making trader,
What in heav'n or earth hath made her
Give her life in sacrifice?

Is she not what I had thought her?
Has her first short season taught her
That the simple, duteous daughter
Leads a life but stale and "slow"?
Have the thoughts of wealth—position—
Worldly influence—condition,
Wrought this sad—this sad transition?
Heav'n I pray it be not so!

Has she ta'en the first that ask'd her?
The first rich man that ask'd her?
Has the fellow's gold unmask'd her,
And dash'd deceit away?
Or is she but consenting—
Reluctantly consenting—
Yielding, and yet repenting,
To the iron—unrelenting
Will of those she must obey?

Are these jealousies that move me?
Nay: by all the stars above me!
The girl did never love me;
I was not for such as she.
But a dog like that to gain her!
A brute like that to train her!
What had *he* done to gain her?
Would his wealth were in the sea!

Why wish I her to tarry?
Am I mad that she should marry?
No. Had it but fall'n to Harry
This Australian to eclipse,
He'd have felt the spirit-presence;
He'd have taught her sweet love-lessons;
He'd have caught the deepest essence
Of the nectar of her lips!

Then, I would not rave thus madly.
I could have giv'n her gladly—
At least not over-sadly
To such an one as he:
For he reads the thoughtful maiden;
Like a book he reads the maiden;
Through her shadowy eye, dream-laden,
All her spirit he can see.

But how idle is my sorrow!
Ah, how futile is my sorrow!
The ship will sail to-morrow
Though my tears like rivers flow.
Well, another dream is scatter'd,
And another hope is shatter'd:
But my heart, my heart was shatter'd
Long ago—long ago.

J. B. S.

—♦—
MERIT AND WORTH.—The merit of some people is principally in the clearness of their perceptions, while the worth of others is mainly in the strength of their affections. The former appreciate without loving; the latter love without appreciating.

THE CROKER CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITED BY T. F. DILLON CROKER.

"Edgeworth's Town, August 19, 1828.

"DEAR SIR,—A note from my brother, Sneyd Edgeworth, tells me that he is reading the proof-sheets of 'Garry Owen' in the 'Christmas-box' that is to be for 1829. My brother concludes by a sentence which puzzles me a little.

"The editor is in great want of the conclusion."

"The conclusion of what?"

"I sent the whole of 'Garry Owen' to you at once. Perhaps he means conclusion of the 'Christmas-box.' Pray write a line to me as soon as you receive this, to set the matter at rest with me, and mention if you can when you publish your 'Christmas-box.'

"I have written this day to my friend Gerard Ralstone, of Philadelphia, to tell him that he may put a copy of the MS. of 'Garry Owen' which I sent to him, into the hands of the publishers of an American Souvenir—I believe Messrs. Carey and Lea—as soon as my letter shall reach him.

"I had restricted him from giving it to any publisher, except upon condition that it should not reach London before your 'Christmas-box' should be published, which I said would, I thought, appear in January, 1829. Mr. Ralstone, in a letter which I have just received (and answered) bemoans himself much on this restriction, which he informs me would absolutely prevent the possibility of its publication in the American Souvenir, which will appear in November.

"As I believe, from what my brother tells me of your proof-sheets, that you will have your book out before November, I think the permission which I have this day given Mr. Ralstone to do what he pleases in America with 'Garry Owen' cannot displease you, or be of any disadvantage to your publication. But if I should have mistaken, write straight to Gerard Ralstone, Esq., Philadelphia, and say so, and tell him distinctly at what time you publish, and to what time we restrict. I am ashamed to have said so much about a trifle.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

"If you have not a frank at command, please to enclose to W. Gregory Esq., directing it on the cover to Miss Edgeworth, Edgeworth's Town."

"Edgeworth's Town, August 28th, 1828."

"DEAR SIR,—I certainly never received the packet you mention, and hope you may be able to trace it. You must have thought it very

extraordinary that you never heard from me. As to your having divided the story in any way you thought most suitable, and your having made any verbal corrections you saw necessary, I am quite glad you did so, and that your work was not actually delayed by this accident.

"Your letter to Mr. Ralstone is explicit and proper. But I am sure they will print 'Garry Owen' in one of their Souvenirs nevertheless, if my permission reaches them in time, as his statement of the demand for copies far exceeded your intended supply you mention, from the New York edition.

"I shall be highly flattered by the dedication of your 'Legends of the Lakes' to me; but pray consider whether it would not be infinitely more for the interests of your book and your fame to dedicate to Sir Walter Scott.

"Think of what has been said, and if, upon second thoughts, you agree, forget that you ever mentioned the matter to me, and I shall never forget it, but think it as good as done, and better, if better for you.—I am, dear sir, your obliged (and hurried).

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

"Edgeworth's Town, 30th Nov., 1828."

"DEAR SIR,—I have safely received the valuable packet, franked by your great relative with his very best autograph. I should be unpardonable, considering all things, if I omitted a single post to acknowledge the receipt of the bank-notes, £30 * * * I have not yet had one moment's time to look into the 'Legends of the Lakes.' I am sure I have reason to be gratified by even your thought of dedicating them to me, and equally sure you neither would nor could say anything that would offend me. I hope I am not disposed to be offended without cause, and you appear disposed to think far better of me than I deserve.

"You were so good as to say you will put as many copies as I wish for at my disposal. I venture to write to Dublin to Hodges and McArthur for half-a-dozen, and I beg you to order one to Captain Beaufort's, 51, Manchester-street, for Mrs. Beaufort, from Maria E.—I am, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

"It is but honest to tell you at once that I have made a resolution never to write more for any of these Annuals. I am now very busy, and have had a multitude of letters to write this

day, which you must accept as an apology for the shortness in matter and manner of this."

"Edgeworth's Town, Nov. 9th, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I write to you with one of the pens which you sent me by Captain Beaufort, and in so doing did me honour, pleasure, and kindness. They are to me a real daily permanent blessing. They answer at all times, and for all occasions, and all purposes, and on all papers, from the roughest rhinoceros skin of brown-paper-parcel direction to the finest skating of glazed note-paper of fine lady—such as this upon which I am now skating. Unlike the hard and cruel iron pens of every multitudinous description, which begin with the fairest seeming as trustworthy servants, and when they have won the confidence of their employer 'desert him at his utmost need,' refuse to stir foot or leg for him. When it is a matter of life or death that he is wanting to sign, or with the carriage at the door and a duke waiting, or dinner on the table and a duke waiting, those villainous traitors will stick with *legs-across* and leave you to look about where you can for assistance—'won't *do a hand's turn* for you,' as our countrymen would express it—no, not a stroke, if you were dying for it.

"After all the inventions of iron, steel, gold, silver, platina, ruby-tipped or diamond-tipped pens, commend me to the honest thorough-going grey goose quill, or, better, black goose quill from Hudson's Bay, such as this now in my hand, of which Mr. Croker has given me as many as will last me my life, and will write my will creditably for me sooner or later, as I may require or desire.

"My dear sir, accept my sincere thanks. I hope you indulge yourself in pens as good as you have given me, and that you never let them be idle. Captain Beaufort told me of an excellent literary enterprise, in which you had made, he says, great progress—the making a collection of Irish ballads and songs. It would be doing service to literature to illustrate in this way the ancient manners, customs, and history of Ireland and the character of the Irish from the olden times, in the same manner as Bishop Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry' have illustrated the old manners and customs and character of the English and Scotch. I think you could write most edifying introductory chapters; and very entertaining notes, and parallels with Percy's, would afford rich and curious and elegant materials. I dare say you recollect Sir Walter Scott's 'Essay on the Imitation of the Ancient Ballad,' in which there are such acute remarks for the detecting of modern counterfeits. That essay is very interesting, and you might make excellent use of it, I should think, for your purpose, as well as of all his 'Robert the Rhymer' and his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish

Borders,' and even (in the what to avoid in his 'Bride of Triermain,' and his 'Sir Tristram') which I own I think desperately tiresome, although it is my dear and incomparable friend Sir Walter's. But then, I have no antiquarian taste, and am not qualified to judge, or even to test its merits in that respect. Your work, no doubt, you would make and keep popular, by addressing it to the general feelings of readers, and the average of knowledge, historical, critical, romance, and antiquarian, which they may be calculated to possess. And from my having taken the liberty and the pains to say so much, I trust, my dear sir, you will infer the plain truth that I am very anxious that you should go on and finish and publish your work. And as to the expense of embellishment, recollect what Sir Peter Teazle, or the man in 'The Critic' says about *expense*. But that an oath would ill become a lady's mouth, I should say ditto in your case, certainly. I hope that you will receive this note, either from the hands of Captain Beaufort or from his bride, my sister Honora, to whom he was, to the great satisfaction of all this family, married yesterday.—I am, my dear sir, your obliged, humble servant.

"MARIA EDGEWORTH,

"I need not specify all my obligations to your pen, but believe me I know and am grateful for them all."

"Edgeworth's Town, June 7th, 1839,

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been apparently very ungrateful in not having sooner thanked you for your very amusing book, and the more ungrateful because it entertained me during a long imprisonment, to which I have been doomed for many weeks. I have been confined to bed and sofa, by the consequences of a fall from a step-ladder, on which, at my age, I had no business to mount.

"However, people I am sure enjoy the pleasure of reading the more when they are deprived of the use of their limbs, at least when the gadding propensity is restrained.

"I like the 'Green little Shamrock—the sweet little Shamrock of Ireland' very much, and 'Those Shandon bells' still more, and still more that playful letter and translation of the curious ballad by L. E. L. You have well mixed gay and grave, lively and severe; and you have introduced, with great dexterity, all the information of all sorts which could be brought within the compass of your subjects, from the *shamrock* to the potato, and the *Mayer of Waterford* and the shillelagh.

"The Kilruddery hunt man and all, is excellent in its own way, I wish, however, that your bookseller had not been afraid of the public's want of appetite for your good things, and all the 'better things' which you say you have in store for the credit of Ireland. I hope you will hereafter give us your plan, as you

described : it appeared to me excellent, and of a higher style of work.

"In 'The Westminster Review' I have just read a good article, in which you and your 'Popular songs of Ireland' have honourable and just mention. I wish you, my dear sir, amusement and happiness in writing, and success in publishing. You seem to write with great ease, what is read with great pleasure, and what can never give *any pain to any human creature*. Of how few authors who possess talents for ridicule can this last be truly said!—Believe me, dear sir, your obliged and your sincerely grateful,

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

As a supplement to the foregoing letters to my father, I append the following charming reply to a communication which, at the precocious age of eight years, I addressed to Maria Edgeworth after reading her delightful "Parent's Assistant." It is indicative of her amiable disposition.—T. F. D. C.

"*Edgeworth's Town, Jan. 31st, 1840.*

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—The good-natured, kind, well-expressed, and nicely-written letter which you have sent me gave me as much pleasure as I am sure you wished that it should.

"I am an old woman, and very fond of young people, and very much gratified and pleased when they like me; when they know me, or my stories when they read them. I wish that your father and mother could bring you here; for I think, from your letter, that I should like you, and I would do all I could to make you like me, and, with the assistance, too, of some good-natured nephews and nieces of mine, I do not doubt but that you would, and that you would be happy with us. But I know when you tell this to your papa that he will say he is too busy and that Ireland is too far off. If ever I should go again to London, I will do my best to see you. And I do not think I shall forget your letter. I am very much obliged to your Irish aunt, for having chosen my stories as a present for your behaving like a *hero*. This proves to me that she and your mamma like them too.

Among the many books you have, have you all those which Sir Walter Scott wrote for his own dear grandson, Hugh Little John? If there is any one of them which you have not, and which your mamma would like that you should have, I should like to send it to you as a proof of the grateful regard of

"MARIA EDGEWORTH.

"The pretty paper on which I wrote was given to me by a kind cousin, on my last birthday (January 1st). And when it was given to me I began to consider when I should ever find a good occasion for using it. I little expected so soon to have one so pleasant as the present. I hope the birds may please your younger brother or sister, if you have one.

"Is Rosamond's Bower a real name?"

WATCHERS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Whose are the windows still alight?
Who sit and watch alone,
Though far into the silent night
The weary world is gone?
The stars are looking down from heaven,
With their bright spirit-eyes;
For me, a voice to them is given,
Borne on the breeze's sighs:—

"One loose, damp curl, too great a weight
To rest upon his brow;
Haggard with toil and watchings late,
But faithful to his vow;
We see, consumed by hidden fire,
The bard without a name,
Whose hands must strike the magic lyre
For bread as well as fame.

"We mark the watcher, whose dim life
Opes like an olden book
At withered flowers with fragrance rife,
Culled from some sunny nook;
Who blindly gropes with wild heart yet
Through the departed years,
And only in the night may let
Her sorrows loose in tears.

"Nursing a trembling dream of hope
She will not deem is vain;
And proving love with grief can cope
Beside the bed of pain;
The watcher by the sick we greet,
And know 'mid joy's eclipse
How two souls in the kisses meet
Pressed upon pallid lips.

"A mourning hood upon her head,
Upon her heart a pall;
We view the watcher by the dead
Who still will guard her all,
While spared her from the churchyard, where
The many glad life-waves
That leaped of old so strong and fair
Lie still in grassy graves."

A change comes o'er the clouded sky,
The shadows roll away,
To weary heart and languid eye
There beams the break of day:
The lightened East shows dawn's white mark
Above the dewy hill,
The stars go out which gemmed the dark,
And the low tones are still.

Ramsgate, 1862.

DARK DAYS.

(A Story of a Conflict between Love and Duty.)

BY JOHN D. CARTWRIGHT.

CHAP. I.—BEFORE THE CONFLICT.

"I don't like early marriages," said the Rev. William Shenstone, emphatically, rising and walking toward the bay-window of his quiet vicarage-parlour, from whence he could watch, in the dim twilight, the retreating figures of a slender girl and a tall, broad-shouldered, stalwart young man, who were walking down the shrubbery, between the dark-leaved laurels and laurestinas. The girl was his daughter Charlotte; the man was Frank Godson.

"No, Polly," he continued, turning to his wife, as the two figures were lost in the deepening gloom—"no, I don't like early marriages; and I wish matters hadn't gone so far between Frank and Lottie."

"Pooh, nonsense!" said Mrs. Shenstone: "it's a mere whim. You really don't know your own mind two days together. Lottie is eighteen, Frank is twenty-two; and such a fine young fellow—and a capital match! Besides, I think, for a girl of sense, eighteen is just the ripe age for marriage. See what we have lost by waiting. Lottie is our only child, and for the selfish pleasure of having her longer with us we ought not to delay her happiness. And we have the Royal precedent—the princesses all marry earlier!"

This last argument was added as a final and unrefutable one by Mrs. Shenstone, who threw herself back in her chair, after uttering in a way that said, "Answer that if you can!"

"Royal precedent—tut!" exclaimed Mr. Shenstone, impatiently; "what have we to do with the princesses? I say that a girl who marries at eighteen loses three of the happiest, best years of her life, and is robbed—yes, literally robbed, of one part of her rightful heritage and existence—her girlhood. She is plunged into all the cares of wifehood and maternity at the very moment when she should be utterly free. She is bound for life without having had an opportunity of knowing her own heart."

Mrs. Shenstone generally carried the day in the Shenstone household, and was surprised at the sturdy opposition now set up to her views. She was still more surprised when Mr. Shenstone asserted that he should tell the "young people," when they came in, that Frank must be content to go to Canada alone. But, despite her surprise and her protestations, he did it, and Frank went back that night to his father's house with not quite so joyous a heart as he had taken away from it. But who shall say that Mr. Shenstone was not right?

The Godsons and the Shenstones lived not very far from each other, in a pretty midland county village. The lives of the two fathers had been widely different. Opposite training had produced different results in each, and it was strongly marked in Frank and Lottie; but then, love is not "like to like, but like in difference."

Mr. Shenstone was at his grammar-school when Mr. Godson ran with naked feet, and at his college when Mr. Godson was at his loom; then Mr. Godson was in his country-house, a rich man, the first citizen, the mayor of that very town over whose stones he had run with naked feet, while Mr. Shenstone was still a curate, and too poor to marry. It was late in life before he got his preferment to Edwalton vicarage, and married after an engagement running over half a life.

Mr. Godson had come to Edwalton to spend in rural repose the autumn of a life made grand by hard, unflinching labour. He had left to his two sons a wealthy manufactory in the county-town, but a few miles distant: of these Frank was the youngest. Suddenly it had become necessary for some very confidential servant, or member of the firm, to go out to Canada on business. Frank, who inherited all the shrewd and industrious characteristics of his father, was selected, and when we saw him retreating down the shrubbery-walk just now with Lottie, in the twilight, while Mr. Shenstone watched him, he was sketching out, as only lovers can sketch, the happiness that awaited them—the beauty of the unexplored sea-world that he and Lottie would traverse together—the grandeur of the wild Canadian forests, and the happy beginning this journey would make in their wedded life. How bright the world is to young souls in love at twenty-two! Even while he was pouring all this into Lottie's ear, it was decided that he should go alone!

Wherever Frank went he won confidence and esteem. His beaming, manly face was a true index to a true heart. He looked like a man whose relations with his family and the world are all of the happiest character. He set just the right value upon every commodity. When he had obtained his father's leave to ask Lottie to go with him, he was not in such a hurry to arrive at the vicarage that he forgot to arrange his dress in the most becoming manner. Yet there was little superficiality about Frank; and about his love for Lottie there was none—it was as deep and holy a passion as ever man brought to woman since the first flower bloomed in Eden. He never had cause to doubt that she loved him,

though he sometimes could not repress a wish that she were rather more demonstrative; for there was a passiveness about her that sometimes contrasted rather strangely and coldly with his ardent love. But he thought it was only her gentle tranquil nature, and that her love was like the deeps of the brook that turned the mill, and made no roar, as the shallower waters did. He loved Lottie so much, that it would have been difficult to him to understand that she did not love him equally. He had sat by her so many sweet nights at sunset, in the village-church where she had been practising on, the newly-built organ, that, save those two young hearts, was the only new thing in the grey, dark-pewed church where her father preached, and where he had first admired, and then loved her sweet face. It was mostly on Saturday evenings when she practised, and he turned over the leaves of her music, when the simple village choristers came to practise the Sunday music, and when he was fresh from the din and bustle of the factory, and the fair fields seemed doubly sweet, after the noise and roar of the thousand wheels; and the song of the birds—all of love—were full of deep, holy meaning. All these sweet influences seemed a part of Frank's love for Lottie. The voice of the early cuckoo in the hopeful spring-time—the green flowery fields of the tranquil summer, the waving corn, and the golden autumn woods, seemed to blend in with his love for Lottie, and form a part of her beauty. With a glowing heart, full of bright anticipations, Frank had come to ask her hand—to demand the richest gift the whole world had to bestow upon him.

And Lottie? She liked Frank best of anybody she knew, or had ever known. People said she was a girl to be envied; and she was willing to believe it, and never had doubted that she loved Frank. It was very nice to lay her arm in his, and feel the protection of his strong nature. In church, sometimes, when she could not listen to her father's sermons—we all have times when we cannot chain down our thoughts to those of others—she would look at Frank sitting in his pew by his father, and from him to all the other people in the church, and feel that he was the finest and noblest man among them all, and believed she loved him as much as it was possible for her to love any man. At this time Lottie was not quite eighteen, and had seen but very little of the world. Her world had lain in carefully-selected books. Her father's only child, with her father's love of learning—learning for itself, not for any results that it could bring, but simply because it was pleasant to know—she had spent more time in study than most girls spend upon "accomplishments." Her culture was of a very high character so far as it went; but its compass was extremely limited, for it was culture of the intellect, not of the heart, not of humanity. Lottie's was a quiet, pious nature, that would, under different training, have been divinely human and sym-

thetic. There were deeps in her soul like those of the mill-brook; but Frank had never stirred them, had never sounded their depth. If Lottie had vanity, it was not of that kind that makes a pretty girl like to have her prettiness acknowledged. Frank once paid her some lover's compliment about her pretty face, when they were walking by the little brook that skirted the two vicarage fields; she said—"Men love pretty faces as I love violets and forget-me-nots; one in spring and one in summer, and then get a new flower to love the moment they have passed away!"

"I don't love you so," said Frank, "though your beauty is a part of what I love. I love you because—because I can't help it—because I feel that you make me anxious to do what is noblest and best."

It was thus Frank's love for Lottie was purer than Lottie's for Frank. He brought her that complete spirit of love that can sacrifice everything—that complete adoration, that only those who love with a large, full soul can bring to a woman. He brought her, not adulation, but tender, manly, trusting love; that can do all, dare all, endure all. And what woman's heart, unless, indeed, it has vibrated with such a love of its own, can withstand this? It was the knowledge of his love that made Lottie believe she loved Frank as every woman should love a man whom she is willing to wed. It was this knowledge that had allayed any qualms—for qualms had arisen in her mind—and led to the engagement. It was thus that Lottie felt when Frank came to ask for the consummation of his love; and well had it been for three human hearts if the two had been irrevocably wedded into one.

Frank thought Mr. Shenstone was right under ordinary cases; but his was a special one, and should be specially judged. Do we not all think our cases special? We submit to a sacrifice we know to be just more readily than to an unjust one; but it is none the less hard to bear. Lottie found consolation in the thought that, if she were not with Frank, she would still be with her father. For Frank there was hope, but not consolation. He went home that night under the silent stars, by a long circuitous path. He went silently to his room; there was a foreboding at his heart that came for the first time—"Did Lottie love him as he loved her?"

CHAP. II.

An old church, with a grey stone floor and antique pulpit and altar; rows of dark oaken pews, with ancient high backs, stretching across the church; a roughly carved prostrate stone figure of Sir Geoffrey de Franklin, of Edwalton Hall, in the dress of a crusader, and the closely draped figure of his wife Patience, resting by his side on the blackening stone that shrouds their dust: these, with a few rudely-carved

tablets decorated with words spelt in the most primitive style, form the objects upon which young eyes rest—rest without seeing, as the last solemn note of the organ ceases to vibrate, and the gentle twitter of the swallows that are nesting in the belfry is heard again. Not to hear the swallows, not to look down upon the grim statues, did Lottie cease to press the ivory keys. There was a footstep on the vaulted pavement; the door had creaked upon its hinges, and Frank's footstep was on the stairs—the stairs he had ascended so often; and now he was coming to say farewell, before starting on a long, a somewhat perilous, journey.

"Lottie," he said, removing his hat and kissing her, while he held her delicate slender fingers in his own broad, now tremulous hand; "Lottie dear, I have come to say good-bye."

"I have expected you for an hour, Frank," said Lottie, not removing her hand, "and I thought you would like to find me here."

There was a pause for a minute or two. Frank had hoped he might find her there, and from his heart he asked God to bless her for thinking where he would like to see her best. It was Frank's habit, in little as well as large things, to study everything that would please Lottie best; he felt it an incumbent duty on his part, without considering a like return only his just reward. Lottie did not always study him so much. He had come there hoping to get some proof of her love—something that would banish the gloomy, the chaotic thought (for, without Lottie's love, life did seem a chaos to Frank then)—that he had taken home with him that night when her father told him he must go to Canada without her.

"I am more pleased to find you here, at the organ, Lottie, than anywhere—anywhere else in the world. I am glad you thought I should like to find you here. I want you to make me a promise, will you?"

"I will promise you anything, except one," said Lottie, merrily. Frank had spoken rather sadly; there was an unwonted huskiness in his voice.

"And that?" he said—

"That is to forgive you if you fail to write and tell me all your thoughts—freely, frankly, just as you would tell them to me if you were sitting here at the organ, by my side."

There was an unintentional tone of levity, very uncommon, very unnatural to Lottie, in her voice, as she said this, that wounded poor Frank's tender heart.

"That I shall always do," said he; and then, after a pause, "Lottie, I have been very uncomfortable—unhappy since I saw you last."

Lottie looked up: his face was paler than usual.

"Why, Frank?" she said, tenderly; "because father thinks me too young to marry!"

"No, not that," Frank said and blushed, not knowing quite how to proceed; "but because I have been afraid—afraid you did not love me so much as you did,"

Lottie laughed a pretty treble laugh, and made no other answer.

Frank continued—"The promise I want you to make me is one I have scarcely courage to ask you: You won't laugh at me again?—it pains me."

Lottie extended her hand to him again, and by gentler words sought to heal the wound she had made.

"It is Tuesday evening," he said, "and the sun is just setting; I want you to promise me that you will always practise here at sunset on Tuesday nights while I am away, and let that hour be as much mine as if I were here—that you will think of me at that time so that I may feel our spirits are holding communion though the Atlantic is between us." His fingers played tremulously with hers. "I shall be so happy if I am quite sure that at one hour I can always know where you are and what you are doing."

"I shall think of you much oftener than once a week, Frank."

"I shall think of you always; but I want to have one special time above all others, when I may know that we are thinking of each other."

"It is quite a boyish whim, Frank," Lottie began; but then added, as she saw the gathering gloom on Frank's brow, "but I will practise on Tuesdays always, when I can, and will make that hour specially yours."

It was not boyish in Frank: it was his deep love that yearned to make some hour of her life wholly his, to have some tangible proof that she loved him, as if love could be chained by promises. But I have felt it, reader. *Et vous?* If before parting with the dear souls, the memory of whose sweet lives are knit to ours by recollections of deep human love and sorrow and sympathy, we could fix some silent, sunset hour for the communion of our spirits, should we not be the happier for it?

"Will you play, Lottie?" asked Frank; and then he sat by her side, just as he had sat so often, and heard the deep breathings of the organ, and watched her while she played. Music at sunset in a church is always solemn. Frank had almost learned to reverence it—had thought it never could have been more solemn; but that night when a long absence was before him, he felt it more deeply than he had ever done before, for his heart was overflowing with love—deep love, in which was much fear.

It was nearly midnight before the last "good-bye" was said to Mr. and Mrs. Shenstone—before he stood at the door of the Vicarage, with his hand in Lottie's. She had never loved Frank before as she loved him that night, and still he seemed to yearn that she should love him more. Mrs. Shenstone's voice had called Lottie more than once, and still they lingered; at last Frank said—"And you will never love me less."

"Never less, but more," was the reply.

"Good-bye; and God bless and keep you while I am away. I am so happy now!"

A kiss, and he was gone. He had wrong

from Lottie the acknowledgment for which he yearned. The stars had never shone so brightly; the breath of the summer night had never been so sweet.

So Frank went on his way over the sea, and was glad at heart.

"Never less, but more." These were Lottie's words, and the words of her heart. She believed, then, that Frank *was* all that her life needed.

* * * * *

There was joy in Edwalton, and the village bells were ringing. The long-expected day had arrived when the ivy-grown Hall of the Franklins was once more to be filled with human voices. The damp and the dust and the cobwebs that had gathered year by year upon the oaken panels had been swept away, and Sir Edward was coming "home"—home to a place he had not seen from early boyhood, but to the place that had for centuries been the home of all his family. Report said he was a dashing, gay, clever fellow; and report also said a good many worse things of him. Mothers cautioned their daughters not to dance more than once with him at the grand *fête* that was to celebrate his return, and he was made quite an ogre of. Little Lottie Shenstone heard these things said of him. But, for all report said thus, the yeoman farmers were right glad to see him gassetted to the colonelcy of their regiment, and brushed up their horses to ride out in uniform to meet and welcome him home.

It was the evening preceding the day upon which he was to arrive—a Tuesday evening, and Lottie sat at the organ playing, and thinking of Frank out on the sea, when she suddenly discovered that the church had another occupant. She heard a footstep: it might be her father's, or the old sexton's; but it was too light, too quick for either. It was some strange wanderer—from the town, perhaps—who had found the door open, and had strolled in, and was reading the tablets on the wall, and pausing with peculiar interest before the mailed statue of Geoffrey de Franklin. Lottie turned from the organ, and found two blue eyes looking up at her from the vicinity of the statue, where a young man with flaxen hair (much longer than most men wear their hair) and a sun-bronzed thoughtful face stood. The eyes seemed to gaze up without seeing her. He was still walking there when Lottie closed the organ and descended the stairs. He met her at the door, and asked a few questions about the church and the mailed statue. Ladies used to country life, and unused to that of busy towns, do not see so great an impropriety in answering a question, even from a strange young man, as the more artificially educated denizens of populous cities do; and Lottie answered without constraint, and showed him the curious epitaphs, and told him the history of the Franklin who was killed at the holy wars at Acalon, when King Richard was taken prisoner. Those chivalrous times had always a great interest for Lottie, and she found it quite pleasant

to have somebody who seemed to take as great an interest in them as herself, to tell their history to, and say how the Hall family had degenerated with the times.

And now the bells are ringing, and Lottie has quite forgotten the stranger of the preceding night, and stands with her father at the end of the shrubby walk; and the air is all in a tumult, and horses' feet are beating, and bands playing; and there are triumphal arches built, bidding Sir Edward "Welcome Home." And then came the yeomanry, all in their gay soldier uniform, up the lane; and at their head is Sir Edward—not at all an ogre to look at, but a brown-faced, handsome little man, with long, wavy, flaxen hair; and—Lottie gave a little start—Sir Edward was the stranger of the night before. He saw her, and raised his plumed cap, and bowed to her very lowly; while her face flushed as the blood mounted, and she remembered how, only a few hours before, she had incautiously said the Franklins' had degenerated. She would have given a good deal to recall those words then. She thought she should not like to stay away from the Hall that day, and yet how *should* she meet him?

* * * * *

The *fête* was very gay, all the villagers were there. Sir Edward made a fine speech, and told them how he loved the old Hall and everything connected with it, and was so affable that the sunshine of his presence in one hour dispersed all the wild reports that had cast a gloom upon his name. He considered Lottie quite an old friend, among all those new ones. He told her he had deserved all she said, refused to let her beg his pardon, and wanted to make her a promise that he would soon prove himself as good a man as Sir Geoffrey, though he could not die in the holy war, by reason of there being none now. He found many opportunities of joining the party from the Vicarage, which included the Godsons; and he had travelled so much, and had so much interesting talk of foreign lands, and wonders he had seen, as to make them all ready listeners.

* * * * *

Not many days passed, that Sir Edward did not find it necessary to consult Mr. Shenstone about some improvement in the Hall—some farm, some tenement, or the church. Not many days passed that he did not see Lottie, and beguile her time with his happy, flowing talk. Many weeks went on thus. Lottie found a new interest in life. She thought how pleasant it was to have such a nice friend as Sir Edward, and by that tacit expression of pleasure and approval, which, without words, women can give, she encouraged him to come, not dreaming any harm—not dreaming that there was wrong to absent, noble Frank, till mysterious whispers in the village grew bolder, and at last reached her ears. Then she saw her danger, and asked her mother not to have Sir Edward at the Vicarage often, not to take her to the Hall.

'It will be quiet easy to forget him,' she said inwardly, 'and people will soon cease to talk.'

Poor Lottie had not then learnt the measure of her own heart. About this time she sat alone in the church very much, and played the psalms Frank liked best, and made a noble strife with herself to keep all her thoughts to Frank, and prayed that she might love him "never less, but more." Her womanly instinct had told her that it was a *sin* towards Frank to let Sir Edward occupy his place. Nobly she strove against it. All human nature yearns to be good. To be a judge of goodness, one must be omnipotent; for Omnipotence alone can know the secrets of the nature that yields—the amount of temptation that is endured before the weak succumb. Poor Lottie! how she strove to keep all her love for Frank, and was too weak to conquer! How could she conquer? Who can prevent the river flowing to the sea? Who can say, This will I love, and that avoid? So Lottie sat much alone at the organ, and shunned Sir Edward, and so began the conflict between her love and duty.

CHAP. III.

The interval between Frank's departure and return was fraught with painful hours for Lottie. It was impossible not to see Sir Edward. It was impossible not to read his looks, that said, "Why am I shut from your society?" But intuitive knowledge, with which we are all gifted, told Sir Edward that he was not repugnant to her. There was a grand library at the Hall. Lottie had said, when she first saw it, "Oh! what a treasure!" and had let Sir Edward bring her books to read; and his books were modern ones, that he had had at college. Now she declined them, sent them back unread, and asked for no new ones. Sir Edward sought into his conduct towards her for a solution in vain. He had come back to his Hall meaning to be a recluse, and to put to some good use the knowledge he had gained by travel; but he found himself unable to set to work, and restless. Lottie was on every sheet of notes, on every page of MS. he strove to write.

The wheat that was scarcely in the ear when Frank left was getting brown and ripe, when one night Lottie sat down as usual, to think of Frank, and practise her music in the church, on which the tranquil light of the mellow sunset lay like a cloth of gold. His last letter, which she took from her pocket, was full of hope and generous expressions of manly love. She read it again beside the organ as a best means of thinking of him. She really desired not to let her thoughts wander; but she had passed Sir Edward that morning in the meadows, and had only bowed. He had looked surprised and pained as he moved and went on. She was afraid that he would believe she shunned him because the world said evil things of him. Thus her fancies were all full of pain—deep burning pain; for she thought, when they got back to

Frank again, if he knew what strife it was, even for that one hour, to keep them sacred to him, how pained he would be! Poor Lottie! Frank would have died, to save her from pain. What could she do? Only pray—pray, as she did, with a fervent heart to God; as we all—ay, the very strong and the very weak—must pray to God for strength to overcome temptation.

There rose in Lottie's mind that night a stormy question that she wrestled with long. What was her duty? Was it to marry him she loved best—him who, against her will, held the reins of her life and thoughts? No, that did not seem to Lottie to be duty—that was to be selfish. Her duty, it seemed, was to love Frank till she loved him best of all. But did not her heart tell her it was too late for this?

That night, while Frank's letter lay before her, Sir Edward went into the church, and to Lottie. He looked paler than usual, and somewhat agitated. He said—"May I ask how I have been so unfortunate as to incur your displeasure, and lose your—your friendship, Miss Shenstone?"

Lottie ceased playing, and turned towards him hesitating, not knowing quite how to answer: there was a struggle raging even then. She said—"You have no reason to suppose you have lost my friendship."

"I once was bold enough to hope—to believe that you were willing to be my friend."

"You have no right to ask me such a question, sir; and I—I have no explanation to give you."

Sir Edward looked down upon her for a moment; his cheeks were as pale as the ivory keys. He bowed a good-night, and strode down the steps three stairs at a time, and out into the fields. Lottie tried hard to finish playing the psalm, but could not. For that night she had no mastery over the keys. The next time they met they were as strangers.

That night Lottie wrote an answer to Frank's letter, full of tenderness and love—a letter that made Frank's heart bound with joy, and gladdened him many a day and night. Poor Frank! he did not know how Lottie wept while she wrote it—how duty towards him, faith to her engagement, was at war with a stronger love for another. Happily for him he could not see this. He did not know that Lottie, gentle Lottie, tried to atone for her sin, or fancied sin of unkindness toward Sir Edward by an outpouring of tenderness to him. The estrangement lasted a long time: it was only in her father's house that Lottie even exchanged conventional civilities with Sir Edward. She had had a long, hard strife. She believed she had conquered. There are some natures that deceive themselves all their lives, cheat themselves out of the true facts of their being, and refuse to admit in themselves what is patent to every strange eye. Lottie first deceived herself by believing that she loved Frank with *all* her heart; that delusion was gone now, gone for ever; but a new one was in its place.

And at this time a new great grief came upon Lottie and her mother. The wheat was all gathered in; a rich harvest had been reaped: the husbandman had been busy in his fields, and the Lord had been busy in his vineyards, and among the plants which had borne good fruit and were ripe for the sickle, the Lord had found Mr. Shenstone, and had gathered him to the harvest which is the last. The cup of Lottie's misery was filled to overflowing, and in her great need she clung to the hand that was first thrust forward. In great griefs the true man forgets everything to succour the afflicted. The heart that is deeply wounded accepts all sympathy.

All the village mourned the loss of the good old man with that easy kind of sorrow that was not too great to let them, after the way of the world, speculate upon who would fill the shoes so recently left vacant. Lottie's conflict between her love and her duty went on through all this grief, and was not less. She could not help putting the question—that question to which there was but one answer—Had she ever really with her whole heart *loved* Frank?

One night, in the early twilight, Sir Edward found Lottie alone in the little vicarage parlour, where this story opened—the parlour that had been her home all her life—that in a few days was to be hers no more. Here, while the gathering gloom was too great for either face to be seen by the other, he told her how she alone of all the world could make his life happy, and earnest and good. He told her he had sought and struggled to leave her with these words unsaid, for he knew of her engagement. He showed her how he had failed, because he thought that she was young and had engaged her hand before she knew her heart. He *tried* to prove to her that it was a mistaken duty to keep an engagement that the heart did not ratify.

Lottie listened tranquilly, but struggled bravely and nobly. Here was the man she loved; and already hastening home to claim her, was the man to whom she was bound—bound for ever. Love could not blind Lottie, could not make her forget duty—a duty fancied in fact, but real enough for her. Poor girl, she was tossed about like a wisp of straw between two currents of a river, drawn hither and thither in the tumult of the water. She could not control herself, she scarcely tried to conceal that she loved him—Sir Edward; but she was nobly steadfast to her troth. She begged that he would leave her—leave her then, and see her no more *

Three weeks later, when the snow was deep on the ground, Sir Edward sent a note to Lottie, praying her to see him once—if only for a minute—*before he left England again*. After a stormy fight poor Lottie surrendered.

"It is wrong, very wrong to Frank," she said, "but I can't help it;" and so love triumphed over duty, and she saw him.

It was in the church they met, and the grey light of winter was on the dim dark pews and roughly-carved statues of Sir Geoffrey and his

lady. It was in the church, by the dim, cold altar, where they might have stood as bride and bridegroom, happy in each other's love; but there they stood to part for ever. The wound had closed once: why open it again? why bear the smart of parting twice? Was it consolation, when there was no hope, but that of parting to meet again, merely to say what had been once said with exquisite anguish—anguish that time alone could lessen? Yet, who shall blame them? were they blameable? There was consolation in mingling their tears together, in holding hands, in saying one more farewell—one more—the last!

That night Lottie knelt down and prayed her thanks to God, that he had given her strength, and saved her from wronging a noble nature; that night Sir Edward Franklin left England for Italy, where he had spent many happy days before his trouble—where soldiers were wanted in a good cause—where he might emulate his dead crusading ancestor. That night Frank Godson set his foot on English ground again.

CHAP. IV.

Lottie and Frank met the next day: Lottie in her solemn crape, with her sorrowing heart, was pale and silent; Frank, with his sun-browned face and broader manliness—Frank, so demonstrative of old, waited for Lottie to ask—ask anything. The long, long anticipated day for which he had yearned had come—not the day he had pictured; the day he had lived through in fancy, many times, had never come. He had returned, but the day was only fancy. Poor Frank! It was a hard blow, but bravely borne. Few words had either uttered. Frank had known what to anticipate since he got home, for the ever-tattling villagers had each their story of Lottie and Sir Edward. Frank, with the true nobility that characterises strong men, refused to hear any of these—any, but from Lottie; and now he was come to hear it—to hear, to bless, and to forgive.

"Frank," said Lottie, with half-averted head, "you do not despise me?"

"Despise you, Lottie?"

"Frank, I have tried always to keep my promise. I have been full—oh! so full of trouble since you left. If you knew how I have struggled!"

Frank felt how she had struggled. He loved her at the moment when she was confessing her weakness, he loved her more than ever. He was silent, his head buried in his hands.

"I wanted only to love you," she continued, piteously—"to love you as you deserve—not less but more! I have prayed to God to make me worthy of you, to make me strong. I prayed to him when my father lay dead, Frank."

Lottie went up to him and laid her hand

upon his arm, it was so painful to see him—strong manly Frank weep like a little girl.

“Frank”—he raised his head and looked up at her face—“if you had been unfortunate, like me; if you had seen some one while you were away that you loved better than me, I know you would have been strong—stronger than me; I know you would have mastered it, and brought me your whole heart; but I—I could not help it, Frank—I tried.”

Lottie sunk on her knees. “You will forgive me, Frank?”

“I have nothing to forgive you, Lottie,” said Frank, kissing her forehead, trying to be calm. “You are not to blame.” Then his emotion overpowered him, and, in a broken voice, he said: “God bless you, Lottie; I know how you have struggled. My heart bleeds for you.”

“No, no, Frank, don’t—please don’t pity me; I can’t bear *that*—blame me!”

Then there was a long, long silence; and there was another parting, and Lottie was free, quite free; and kneeling thus, when he had left her with a kiss upon her brow, she cried, and thanked him that he had “delivered her from temptation.”

There were but two days more for them to stay at the Vicarage; they were going a long way off, on to the northern coast, Lottie and her mother; when she sent to ask Frank to come to her. Ever ready Frank came, and then, when he had come, Lottie did not know how to speak. At last she said:—

“I want you to write sometimes, will you? If not to me, to mother.”

Frank readily promised, His life’s prospect was sadly altered; for his was a love that could never change, never give place to another.

“Lottie,” he said, “I have been thinking of your struggle. I can talk calmly now; I could not then, when I first came back. I have tried to learn from my own heart what you have learned not less sadly than I. It was not duty, though it was noble in you to destroy your own life’s happiness for mine. It was your duty to marry where your heart was. If I had married you it would have been a sin—a sin in you and a tempting of Providence to marry a man who had not your whole heart’s love. If ever you are in trouble, Lottie; if ever grief that I can

alleviate comes upon you, you make me a promise that I, and not another, shall be your first—first best friend.”

And Lottie promised, and so they parted.

CHAP. V.

Edwalton found new subjects to tattle about: the letting of the Hall, the new vicar and his wife, the crops, and marriages, and births and deaths supplied the place in gossip that the Shenstone’s had held. One heart alone was still faithful, still included them in its prayers. Many summers rose and waned on the green woods and flowery meadows; many an autumn saw the sea cast up its weeds upon the sand, and still there was no change in Lottie’s life. And still Frank wrote her manly letters, and lived true to his first—his only love.

But there came a day of change, a day when God, who moves in ways unknown to us, saw fit to answer Lottie’s prayer; when she felt the true nobility of Frank’s heart, when she could go to him and say that the conflict had ended, that her best love was his, that she loved him “not less but more,” and that love and duty were one, and the “Dark Days” of discovered love and loneliness might end.

Who shall unravel the mystery of the heart? We can only marvel, we that know not the reason why the petal of the flower is red and the stem that bears it green. Seek not to lay bare the secrets an all-wise Providence has hidden from the view.

Again we are in the grey old church of Edwalton, with its dark oaken pews and roughly-carved statues; but the sunlight is not the light of sunset, but of the morning, and not by the organ, but by the altar, stand Lottie and Frank.

The sun of their lives is in the heavens, but the morning has passed with a cloud upon it; and now the cloud has vanished and is lost, and the light has burst at once with full meridian splendour.

Tread softly; for, see, they are kneeling at last—those two are kneeling, side by side, in prayer—a bridegroom and a bride.

S T R A T H D H U.

BY EDWARD BRANTHWAYT, AUTHOR OF THE “WAYWARD HEART,” &c.

“What has become of Aylmer, I wonder? He ought to have been here an hour since.”

“Don’t be impatient, Dalrymple,” said Sir Arthur Forester from the sofa, where he had stretched his lazy length. “Trust George Aylmer to come to no harm: he will turn up in good time.”

“Good time!” echoed Major Beaudesert;

“did you not order dinner at half-past six, Phil? and it is now nearly seven!”

The major was the senior of the party, and he had reached an age when the pleasures of the table are apt to take the place of more youthful foibles.

“It wants five minutes to seven,” replied his friend, as he looked at his watch: “we will

give him another twenty minutes' law, and then wait no longer."

Though the host, he was the youngest man present—a mere stripling, in fact, of some twenty years, with a fair boyish face and laughing blue eyes. Phil Dalrymple, the pet of the Guards—especially of his own corps the Coldstreams, the *enfant gâté* alike of *chaperones* and their fair charges—was universally esteemed a lucky fellow. The possessor, while still a minor, of a princely estate, he was little troubled by his guardians, whose transactions with him were almost confined to the payment of his liberal allowance. It would have been difficult, indeed, for them to have interfered much with his movements; for one was an old nobleman who considered Naples a pleasanter residence than London, and the other a cabinet minister with the cares of the nation on his shoulders.

Thus he had ample means of bringing about him those he liked, and few would be willing to refuse his invitation. He had none of that *blazé* air which youngsters introduced too early into the world, so often assume, and his evident thorough enjoyment of life added a zest to his companions' appreciation of the pleasures of the moment. Apparently his present guests at his Highland shooting-box of Glen Kenneth were not badly chosen. A mere glance would have shown that those five men belonged to the English aristocracy—a body which, whatever may be laid to their charge, certainly show as little pretension as any class at home or abroad; and, though born to luxury, are at least as willing to rough it. Even Sir Arthur Forester, though looking so listless as he lay there, was a keen sportsman, and had been among the foremost in the death-ride at Balaclava.

The scene was not unsuited to them—a large room simply furnished, everything in it being evidently for use, not show, and with plainly-painted walls decorated with trophies of the chase. That it was a bachelor abode could be seen from the guns and fishing-rods in the corners, the fly-books, shot-belts, and dog-couples on the tables, and pipes and cigar-cases on the mantelpiece. Still it had not the appearance of a mere sporting man's domicile; for books and periodicals, scattered about, gave evidence that the bodily powers were not cultivated at the expense of the mental.

The wind blowing keenly from over the moor, made the fire far from unpleasant, and before it crouched two or three fine deerhounds, one of them laying its noble head on Lord Sandgate's knee, as it courted his caressing hand. One window, however, was open, and out of it leaned Charles Greville, admiring the gold and crimson splendour with which the setting sun was making the sky gorgeous. "Hush! that is the sound of wheels!" he suddenly exclaimed, interrupting Lord Sandgate's reminiscences of the day's sport. The hounds pricked up their ears, and the man hurried to the window, for the sounds were now clearly audible, and in a few minutes there swept round a curve of the road

a dog-cart, drawn by two fine horses driven tandem.

"Yes, it is George!" exclaimed Dalrymple, and he rushed to the door to welcome his guest and cousin, with whom he quickly re-entered the room.

The Hon. George Aylmer was a man apparently of thirty years, little above the middle height, and so compactly built, that an observer would have given him credit for activity rather than strength, till a closer inspection showed the formidable girth of chest, and the bold, yet graceful swell of each well-tried muscle. The dark complexion, which told of long exposure, suited the manly beauty of his face; his eyes were piercing as a hawk's, and his heavy, black moustache, sweeping boldly over his mouth, could not altogether hide the determined curve of his lips, telling of an iron will not easily turned aside. There were a few hurried words of greeting, for he was well-known to all present, and then Dalrymple carried him off to his room for the toilet, which an order to serve dinner rendered hasty. Soon they were seated round the table, in a room very similar to that they had left, discussing the good cheer before them with such appetites as a long day on the moor could give. Besides the little saddle of mountain mutton there was nothing but the game they had shot, or the fish they had hooked. Nor was Phil Dalrymple the man to take a French *oâf* with him to his highland shooting-box. But even Major Beaudesert could not find much fault with the repast, though in his character of epicure he felt it incumbent upon him to utter a few profound criticisms.

"What sport have you been having, Phil.?" asked Aylmer, presently.

"Capital: and you?"

"Macintosh and I bagged 150 brace on the 12th, and our average for the week has not been much less. But grouse-shooting is tame work, after all. What news from the forest?"

"We have not had a stalk yet, but Ross reports the stage plentiful and in good condition. What do you say to trying our luck to-morrow? Will you come with us, Beaudesert?"

"No," replied the major; "I prefer the moor, with good dogs before me and a keeper at my elbow. None of your climbing and creeping for me. Who will follow my example?"

"I will," said Greville, "for my sprained ankle is a little weak still, and I must be prudent."

"Lazy fellows, both!" exclaimed Dalrymple. "There are four of us for the rifle, then, and we had better separate. Sandgate, will you and Forester try the old corrie, and so round by Ben Kenneth? You remember where you shot that stag," he added, pointing to the magnificent antlers over the door—"George and I will go towards Strathdhù."

"By-the-bye, who has taken Strathdhù now Curzon is dead?" asked Almer. "I would have inquired for it myself, but I don't care to be tied for such a length of time."

"St. Olaf has taken it for twenty-one years,"

said Dalrymple. "We have been too busy with the grouse to get over there yet, but I really ought to go in a day or two. He is a capital fellow, and has married a charming little wife. You must know him, George—Nigel St. Clair, who was in the Navy, that is, he has gone on half-pay since his father and brother died."

"Yes, I remember him. I met him at Halifax, and we went for a fishing expedition together to New Brunswick. Famous sport we had too."

"Trust Aylmer for having been everywhere, and for knowing everyone," said Sir Arthur Forester. "By-the-bye, Aylmer, I hear that one of your acquaintances, 'the fair Fraser,' invited herself to Inchua Church, knowing you were there. What a disappointment to find you were on the wing again! Perhaps she will follow you up here."

"Heaven forefend!" cried Aylmer. "I wish we had one institution of the Roman Catholics—their convents—and then I would bring in a bill to shut all widows up in them. They ought not to be allowed to run at large to hunt down their prey."

Dalrymple had a high opinion of his elder cousin, and had always looked upon him as a kind of mentor, but he was by no means disposed to yield a slavish assent to his sentiments.

"I can't agree with you, George," he said, "in liking unmarried girls: they are so insipid!"

"That's right, Phil," laughed his friend, and chief crony, Sandgate; "stand up for the matrons. What a pity Lady Alice is not present to hear you!"

"She has promised to come next month."

"With her husband, I hope?"

"Of course," cried Dalrymple, indignant at the question, and still more indignant with himself for the blush he felt burning on his cheek: for what business had a Guardsman, and London man of two seasons' standing, to show such a weakness!

An early hour the next morning saw the sportsmen start in different directions, as had been arranged the night before. It was a lovely day, still and cloudless—so still, indeed, as to make stalking of unusual difficulty, for there was hardly a breath of air to hide a chance sound, or carry away their scent from the timid red-deer.

Dalrymple and Aylmer had a long tramp before they reached their hunting-ground; indeed the host had proposed shooting-ponies, but his cousin at once rejected the idea: such idle luxuries did not suit his hardy habits. Even when they reached the mountain shoulder, rough, and broken, which was to be the scene of their sport, for a long time no result attended their labours. In vain they searched the wildest corries; in vain their glasses swept each heather-clad swell, and pried into every nook, not an antler was to be seen.

Several hours had passed away, when Dalrymple, turning to the gamekeeper who had accompanied them, said:

"Well, Ross, where is the good sport you

promised us? One would think there was not a head of deer in the forest."

"There was plenty, sir; and only last week I saw a good dozen on this brow, with as pretty horns among them as one could wish to see. Ah! I have it! Lord Sandgate and Mr. Greville were shooting along yonder yesterday, with the wind blowing from the west, and they must have frightened them over into Strathdhu."

"How provoking!" said Dalrymple; "but I forgot to caution them. The only chance is that they may have stayed in the haunted corrie, just this side of St. Clair's boundary. Come along, George. I don't believe Ross half likes the place; for a gilly was killed there, by a fall from a rock, and he is said still to walk at times."

The sturdy Highlander muttered something, which might have been either assent or denial; but at all events he was determined not to show the white feather; and, shouldering his rifle, he strode manfully along.

Presently they paused for a moment on a little mound.

"There they are!" exclaimed Aylmer, who had taken the opportunity to sweep the horizon with his glass. "Those are antlers just over that brow."

"Hist!" cried Ross, whose trained ear had caught a sound made by none of the party. As he spoke, a fine stag rose from behind some stunted bushes into full view, and seeing his dreaded enemy, man, darted away like an arrow from the bow.

Dalrymple, who was just between it and his cousin, put his rifle to his shoulder and fired.

"He is down," he cried: "No! up again; but I hit him hard I know."

He was right apparently; for when they reached the spot, large drops of blood stained the track.

"Follow him, Phil!" said Aylmer, "he can't go far. I will look after those fellows I caught sight of yonder. I think they were out of ear-shot, and there was a pair of antlers among them I should be sorry to lose. What is the ground like, Ross?"

"Fair cover, sir; but you must go round by those pines a good two miles."

"He had better go with you, George," said Dalrymple.

"No, let him keep with you. I know the bearings well enough to find my way home," replied Aylmer, as he strode away.

When he had made his long circuit, and could peer cautiously over the brow of rising ground behind which he had seen the deer, he was delighted to perceive that he had not let his hopes mislead him. There they were quietly grazing, and among them a patriarchal stag, with the most splendid head, he thought, he had ever seen in Scotland. But it was too soon to triumph. They were out of gunshot in an open, gently-sloping valley: and how were they to be got at?

After a careful examination, he fixed his at-

tention upon a rocky point running out into the level ground, no nearer to them at present, but they were grazing towards it. There was great risk about it, for it was too nearly to windward; but it was the only chance, so he adopted it.

Again there was a circuit to make, and this time more care was required; but at length he found himself at the end of the point. Still they were barely within gunshot, and they were coming no nearer. Lying down, he dragged himself along, taking advantage of each rock, each tuft of heather.

Now the stag began to grow uneasy; it half suspected the approach of danger. Another ten yards, when every foot was of value—another five—and then the noble animal, sniffing the air, faced the danger for a moment.

Now was the time. The unerring rifle gave forth its deadly messenger, and the monarch of the forest fell to rise no more.

Aylmer had now leisure to observe, what he had failed to note during the excitement of the chase, that a great change was taking place in the weather. The air had grown keen, the setting sun was obscured, and a dense fog was coming up before the breeze, wreathing the rocky summits, and pouring and eddying along the valleys.

He was many miles from home, and he could neither hear nor see anything of Dalrymple or the keeper; clearly it was high time for him to hasten homewards. Carefully marking the spot where he left his noble prey, he toiled up the steep ascent. Here he found himself surrounded by a dense fog, which at a few yards hid every object from view. He thought, however, he could remember the rugged ridges, among which lay his way, and he pressed onwards.

For nearly an hour he laboured, and he was growing bewildered. He doubted much whether he was in the right track: still he persevered; for he could gain nothing by remaining quiet, and motion warmed his blood, even if it did not take him whither he would go.

Presently he set his foot upon a fragment of granite; but instead of being firm, as he expected, it rolled aside. In vain he attempted to save himself. His plunge forward to regain his balance only added to his danger; for he found no footing, and fell over to the ground below with fearful violence.

For awhile he lay unconscious, and even when he recovered his senses, his brain was dizzy and confused. It was some time before he was sufficiently revived to try to learn his situation and see what could be done. He attempted to rise, but quickly sank down again; and his examination at once showed him that the small bone of his leg was broken. His head too was badly cut, from coming in contact with a sharp stone, and had been bleeding freely; but the flow had now ceased. Though much bruised, these were, he found, his only serious hurts, and he had had worse injuries ere this, so now he turned his attention to finding out where he was. As a smoker, he had means about him of obtaining fire; and a newspaper that he found

in his pocket, formed a torch, which threw a considerable light for a few yards round.

Just before him he saw was the stump of a fir-tree, which had been shivered by lightning, and the fragments lay all about him. This was a godsend; if he were doomed to spend a night in the open air, he had at all events means of making a fire, and without having to search for materials. Collecting the resinous branches, with some of the cones and dead wood of former years, he had soon obtained a cheerful blaze. Now that he could see, he selected several long thin splinters, and, with his handkerchief torn into strips, bound them round his leg to serve as splints. Next he plucked the heather that grew within reach, and laying it under him, formed a tolerable couch; while a branch or two of the fir-tree with their thick foliage supplied a covering to protect him from the night-damp.

"Quite luxurious, I declare!" he muttered, with a mocking smile, as he proceeded to fortify himself against the cold by a no slight draught from his pocket flask.

"What a pity that stag is not here," he said to himself: "a good steak would not be amiss."

But as there seemed so little chance of dinner, he contented himself with the most efficient substitute, and having filled his pipe with Cavendish, was quickly puffing out the smoke in dense clouds. That potent consoler for most of the ills to which human flesh is exposed, had its wonted effect, soothing him so completely, that he even after a little time fell asleep.

When he awoke, the fire had burned out and the night was still dark. His leg was not very painful, but he felt stiff and cold. There was no more fuel within his reach, so he had again to make the most of his Farintosh and Cavendish. How he longed for morn! But it seemed that the first grey streak would never come; and again he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. When he reopened his eyes the sun was up, though not very high in the heavens. With eager curiosity he gazed around. Behind him was the rocky wall, from the top of which (many feet above) he had fallen. Before him the ground still descended, though more gradually.

He had never been there before; but he felt certain from the description that it must be Strathdhu. There was the valley with its dark clumps of pine-trees, the remains of the gloomy forest whence it took its name; there was the stream winding through the midst, and the little loch into which it ran.

He could not see the house, though he felt sure that it ought to be somewhere in sight. He examined the scene more narrowly. On the side of the loch nearest to him was the largest clump of pines still remaining, and above their topmost branches he descried a faint wreath of blue smoke curling upwards.

Yes, that must be the house; but how was he to attract the attention of its inmates?

He took up his rifle, which lay by his side;

but the stock had been split by the fall, and he did not venture to fire it. His mouth was parched with fever, so that he could not have exerted his voice, even if the distance were not too great. So dry indeed were his lips, that he plucked the heather tops laden with dew, and eagerly imbibed the grateful moisture.

What should he do? He could not lie there like a log while assistance was so near at hand. The house was only a mile distant, and he determined to drag himself along the ground till he reached it. The pain to his wounded leg was terrible; but he was not one to let suffering deter him from any project upon which he had resolved.

He had only reached half-way, and already he had been forced to pause many times to rest and recruit his strength. Now as he lay upon the ground a sound fell upon his ear. He listened eagerly till he felt sure he had not deceived himself; that was the tramp of a horse, and of one approaching the spot.

There soon came in sight a shaggy Shetland pony, bearing on its back a young girl, for such she appeared from her slender, but rounded, form and bright face with the wealth of golden brown hair, which having escaped from its imprisonment, streamed around her shoulders from under the little hat of black felt.

As her eye fell upon him she started and checked her pony, but seeing at the next glance how much he needed aid, she hastened to his assistance.

"I fell from the rocks there last night, and have broken my leg," he said in answer to her enquiries: "I was trying to reach the house, but it is tedious work—will you ride back and send help?"

By this time she was off her pony and by his side.

"Could you mount the pony?" she said in a tone of gentle compassion, "you would arrive sooner so."

"I will try," he said, and drawing himself up by the pommel with her assistance he managed to reach the saddle.

The Shelly, as if knowing the tones of its mistress' soft voice and obeying her commands, paced slowly onward. So gentle was the motion that it gave him but little pain; he was so faint however that he needed the support which she afforded him, as she walked by his side. Perhaps he exaggerated his weakness for the pleasure of receiving such aid—who can say? At all events he was not too far gone to notice the exquisite turn of her cheek, the rosebud lips, and the soft brown eyes, which were raised to his with such a look of tender pity.

Cautiously as they went, they at length reached the house. St. Clair, who had seen them from his window, perceived at once that there had been some accident and met them at the door.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Why, if it is not George Aylmer!"

A few words told all, and speedily by the aid of strong and willing arms Aylmer was laid comfortably in bed.

"I have despatched a messenger for Dr. Best, who is staying with my neighbour Forbes," said St. Clair when he returned to the room after a few minutes' absence; "he will be here in an hour probably."

"Thanks, and I wish you would send one of your gillies for my rifle, which is at the foot of the rock I fell from. There is a fine stag too lying just the other side of the Haunted Corrie, which ought to be seen to. Will you also send word to Glen Kenneth that I have met with this accident? I shall have to trespass upon your hospitality for the present."

"Don't mention it, my dear fellow. A stranger would be welcome under such circumstances, and you are an old friend. So you have been staying with young Dalrymple? Well, I will go and do what you want; is there anything else you would like?"

"I am terribly thirsty: will you get me something to drink?"

"I will send Constance," said St. Clair, as he left him with a friendly nod.

"Constance." Who was the owner of that name, he wondered, with a half-formed hope, which was quickly realized. For after an interval that even his raging thirst could not make seem long, in came his acquaintance of the morning, and presented a cool beverage to his parched lips. Already he was beginning to look upon her as his good angel, but she would not let him express his gratitude, and a threat that she would leave him if he did not lie quiet and take the rest he so much needed, speedily reduced him to silence.

But if he was forbidden to use his tongue, no such restraint was placed upon his eyes, and he availed himself amply of the liberty, as she sat at a little distance knitting industriously.

It was a charming picture, he thought, as his eyes wandered over it drinking in each beauty. The little taper fingers moving so nimbly, the exquisite form, the graceful head with the rich golden tresses now wreathed around it like a Grecian goddess's, the delicate features, the long lashes veiling the downcast eyes and almost sweeping her clear pale cheek, each in turn called for and obtained their meed of admiration. But when suddenly she looked towards him even this loveliness was increased, for her soft brown eyes lighted up her face, and at the sight of his eager gaze a beautiful glow warmed her velvet cheek, a thought too pale ere then.

He had observed that she was dressed in mourning, and the loss thus betokened was, he thought, the cause of this paleness, and of the slight shade of pensiveness that clouded her otherwise bright face. So young, and yet she had not escaped sorrow, he said to himself. Then he speculated upon her age, and deemed that she could not have seen more than twenty summers.

Gradually as he still gazed his thoughts grew confused; fantastic visions, quaint and incongruous, seemed to take possession of his brain, but whatever these dreams might be, that face and form still had a share in them.

The messenger St. Clair had sent for Dr. Best found that he was out shooting. He was recalled after a time and hastened to Strathdhu, but a considerable period had been thus consumed, and when he arrived Aylmer was in a high fever and raving wildly. That night in the open air, the exertions he had made, and the torture caused by them, took their effect even upon his hardy frame.

The Doctor bandaged his brow, and set his leg, making light of either injury, but he shook his head as he listened to the further account St. Clair gave him. Nor were his fears groundless, for during some days and nights Aylmer retained his burning fever, and was perfectly delirious.

Dr. Best watched him closely, and Dalrymple came over each day from Glen Kenneth, but it was Constance upon whom fell the greater share of the nursing—it was she who smoothed the pillow beneath his aching head, who held to his lips the cool draughts he took so eagerly, and sat reading or working by his bedside, ready to attend to each want of his as far as she could divine them.

How strangely his mind wandered during that time! Now he went back to his sporting under the broiling sun of Africa; now he was again in fancy amid Canadian snows. Perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes seemed to come back upon his memory, nor were softer themes forgotten. His gentle nurse's brow clouded sometimes as she listened to those fragments of tender conversations, those references to by-gone scenes, for she remembered the character she had heard ascribed to him of being himself irresistible when really exerting his powers to please, while he himself could not be held captive by the most richly gifted.

But not always were his thoughts with the past, and her cheek would often flush at his words of endearment, but quickly she would blame herself for her folly in supposing that she could be meant—was he not rather addressing those old favourites whom he imagined to be present? But at times this theory of hers was hardly borne out by the fact, for her own name in tones of thrilling tenderness would fall upon her ear, and he would refer to her aid as if she were some fair spirit.

From a long sleep, into which he fell, Aylmer woke to consciousness. At first his eyes wandered about wonderingly, for all around seemed strange to them.

"Where am I?" he asked, pressing his hand to his brow in the effort to tax his memory.

Constance was sitting there, watching indefatigably as ever, and in an instant she was by his side. "Don't you remember?" she asked. "You had a fall and were brought to Strathdhu. But you will soon get well, I trust."

In her soft brown eyes, so clear and truthful, he could read her satisfaction at his improvement, and at her words there came back to memory not only his accident, but also a confused, vague reminiscence of the time since then.

"Yes, you brought me here, and have you not been constantly near me since, whenever I

had a wish? I dreamt it was an angel," he said, and the last words were spoken half to himself, with a puzzled look.

"Hush!" she said, "the doctor told me not to let you tire yourself when you woke. I will go and let Nigel know how much better you are; he will be so glad;" and she hastened from the room with cheeks beautifully rosy.

Hearty, but somewhat overpowering were St. Clair's congratulations to Aylmer, when she returned with him. "You must make haste and get well," he said; "your friends have missed you sadly. Dalrymple was here, with Lord Sandgate this morning, and they will come again early to-morrow. Then the 'fair Fraser' has driven over several times from the Forbesses", not being content with the doctor's report. Sandgate, says she, has some attraction in this part of the country, and he seemed to have expected to find her domiciled here."

"Pshaw! Why don't we adopt Sutticism in England?" growled Aylmer, annoyed as much by St. Clair's knowing look as by his words. "In the name of mercy don't let me be persecuted by her or any other widow, unless you wish me to have a relapse."

In his heat he did not notice Constance's look of surprise, nor the expression of amusement and mischievous resolve which followed it. But with all the readiness of her sex she quickly regained her composure, and addressing St. Clair, who was laughing loudly, said authoritatively "Be off, Nigel; you are far too noisy for a sick room. You have quite excited Mr. Aylmer already, and you remember what Dr. Best said."

Her orders were obeyed, and, seating herself, she took out her knitting-pins. As she would not talk, Aylmer was again obliged to content himself with gazing. He lay thinking with a dreamy pleasure of how that sweet face had mingled with his fantastic visions. He felt convinced that it was no freak of a fevered brain; she had been there in reality, tending him with all the assiduity of a warm-hearted woman. Watching the taper rose-tipped fingers as they moved so deftly, he suddenly starts as if threatened with some deadly weapon. What could be the terrible sight in that peaceful scene? A very simple object, yet a potent talisman—a plain ring of gold upon the fourth finger of her left hand.

Hers was evidently no careless watch, for instantly she was bending over him, asking what was the matter, with a soft voice full of concern. This did not tend to diminish his disturbance of mind, and she seemed hardly to credit his confused reply that a spasm in his broken leg had caused his movement. When she resumed her seat, he turned away his face as though he would sleep, but in reality it was that he might think undisturbed.

So she was a wife—St. Clair's wife, of course.—the pretty wife of whom Dalrymple had spoken. How could he have failed to see it at once? Her residence in the house, their familiarity and evident affection, all should have told him she

fact. And what was this to him? With rage, positive rage at his weakness, he was forced to own that it was much, very much to him. It was a madness, he thought—the remains of his late frenzy; but call it what he would, the fact remained—he who prided himself upon his invincibility had fallen captive to the distaff! But no; though worsted, he would not confess himself conquered. He had yielded when an enemy within had deprived him of control over his own will, and he would still have a struggle for the victory.

The next morning, when Dalrymple arrived and expressed his intention of staying for a long chat, Constance ordered her pet Shelly to be brought round. Aylmer's bed stood close to the window, which overlooked the loch, having only the drive and the shelving bank between. With his cousin's assistance he managed to raise himself up that he might see her start. There she was, as he had seen her first, the lovely face looking so piquant from under the coquettish little hat, the slender graceful figure, and as she mounted, wearing no long skirt, the exquisite foot and ankle, of which even the stout brogue and thick woollen hose could not hide the symmetry. As she rode with St. Clair she looked up, and catching her patient's eye, greeted him with a smile and a wave of the hand.

"Your little nurse is quite charming, George. What a pity anyone should have been beforehand with you," said Dalrymple, with a smile.

"Nonsense, Phil!" replied Aylmer, testily. "Because you fall in love with every pretty face, you think others are as inflammable. What sport have you been having?"

Dalrymple opened his eyes at his cousin's tone, but setting it down to the peevishness of an invalid, he gave the wished-for report of their doings at Glen Kenneth.

Till Dalrymple left him, and Constance took his place, Aylmer had not had much occasion for arming himself against her charms. Now he found that his task was rendered additionally difficult. Whether it was that she discerned something of what was passing in his mind, or whatever the cause might be, there was a perceptible difference in her manner. She displayed a restlessness, a charming timidity even, which played sad havoc with Aylmer's resolves. There was an obviously mutual embarrassment, and she caught at some question he asked about the book by her side, and proposed to read part of it to him, as if she felt it would be a refuge. It was Tennyson's "Princess," and her expedient was not very tranquillizing, especially when her tones began to falter; and at last she fairly broke down in the middle of a tender passage—so completely, indeed, that she was compelled to plead hoarseness, though her voice was the softest, sweetest music, and closed the book.

Another day passed, and Aylmer owned himself defeated—he would take flight as soon as possible. He found he could not regain the mastery over himself, but this was not his principal motive. It was for her sake that he must

go. He saw that she had divined his feelings towards her, and that the knowledge caused her to be confused rather than displeased. His affection was a welcome tribute—aye, she was even beginning to reciprocate it. The signs were slight, but he was too well versed in that mystery, a woman's heart, to overlook them. It was a great temptation, but he would not outrage St. Clair's hospitality; he would not bring her to sorrow and remorse.

When the doctor came to see him, he asked how soon he might remove to Glen Kenneth.

"You must not think of it yet," he exclaimed. "Are you not quite comfortable here?"

"Yes," replied Aylmer; "but I do not like to quarter myself upon them so long. I must go as soon as possible."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! The St. Clairs are hospitality itself, and I am sure Mrs. Marston shows no signs of finding her care of you irksome," replied the doctor, with a smile.

"Who?" asked Aylmer.

"Mrs. Marston," replied Best, beginning to look surprised.

"Mrs. St. Clair, you must mean," said Aylmer, looking at least equally puzzled.

"Why, you don't say you have taken the charming widow for your hostess? Mrs. St. Clair lost her child in the spring, and was very nearly dying herself; since which she has been so delicate that I positively forbade her to go near a sick-room. Ah! I see how it is; but we physicians are discreet, and will not betray you."

As he left the room with a gay smile, Aylmer was still too much astonished to detain him. For a wonder, Constance had deserted him for a time, and he burned to obtain further information. Luckily for him, St. Clair soon came in.

"What relation is Mrs. Marston to you, St. Clair?" he asked, abruptly.

"Ah, I see I have puzzled you, by sometimes calling her 'sister,' sometimes 'aunt,' in joke. When she was quite a child, her parents forced her into a marriage with my uncle Marston—not a bad sort of fellow, but old enough to be her grandfather. At their wedding I first met her sister Mary, and I married her not long after. Constance made a capital wife, but she could hardly be expected to be overwhelmed with grief when my uncle died, about fourteen months ago."

No more was said by Aylmer about his overtaxing the hospitality of Strathdhu, or of his leaving it in consequence; and in spite of the doctor, he found that he could be easily moved to the sofa and wheeled to the adjoining sitting-room. Here he was introduced to his hostess—not unlike her sister, but looking sadly fragile.

"Not the first time, Constance, I have felt the pressure of that dear arm," said Aylmer, later in the day. "Do you remember bringing me home, my guardian angel?"

"Hush!" she said, with blushing face; and stopped his further words of flattery not unpleasantly.

A N G L E N O O K.

BY RACHEL L. B—.

We call our home Anglenook; because, firstly, it is hemmed in by a high railroad embankment, and a neighbour's corn-field; secondly, by the western border of our little meadow, where some half-dozen trees—elms, alders, and sycamores, with washed-bare roots—seem tip-toeing to reach their arms over the embankment and the bridge: M— River rushes by, under the bridge, under the shadows, with scarcely a ripple, forth from the mill-dam, above, sailing as serenely downstream, as though it were the offspring of peace instead of violence; here, where the water is dark and deep, is a place for angling to delight an Izaak Walton.

Half an hour ago, I came down to the river's bank. The murmur of the river, clashing of a distant saw mill, birds trooping southward, and, above all, the dreamy October sunshine, in which I and my "bonny-wee" son are now basking, made me dread returning to the house on yonder hill-side.

Now I lean upon the stone fence, between me and the river, watching yellow, crimson, and mottled leaves floating down-stream, amid foam. Near the opposite bank of the stream, a turtle is sunning itself upon the side of a canoe which is half sunken in shallow water, and cattle are coming down from the hills, beyond, to drink.

I like this day. The sun shines through a golden haze, the air is still, clouds have hung motionless, for half an hour, above those tree-tops. I like this landscape; those dim, blue hills seemingly stretching into eternity; these limestone cliffs, mantled with ivy and ferns; this river, mirroring the fleecy clouds, amber-tinted blue sky, and the trees, rocks, the bridge, with its roughly-hewn timbers and limestone buttments.

* * * * *

My mother died in March. Gusts of wind blew into our faces as we went to the graveyard, and they whirled masses of clotted, half-wet leaves upon the lid of her coffin, as she was lowered into her grave—a pauper's grave.

She was buried in the morning; in the afternoon of the same day, stripped of the warm clothes that had been borrowed for me to wear to her funeral, and in my own faded calico dress and sun-bonnet and half-worn-out shoes, and wrapped in a thin shawl which had belonged to her, I started toward Squire North's farmhouse, which was to be my future home.

I kept close to the river, so that the high cliffs, edging the opposite bank, might shield me from a cold wind blowing from the west. My walk was cheerless. One chapter of my life had just closed with "death;" another was

opening, but around its initial letter hung a pall: I could read but two words, and they were "toil" and "sorrow"—words appalling to the mind and heart of a child.

How loudly the river swept between me and those cliffs! How like a banshee the wind moaned and wailed among the woods and sharply clifted rocks? I wept and listened. High above the dull monotone of the river, the wind raised its voice: as the voice of Destiny; it seemed wording the sorrows I had endured—the sorrows, toils, and wrongs that my heart foreboded.

There are moments in which the heart, as by prophecy, reaches into the future, and grasps the misery of a lifetime. Many years have passed since then. I have suffered much; yet the sorrows to endure, which I have had years given me, have scarcely equalled the agony of that one hour in the Gethsemane of my soul.

Twilight was deepening into night when I reached this spot. Upon the hill-side, yonder, I saw light gleaming from two windows, side by side. To my excited imagination they were like the great glaring eyes of a monster. Knowing that the light which came through those windows had its centre in the home of which I was soon to become an inmate brought no cheer; of that home I knew nothing, and was in no mood for drawing a hopeful picture of it, mentally. The darkness within my mind was gloomier than the night which was obscuring everything around me except that light upon the hillside. Those windows,—those great eyes—were growing brighter and brighter.

I stood here, by the bank of the river, weeping, half-frozen, my hands and feet aching with cold, yet dreading to approach that fireside. I drew my shawl more closely around me, and seated myself upon the root of this sycamore tree, my mind filled with the vague, childish idea that lingering made matters better. How would they receive me! I recalled all the stories I had ever heard of cruelty to orphans; that I was to suffer I had no doubt. What a fate was before me!

"I wish I could die," I said, mentally, as I bent down, and rubbed my face upon my lap, to wipe away a stream of tears that was burning like lava upon my almost frozen flesh. The thought made me shudder. As we grow old, our minds become familiar with death—that Lethe of sorrow, that burnisher of God's image, the soul; but to the child, who sees only that which pertains to earth—the folded hands, blanched face, shroud, coffin, and grave—death is indeed gloomy. The grave and its attending horrors loomed before me, flooding my mind with all the frightful stories which had been

poured into my ears by ignorance and superstition.

I trembled while I listened to the river, and kept my eyes riveted upon the cliffs outlined darkly against the western horizon, lest, if I averted my gaze for one instant, they might give form to some horrid object—the frightful child of my brain.

“We shall have to cut the ice, Alf, to raise our nets in the morning,” a voice said, just by my side. I had heard two pair of feet briskly advancing toward me, crushing the crispy, frozen grass; but I had not heeded them, for my faculties were sinking into a delightful lethargy. My head was leaning against the sycamore’s trunk; I felt a pleasant warmth stealing from my limbs to my body; my mind received but an indistinct image of two stripplings, bending over the water, adjusting their nets.

“Where am I?” I mentally asked. The scene that met my eyes was a perfect exponent of rural comfort and cheer. Within the room in which I was lying a dark carpet, crimson hearth-rug, and gaily printed chintz curtains formed an harmonious foreground to the bright stretch-out of fields, green with young wheat, rows of plum-trees loaded with buds and blossoms, brown hillsides tinted with green, visible through two low, broad windows.

My brain was confused. It tried in vain to gather up the scattered links of memory, and to join them together; reality and dreams played such a bo-peep game with each other that consciousness shrunk timidly from the bewildering mental haze. Every stroke of the clock upon the mantel grew duller—I went to sleep.

It was night when I awoke. Rain was dashing upon the roof and against the windows; wind was romping an Aprilsque game around the house, lashing the roof with the long, lithe arms of that willow-tree, rattling the window sash, wrenching that sweet-brier from its rustic trellis, then retreating sullenly to the cliffs, hills, woods beyond the river. Then I could hear the river’s dull roarings.

With a peculiar sound, like treading upon snow, a fire burned upon the hearth, filling the room with a pleasant warmth and dancing light. Above the mantel a faint shadow hovered, a clock looking down through it as through a summer twilight.

The river, its voice rising in crescendo from a murmur to a gloomy clamour as the capricious wind and rain lulled; the room, with its rustic appointments, its firelight and shadows, seemed but *et cetera* to one object. Firelight shone upon a strippling’s face near the chimney jamb. It was a peculiar face, sharp in outline, vivacious, sarcastic in expression. Calvin North—it was he—sat upon a stool, his arms folded upon his breast, looking into the fire; its light glowed into his brown face, and into his eyes, large, dark, crafty, alert, and restless. Neither choleric broodings nor vague dreams were in-

daxed upon his countenance. He looked like one who was weary of stagnation, hungry for excitement. Whenever the rain and wind arose to a bluster, he lifted his head and listened with a keen, eager relish, as though he heard in the tumult a prophecy of his struggles with the great living world. Then, when the restless wind whisked itself away, leaving the rain to fall monotonously, and the trees to sway their limbs to and fro gently, his chin sank again upon his breast, his eyes fastened again upon the fire, and he mused, evidently with a purpose.

“Like waves,
The days—the years—went by.”

I hummed a tune as I stooped over the spring with a water-pail upon my arm. I can’t affirm that I was a perfectly disinterested observer of the head and shoulders I saw mirrored in the water. I felt a lively interest in the picture. I confess that I, Mary Ford, poor, twenty years old, unmarried, and without, perhaps, even a lover, felt a twinge of chagrin when the facts flaunted themselves so unmistakably before me, that my little square face was sunburned to a gipsy-colour, my lips thin, my nose grotesquely small, my eyebrows heavy, black, and straight, my forehead low and square, my hair dark, massy, and curling (I detested curls), and my hands, though small, were brown and muscular, not “soft and white,” the favourite style with poets and lovers. I had but two good features—a pair of eyes which I had inherited from my ill-starred Italian mother, and a set of teeth which, when I smiled, made one forget that my lips were thin and purple—so Calvin said.

“Miss Ford, sorry to spoil your pretty picture, but I *must* do it,” said I, with a mock-sigh. Then, laughing, I dipped my pail in the spring. A laugh, just by my elbow, startled me. No echo, but a familiar, distinct, pointed—a real *staccato* laugh. “Calvin North!” I exclaimed, springing up and facing him; “was eave-dropping among your studies at school, or is it a natural gift?”

“Neither,” he answered. “I wanted a cool drink of water, fresh from the spring. I came up from the hayfield for it. Am I to blame because I found Miss Vanity admiring herself?”

“How do you know that?”

“Am I deaf, Miss Vanity?”

“You seemed so last night. Why didn’t you answer Alf, when he asked you if you’d fish with him down by the bank to-night?”

“I didn’t want the milksoop with me,” Calvin answered, dipping his tin-cup into the spring. “He cackles so much, he frightens every fish from my hook.”

“From his own too?”

“No, the lucky dog! He pulled out three last evening before I even got a nibble. May, will you sit quite still—not laugh once—if I take you with me this evening?”

"Maybe I don't want to go."

"You do."

"I don't think I can go, Calvin. I don't fancy keeping my lips closed. The river banks are unhealthy at this time of the year. Mother wouldn't consent, I'm certain." I had learned to call Mrs. North mother.

"She has consented."

"Who asked her?"

"I did."

"By whose authority?"

"My own," he replied, hanging the cup upon a nail against the side of the spring-house.

"Calvin North," I called out, laughing, "where's your gallantry? Come back and carry my bucket!"

"Can't you say 'pail'?" said he, coming back, pretending to grumble.

The sun was setting, giving his last glance to the cathedral's cross which towered and glistened above tree-tops and house-tops in the east. A long shadow, made by the high railroad embankment, stretched farther and farther across our meadow, until its outline dimmed and faded—then the sun was down; crimson and purple clouds flaunted in the west.

New-mown hay, lying in wind-rows, sent forth an alluring fragrance from the meadow. "I'll not wait for Calvin; he can overtake me before I reach the culvert," I said, mentally, as I stood upon our hop-vine-covered portico, tying a blue gauze veil under my chin. I ran down the hillside; Bessy my pet kid, bounding after me over the long grass. A timber fence at the foot of the hill had to be climbed; I lifted Bessy over, then I followed her. We ran a race in mad-cap fashion down through the meadow, keeping close to the foot of the embankment, here worn by washings of rain into gullies, and overgrown with wild crab-trees and scrubby sycamores, whose almost naked roots seemed clutching for life into the bank of earth and gravel.

Here Bessy's goatish nature asserted itself. I heard a rattling of gravel, and behold she was half-way up the bank, and climbing higher. I tried to catch the little imp, but the gravel and sand gave way under my feet, and she was already at the summit, trotting along over rails and ties. So I kept at the foot of the bank until we reached the culvert.

A tail-race, from a saw-mill, poured through the culvert, and through the meadow, diagonally, severing a triangular shred of land from the main meadow. I liked that little insulated nook, with the river flowing by its western margin; the embankment rising against the north-west, and overgrown from base to summit with ivy, infant sycamores, and thorns; the race sweeping along fringed with scrubby willows and elder-bushes.

I wheedled Bessy to my arms, and waited at the culvert for Calvin. In his shirt-sleeves he came down slowly through the meadow, dragging his fishing-red upon the ground, and car-

rying his bait in an old, battered, spotless coffee-pot. But to my prejudiced eyes he looked absolutely noble. My love was a mantle that covered every defect, physical, mental, and moral.

"Mary, did you see that sunset?" he asked, as he drew near.

"Yes; what now?"

"Of what did you think while you watched it?"

"I didn't watch it; I merely glanced at it."

"Well, of what did you think the while?"

"Nothing high-flown, I can assure you. I merely wished I had a dress the colour of that purple cloud."

"Marry Alf Lane, then. Dress yourself up, you female popinjay, and be a happy simpleton all your days."

"Very well; I might fare worse. What are my chances, Calvin, do you think?"

"Pretty fair, if he can't get Anna Drake."

"Gloriously encouraging, for she is engaged to Dr. Carson. Now how much do you suppose my 'thirds' would be worth? Let me see, there's Beechgrove, and Rockland, both such nice farms. What makes you look so preciously tart?"

"Do I?" he asked, shrugging his shoulders as he baited his hook with a worm. "I was not aware of the fact. I'm sure I feel quite the contrary. I heartily congratulate you upon your high-flown hopes; but in assessing Alf's real estate you ought to have added this farm, which, when father died, I thought mine?"

"Are you crazy?—what do you mean?"

"I mean," he answered, flirting his baited hook here and there, through the water in the race, "that Alfred Lane, Esq., following the honourable example of his lamented generous father, has given me warning of the agreeable fact that he intends, next week, to close the mortgage on our home—so," he added, smiling to hide the quivering of his lips, "if nothing happens to prevent, we shall be entirely unburdened of the disagreeable incumbrance of a home."

"Oh, Calvin," I exclaimed, weeping, "it is too bad! We have struggled so hard. He has no mercy."

"We needn't to have expected mercy from him," he said, in a passionate tone. "It is not in the Lane blood to be even just. For five years the interest on that debt has been eating up our earnings—and the debt incurred by indorsing for his swindling brother, that villain, William Lane—and now we must be turned out of our home. Well, better now than five years hence, yet for mother's sake I had hoped"—here his voice faltered, he set his teeth and drew his quivering lips together, in an effort to appear firm and unmoved.

"And is there no hope?" I asked, after a pause, during which he had subdued his emotions of grief, and I had stifled my sobs.

"But one," he answered, in a low voice.

"And what is that one?" I asked, eagerly.

"Do not ask me; I must not speak of it to

you," he replied, turning his face from me, as he drew his fishing-line from the water—the hook was bare.

I was silent. My heart felt a stroke that was harder to endure than the loss of home. The hopes that I had been cherishing for years lay prostrate. I knew he was thinking of Lucy Gilbert, who, with that presumptuousness which is tolerated in the rich, but scoffed at in the poor, had, by looks and actions, proffered herself, her gold, and her acres to him. Hitherto he had met all her advancements with indifference, but now I saw that his hour of temptation had come, her hour of triumph. "How can I bear it?" my heart groaned, as I turned away from him. There, upon the hill-side, was the home which had sheltered me for ten years, the vines that Calvin and I had planted wreathed the porch and windows, and upon the door-step, enjoying the evening air, sat Mrs. North, my second mother. Above the eastern horizon the moon loomed, round and crimson, the cathedral's cross clearly defined upon her disk.

Now, not ten feet from me stands the sycamore tree under which Calvin and I sat that evening, fishing. It is the same at the foot of which he had found me, nearly dead, ten years before. Upon the surface of the water flecks of moonlight were scattered among the shadows which stretched, long and dark, from the trees standing upon the brink of the river. As yet, the bank around us was silvered—the moon had not risen high enough for the branches above to shadow us.

We said but little. Calvin sat upon a bare root of the tree, baited his hook anew every five minutes, and whisked it here and there through the water, grumbling in an undertone, because the fish wouldn't bite: near him, upon a low stump, I sat with Bessy in my lap. I was depressed in spirit, my blood at a feverish, yet dull heat, my heart staggering under its burden. What would I not have given to have recalled the hopes of yesterday! A gulf had yawned between us, severing us forever, burying the hopes that had gilded my future. My evil nature was uppermost, my heart rebellious. What had I done to merit such a fate? I wished that I had never been born. I longed for death.

To my heart, the river's voice had never been merely a babble—an unmeaning sound; and that night it seemed wording the reproaches of Conscience. "Mary Ford," it said, "you have nursed this love in your heart until it has instilled its poisoned charm into every fibre of your nature. If it has brought you disappointment and pain, who is to blame? None, but your own weak self. When he marries, you will be blighted. Mrs. North's calm, motherly affection will not satisfy you; brotherly love will not be the limit of your cravings. You have not in you the materials of which a self-happy, independent woman can be constructed. You do! half your nature will be dwarfed, if

you have no strong arm to which you may cling."

"What can I do? Show me the right path," my heart pleaded.

"What can you do?" pursued the stern monitor. "In future, let your love be the reward of devotion and worth, and not an unasked for offering. Tear this vain love from your heart."

"I can't; it is useless to try," my heart replied.

"You can, and you must. Nothing is impossible with the help of God."

I reproached myself for my weakness of spirit. I covered my face with my hands, and prayed. Yet even in prayer my weak nature kept rising. I found myself pleading, not for strength to bear without murmuring the sufferings that pressed upon me, but that the trial might be averted. I tried in vain to feel submission to Providence—and my heart was filled with shame and remorse.

Shadows were nestling closely around the foot of the sycamore tree, for the moon had risen high above the top of the dead walnut, which raised its bare arms aloft over the small slender trees in the grove, when Calvin and I arose to return to the house. He leaned his fishing-rod against a sycamore limb, and removed Bessy from my lap to his arms. I walked by his side; my heart was heavy.

"There is dew upon the grass. Are your shoes thin?" Calvin asked, after we had climbed over this stone fence into the meadow.

"No," I answered.

The hay was fragrant; a breeze came gently from the south; the moon shone clearly; the river's voice was low and soothing; an evening more delightful never brooded over our dear home. I felt an influence say, "Peace, be still," to the passions that were surging in my heart; yet my sorrow was none the less painful for its sombre stillness.

Calvin bared his head to the night air; he appeared excited and triumphant, and even not unhappy. "He feels none of the pangs that I suffer," I thought. I was selfish enough to wish his pain equal to mine.

"Wait here awhile, Mary; the evening is so pleasant," Calvin remarked, after we had climbed the fence, and I was starting towards the house. I turned back, and we stood together, leaning upon the fence.

"Have you told mother yet?" I asked, after a pause.

"Told her what?" he exclaimed. He was actually smiling.

"Of Alf Lane's closing the mortgage."

"No; I will to-morrow. I needn't dread telling her, though; for she predicted it for months," he answered, his voice growing sad.

We were silent again.

"Mary," he said, at length, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "the struggle is over."

"Well, so be it, then," I uttered, resolutely calm; but my heart turned faint with despair,

"Well, if you had your choice, Mary," he continued, "which would you do, take riches without love, or 'love in a cottage?'"

"I would die, Calvin North, before I'd crucify my heart and barter myself for gold," I replied, signifying to him how much I detested his mercenary intentions.

"And so will I, Mary," he said, drawing me to his heart. I wept for joy at the sudden birth from the darkness of despair to the light of love, hope, and bliss.

Eight years have passed; our old, dear home is our own again, through industry and the help of God.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

HARRY'S FAULT.

(Adapted from the German.)

Harry Deering lived in a very pleasant house far away in the beautiful country, where the meadows are green and fresh, and the birds sing sweetly in the spring and summer time. Harry's parents were exceedingly kind to him; and because he had no little brothers and sisters, nor any playmates within reach, they did all they could to render his play-hours less dull and lonely. He had a pretty little garden of his own, where the gardeners taught him to dig and sow and plant, and to rear many kinds of sweet and brilliant flowers; he had rabbits, and canary-birds; a cat named Tiny, and a beautiful Italian greyhound named Sylph. Above and beside all these, this fortunate Harry possessed an enormous quantity of toys, almost every kind of toy that you can see in a fine toy-shop in the street of a large town. Now do you not think that this little boy ought to have been very happy?

There are, however, some faults that will always render a child unhappy, however pleasant a home he may have. Harry's great fault was — But I will leave you to find it out from the history I am about to relate.

Harry's mamma had often talked kindly with him about his great fault, she had also punished him, although she was very sorry to do so; but it was for his good you know, though perhaps the little boy did not think it at the time. Now all this happened in the "long ago," of which you have often heard and read, in the funny old times, when there were fairies going about the world, who punished or rewarded children as they deserved. After Mrs. Deering had tried every means she could think of to cure Harry of his failing, and all in vain, she bethought herself of a beautiful fairy, who lived in a glass palace hard by, and always dressed in blue robes, for which reason she went by the name of "the sky-blue fairy." To this grand lady Harry's mamma went without delay, and told her of her trouble with her boy.

"Never mind," said the fairy, and her voice was like that of the music of the sweetest harp-string. "Have no fear, my dear lady; I will soon find a way to cure him."

Then she looked for her last new wand, which

was a silver one, tipped with a star; and calling for her little fairy page, Trippet, to bear the train of her sky-blue robe, she went with Mrs. Deering to her own home.

Harry had gone out to take a walk with his father, which was very convenient for the fairy Sky-blue. She walked about in every room, and touched everything belonging to the little boy with the starry tip of the silver wand, at the same time murmuring softly to herself. What she said Harry's mamma could not hear, but the fairy bade her a kind farewell, assuring her that she would soon witness a great change in her little Harry.

The little boy did not come home until late in the evening, and was so tired that he was immediately put to bed. The next day he was awakened early by the bright beams of the morning sun. All impatience to run out and play in the garden, Harry allowed himself but one turn and stretch, and then jumped up and began to dress. He had put on his stockings and shoes, and was reaching out his hand for his trousers, when a sudden thought occurred to him; and he exclaimed, with a great sigh, "Oh dear! how tiresome! the same coat and the same old trousers every day. How I wish things could be different!"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when a very wonderful thing happened—the trousers stood straight up, the coat made a leap from the back of a chair, where it had been hanging, and arranged itself above the trousers; then the coat and trousers made a low bow to the little boy, and walked gravely and quietly out at the door, as if some one had been in them.

Harry remained for a time quite bewildered with amazement; then he looked piteously at his uncovered legs, and finally ran crying to his mother, to acquaint her with what had happened. She immediately knew that it was the effect of the fairy's spell, and telling her little boy that he was rightly punished, she allowed him to remain for some time in the fear that he would be compelled to run about all day in his shirt. At last she gave him his Sunday clothes, and they went down to breakfast. Harry's nice bread and milk was set out as usual; but that did not satisfy him. He heaved one of his discontented sighs, and cried out, "Oh dear! how

I wish I might have coffee and rolls, like grown-up people! Always bread and milk for breakfast, it is enough to tire any one!"

"Look! Harry," said his mother. Harry looked, and behold, his nice white china mug travelled slowly across the table, and then gently tilting itself up the new milk flowed like a little waterfall into the milk-jug. With open mouth and eyes Harry turned to see after his bread, and was just in time to catch a glimpse of it as it flew across the room and out of the open window, where it fell plump into the basket of a little beggar-girl, who chanced to be passing at the moment. Poor little girl! she did not think long about it, but joyfully took a huge bite out of the nice white bread that the rich little boy despised.

Harry had the greatest inclination in the world to cry heartily; but he refrained from doing so, because he was not quite sure whether or not his mother had *helped* the bread to fly out of the window. With a very long face he left the table, still hungry, and went up into the nursery to play. But instead of beginning at once to amuse himself and forget his troubles—as any cheerful, active child would have done—our little boy laid himself down along two chairs, and stretching his arms above his head, yawned heartily. From this condition he was aroused by the entrance of Nurse, who brought with her some egg-food for the young canaries. There were four of them, nearly fledged; and their father and mother made a tremendous fuss about them. They promised to be as brisk as the one, and as handsome a gold-colour as the other; and Harry well remembered the ecstasy of delight with which he had watched the little heads peep from the egg-shells, and how he had laughed at them for being so greedy, and how he had thought them all beaks and eyes. At first he had been very anxious to undertake the whole charge of them; and Nurse had kindly instructed him how to feed them, and very carefully and punctually he had fulfilled the duty for a time. But after a while—Well! we will not take too much pains to expose our little boy's shortcomings. It is sufficient to say that Nurse found it expedient to take the charge of the family cage upon herself; and that if Master Harry assisted her now and then, it was as much as she expected. This morning he jumped up with more alacrity than usual; for he was really tired of yawning upon two chairs, and he asked Nurse to let him feed the birds. Now we know that birds, as well as all other living creatures, will perform pretty much the same actions upon the same occasions, according to their several natures; and we do not blame them for this, because their Creator made them so. But it seems that Harry thought otherwise; and that he would have been better pleased if the little yellow canaries had marched like elephants, or skipped like monkeys, or leaped like kangaroos, or held their food in their claws like parrots, or, in short, had done anything quite inconsistent with their make and habits.

We imagine this, because he had not fed them two minutes before he began to grumble.

"You stupid birds!" he exclaimed, "you never improve at all! Whenever I look at you, you are always the same—only a little bigger and yellower. If I had only known how *tiresome* you would be——"

Fatal speech! No sooner had he uttered it than the door of the cage burst open. Whether the flap of his jacket had caught the wire or not we cannot tell, but so it was. The wide door opened; the canaries, with one consent, flew out, and off through the open window. Poor Harry, with a shriek, rushed after them, but only in time to see them disappear over the tops of the ancient sycamores on the lawn. Was ever little boy so mortified? He turned to look for Nurse, but she had left the room. Confused and bewildered, he did not dare even to ask any one to go in search of the canaries; for he began to perceive that there was something very much out of the common way in all these discrepancies. So, after waiting a few moments, in the vain hope of seeing the birds return, he turned on his heel, and silently and gloomily left the nursery and went into the garden. There he was a little cheered by finding Sylph and Tiny, who gambolled about him, and accompanied him through all the walks.

"I have you left, at any rate," thought he; and he caressed them, and treated them more kindly than he had done for many a day before. When he came to his little garden, he found that several new flowers had bloomed; and he spent a very happy half-hour in weeding and raking, while Sylph and Tiny lay side by side on the newly-mown grass-plot, and basked in the sunshine. All this time our little boy had never once grumbled nor said "How tiresome!"—and when the dinner-bell rang and nothing more had happened, he began to think that his misfortunes were over.

Off Harry ran into the house, and took his seat at the dinner-table; for he was desperately hungry after his light breakfast: indeed, so hungry was he, that he quite forgot to find fault with the food upon the table; although the two principal dishes, consisting of cold roast beef and rice-pudding, were very old acquaintances of his.

He intended to have returned into the garden to play. It happened to be our little friend's holiday-time, and he had at present no other occupation. But a light shower was falling, and his mamma desired him to amuse himself in the nursery until the rain was over; so he went upstairs and took out his little theatre. He arranged the scenes, drew up the curtain, and marched all his actors upon the stage; but as he had begun without the least idea of what they should say, he very soon dropped the curtain, and left them to themselves. Then he took his great flag, elevated it in the air, and marched slowly three times up and down the room. That failing to amuse, he looked out his sword and knapsack, buckled them on, donned his helmet, took up his gun, and exercised for

fully five minutes. Then he fetched his large scrap-book, and looked once into the beginning and once into the end. After that he sat gravely down, and painted three cows upon a piece of cardboard. These being laid aside, the next resource was the large rocking-horse, which usually stood quietly in a corner of the room. Harry leaped into the saddle, and took with him his great drum, on which he drummed lustily as he made believe to canter along. Then—what then? Why then a fit of his old complaint came over him; he threw himself into a chair, stretched out his arms, and yawned fearfully.

"Oh dear, dear! I have already played so often with all these things! and that is so tire—"

Stop! Harry, stop! my boy, before you say the fatal word! In vain!—hardly was the first syllable out of his mouth than the spell began to work. A strange uproar ensued. The playthings hustled and bustled about, until at length they had arranged themselves into a regular procession. First went the huge flag, jumping and fluttering at the head of his fellows. Then followed the theatre, stumbling slowly along, rick-rack-ruck. The actors had arranged themselves in order upon the stage, and, as they were borne shakily along, each sang his best opera-song and waved his hat. After these came, with majestic step, the gun with its handsome embroidered cover; then the drum, with drumsticks beating it merrily, ta-ta-ra-too. On one of the sticks perched the knapsack; on the other hung the sword in its enamelled sheath. The helmet floated over them, like the dot over an i. Then followed the stately row of picture-books, large and small, each taking precedence according to size; while after them sailed the cardboards covered with Harry's attempts at painting, and drew along the paint-box in their wake as proudly as if it were a large ship. The great rocking-horse brought up the rear, cantering as it went. When the flag lowered its silver point for a rat-tat-tat, the nursery-door flew open, and the whole procession marched out, in excellent order, down the stairs and through the passage, and out at the hall-door.

For a few moments Harry had stood quite still, as if he would never move again; then, with a loud cry, he rushed after the departing procession, and succeeded in catching the rocking-horse by the tail. But just as he did so, the whole row of playthings ascended into the air, and flew off like a flock of swallows, leaving the tail in Harry's hand. He would gladly have flown after them, but it would not do; so he ran back into the house, screaming and sobbing piteously. His mother met him on the stairs.

"Ah! my dear Harry," she said, "this comes of your discontented spirit! Everything was so tiresome!"

The little boy heard, and tried to suppress his sobs. For the first time, he clearly understood that his own conduct was the cause of all

his unhappiness; and he resolved to weep no longer for his losses, but to endeavour to make the best of the possessions that remained to him. So he kissed his mother; and whispering that he would try to be a better boy, ran off with almost a cheerful countenance to his father's dressing-room, where he had just remembered that he had still a few playthings left. There he found his magic-lantern, a box of tin soldiers, and a large picture-book. While he was looking at these with delight, Sylph and Tiny bounded in, and covered him with caresses.

"Well, well," exclaimed the little boy, "I am not so very poor after all! Never again, in all my life, will I say that unlucky word!"

Harry kept his promise, and became as contented a boy as he had formerly been discontented. He very soon found the benefit of this change of feeling, for he was now as happy as the day was long. One fine morning a beautiful sight was seen in the avenue that led to the front-door of the house, and which was lined with roses of every hue, and of the sweetest scents imaginable. Through this bower of fragrance drove the Fairy Skyblue, in a large gilded conch-shell drawn by turtle-doves. Their collars were of silver and their traces of skyblue velvet; and beside them ran Trippet the fairy-page, in his blue and silver suit. When the fairy reached the house, she alighted and waved her starry wand. Harry and his mother looked in the direction to which she signalled, and saw what appeared a flight of birds coming in the distance. Very strange birds they were, however; for, as they came nearer, Harry could discern that they were of several shapes, colours, and sizes. Some of them were square and gilded, and fluttered along on square white wings; others were long and tapering, and shone with many hues. A number of little nondescripts came with them, round, three-cornered, and oblong. But what puzzled Harry more than anything else was the appearance of what was certainly a horse without at all. "Oh, Mamma!" cried he at length, "I am certain that is my rocking-horse! And see, Mamma, tops, balls, picture-books, and, last of all, my poor dear theatre! Oh, Mamma! the fairy has forgiven me, and here are all my toys coming back!"

It was so indeed: the little boy's punishment was at an end. The fairy kissed him on his honest brow, and was off as quickly as she had come. As the last gleam of her shining equipage died away among the roses, Harry became conscious of a loud, clear singing, as of half-a-dozen birds warbling in chorus. He turned, and beheld a large gilded cage hanging in the hall, and full of canaries. Hardly had he recognized his own young birds, with their father and mother, all in full feather and brilliant song, when a new surprise awaited him.

Tom Tuft, the little errand-boy, came through the hall, and, bowing, respectfully thanked the young master for the nice suit of clothes that he

had given him. Harry looked, and perceived his own old suit, the loss of which he had so deplored one memorable morning, but which had now become too little for him. As Tom Tuft left the hall, a little white half-loaf came flying through an open window, and hit Harry a sound rap on the head: but he only laughed,

for he knew that it was his lost breakfast come back again!

* * * * *

We hope that the little boys and girls who read this have no need of a Fairy to cure their faults—for it would be very difficult to find one now-a-days.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

AN APPEAL TO PHYSIOLOGISTS AND THE PRESS. By H. Freke, M.D. — (*Dublin: Fennin, Grafton-street.*)—In 1848 Dr. Freke published a work on organization, in which he advocated original views upon several topics of leading physiological interest; which views were pronounced by the *British and Foreign Review* to be, for the most part, little more than simply an expression, in abstract terms, of what others had worked out in the concrete form. In 1861 Dr. Freke finds a distinguished physiologist advancing views identical with those which he had published in '48, without reference to his publication, which he believes to have been crushed by the verdict of his reviewer. Of the entire impression, with the exception of some dozen copies or so, the whole were returned to the author by his publisher—a sufficiently mortifying circumstance, but rendered infinitely more so when, three months subsequently to its republication, in a Royal Institution which had declined to do the author the honour of acknowledging the receipt of his volume, "The Origin of Species," a gentleman of distinguished physiological attainments enunciated the proposition already published, evidently under the impression that he was *then* enunciating it for the first time, namely—

That for the organization or formation of one organic entity, there is necessity for a simultaneous disorganization or decay of another; so that during the manifestation of vegetative life, *both* these processes—namely, that of formation and of decay—are of necessity simultaneously in operation.

A proposition which was accepted by the reviewer as little more than the expressing, in abstract terms, what others had worked out in the concrete form. Yet thirteen years after the first appearance of this proposition Dr. Savory advances the following views, which are now received as novel.

I would venture, then, to speak of life as being essentially a state of dynamical equilibrium, as consisting, fundamentally and universally, in a definite relation between destruction and renewal, in a regulated adjustment between waste and repair, whereby the condition is maintained, notwithstanding constant change.

Certainly, if there was novelty in the proposition in 1861, the almost identical expression of Dr. Freke in '48, with which it is so closely related, deserved a little more credit than it received at the hand of the *British and Foreign Review*. We cannot follow Dr. Freke in his exposition of the grievance under which

he very palpably labours; but we gather from his own account of the want of method and manner in the preparation of his volume on "Species," that its failure was owing to its innate defects of composition and arrangement. It would only be justice, however, on the part of the literary and scientific world to turn back to the doctor's work on "organization," and judge for themselves how far he originated the views subsequently published by Drs. Beale and Savory, &c.

THE TEMPERANCE CONGRESS OF 1862.—(*London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.*)—This publication comprises the transactions of the Temperance League, during the summer of the present year, when taking advantage of the gathering of the people to the great exhibition, the congress of the Social Science Association in the metropolis, and the presence of many philanthropical foreigners in connection with the International Benevolent Association, it was resolved, on the part of the Committee of the National Temperance League, to hold a series of public meetings for the advocacy of temperance, on the part of temperance reformers from all parts of the kingdom, and to bring its principles under the notice of foreign visitors. The papers read at this congress, and which embrace a variety of subjects in connection with the temperance question, are many of them exceedingly well written, and contain much interesting information. Very few of our readers are probably aware that the number of compulsory drinking laws in England amount to four hundred. Many of these we have heard of as old customs—such as drinking together upon a bargain, treating, &c.; but we never till now knew their arbitrary nature, nor that fines and punishments were inflicted for breaking them. This is, however, the case, it appears. Amongst these occasions of drinking many have such musty and antiquarian names as to put us to the trouble of consulting the pages of "Notes and Queries," unless some of our well-read readers can help us? What, for instance, is the meaning of "mugging the foreman," "brothering, bulloning, hunting the maud," "Smyrna pints," "socket money," "wayz goose?" &c., for non-compliance with which we are told a variety of hideous and inexorable punishments are inflicted. But the paramount interest of the publication is the account of the vast amount of work done by the League. At present we read that there are at least four thousand temperance societies. Mr. Tweedie, the publisher, during

the last year alone, sold pledge-books sufficient to take two hundred and seventy thousand names, and, besides these, during the same period, two hundred thousand pledge-cards. During the last year there were thirteen large temperance associations, employing forty paid lecturers, with an united annual income of £22,000. The movement sustains three weekly newspapers, with an united circulation of 25,000 weekly; also six monthly magazines, with an united circulation of 20,000. The *British Workman* has a circulation of 250,000. The *Adviser*, a periodical for the young, has over 50,000. The *Band of Hope Review* over 250,000. Two quarterly reviews have a joint circulation of 10,000. The Temperance Provident and Life Insurance Institution has an annual income of £114,000, and the Temperance Land and Building Society an income of £77,000. These have all-risen since the year 1831. It is believed that 500 clergymen and 1,000 English dissenting ministers give the cause the benefit of their example and influence. Several ladies are also active in their efforts to spread a love of temperance, and juvenile societies are everywhere prospering, and exercising a wonderful and pleasing influence on the adult population, in addition to the benefits derivable to the youth. In brief, the fruits of the movement are patent, and command the respect of all right-thinking persons, however they may dissent from the *total-abstinence* principles to which the members of the league now pledge themselves. This pledge may be essential to those who are prone to, or easily tempted to excess; but we maintain it is a stumbling-block in the path of the really temperate man, who finds his own resolution and self-respect, on this point as in every other moral question, a law to himself. But, however we may differ as to the true meaning of temperance, and the distinctions of use and abuse, we honour the intentions of the society most truly, and congratulate its members upon their success and the spread of the virtue they have at heart, whether wholly owing to the efforts of the League; or, outside of it, in no inconsiderable measure, to the spread of education and refinement, and the consequent passing out of fashion, in the upper and middle classes of society, of the table habits of our great-grandfathers.

PERIODICALS, &c.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. (19, Langham Place, Regent Street: W. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row).—A paper entitled "On the Choice of a Business," forming a chapter of an unpublished book by Miss Boucherett, appears in the November part of our contemporary, in which the writer does not slur over the drawbacks to the various employments open to women, or under-rate the amount of competition for them, or ignore the necessity for fitness on the part of the candidate to ensure success in any. Herein the writer exhibits the folly of bringing up girls of the middle-classes to the

already overstocked callings of governesses and dressmakers, in which, if they themselves succeed, it is only by causing the failure of others. Nursing and midwifery, which women are properly instructed in at King's College Hospital, are only suited to persons of strong nerves and superior intelligence, and who possess "good health, a peculiar cast of mind, combining force of character, good temper, and the power of being contented with little gaiety and amusement. Only a select few can therefore be fitted for it; but those who feel themselves suited for this employment could not engage in a more useful and honourable career." Law-copying requires, in order to succeed in it, "the assured patronage of several solicitors." Clerkships in telegraph-offices are so sought after that there are far more candidates than vacancies. With a proper knowledge of arithmetic and a good handwriting, women might be more frequently employed as book-keepers and clerks in shops. Miss Boucherett also draws attention to photography and house-decoration, as practical employments for women. We would also remind them that the art of wood-engraving offers, in these days of illustrated books and bill-heads, a lucrative, but as yet little noticed, occupation for women. Singularly enough, in the long list of employments suggested or spoken of in the paper before us, this obviously feminine, and comparatively unoccupied, branch of industrial art is not so much as hinted at. It is stated that at Dieppe, women carve ivory brooches and other ornaments, which find a market amongst us, and that quantities of cheap French shoes are made by women and sold here—facts sufficiently suggestive in a country where womanly employments are so few as in our own. One other hint is most excellent, and deserves immediate development: it is, that good cooks in gentleman's houses be allowed to take an apprentice, and to receive a fee for teaching her. The professor, generally so jealous of her art, would then take pains to teach, and at the end of the year would send out her pupil an accomplished cook. The system, we are told, works well abroad; and there seems to be no reason why it should not in England. It would cost the mistress but the food of the apprentice, and the use of an extra hand in the kitchen would be worth that. The cook would be glad to receive a fee, the apprentice to learn, the kitchen-maid would hear the instructions the cook was giving the other girl, and pick up a little knowledge by this means. Thus all parties would be benefited, and the race of cooks multiplied and improved. Most sincerely, for the sake of society as well as that of the individuals themselves, we hope that our lady-readers who are the mistresses of establishments, and good cooks, may put this system in practice without delay. An interesting memoir of Caroline Fichler is commenced, and the "Dream of Nabouassar" concluded. There is also a notable paper on "Infant Mortality and its Causes." From the returns of the Registrar-General, it appears that the largest

number of infants die from preventible causes. The mortality of children in towns nearly doubles that of children in the country, from the close, badly sewered, ill ventilated lanes and alleys in which a large proportion of them are born; want of breast-milk is another active cause of this mortality, and adulterated cow's-milk a very potent one. Improper and over-feeding kills its quota, and overdosing with medicine is a fertile cause of infant-death; suffocation, through a careless, or drunken nurse or mother, is a very common agent; and foul bodies and foul clothes an active one. In this paper there appears a paragraph which so entirely bears out our own views on the effects of the factory system on women, that we are glad to add its force to all that we have, from time to time, urged on the subject.

This system [the author observes] clearly proves the present and prospective evils of withdrawing girls of a tender age from the influence of home. Little creatures, who, if guided by their own instincts, would hardly devote ten minutes to one train of thought or one occupation, are compelled to spend a great part of the day in monotonous labour. There is no real childhood; there is no transition period. The influences of home have never been truly experienced; the duties which can be learned only at the domestic hearth are unknown; the girl becomes a woman, but without the finer instincts and sympathies of her sex. They have been crushed out of her by preoccupation and routine. She is selfish, calculating, muscular, and even violent in her conduct; such at least has been officially described as a common condition of females in manufacturing districts.

Returning to the statistics of infant mortality, we learn from official tables, that in England and Wales only, there were registered in 1852, the deaths of 94,407 infants; while it is estimated that, in London alone, at least 300 infants perish annually by direct violence. The pang for all this, the writer (an M. D.) looks for in the better sanitary and moral training of young women of the poorer classes, and in a more active sympathy between rich and poor.

THE SPARROW AND THE PRIMROSE. By Y. S. N. *Emily Faithful, Great Corn-street.*—Amongst the many pleasant stories which Y. S. N. has contributed to the "Leaves for Little Ones" in our pages, "The Sparrow and the Primrose" is one of the prettiest, and was, we have reason to know from juvenile critics in our private circle, very favourably received. Conscious of its popularity, the author has reprinted it in a substantive form, and has prettily illustrated her subject. Moreover, it has a new claim on the sympathies of little purchasers. It is sold, we learn from the title-page, for the benefit of the "Hospital for Sick Children;" a very meritorious object, and one in which the little children, whose slightest sufferings are so tenderly soothed and cared for at home, will be glad to help. Sunday-school teachers, too, will find it a pretty gift

for their pupils. We presume that it is sold at the printers, for, by an oversight, this very essential piece of intelligence is not stated. The Hospital for Sick Children, of which a very graphic account appeared in our pages several years ago, is situated in Great Ormond-street, and is open to visitors on certain days of the week, and we cannot suggest for the more thoughtful of our young friends a more interesting visit during the vacation, or one more likely to confirm them in feelings of benevolence and sympathy in such good works, than one with mamma or some other authorized friend to this Hospital for Sick Children. We may remind them, also, that the gift of a few toys they may have wearied of, or a packet of copies of this pretty little book sold for the little patients' benefit will serve to wile away the long days of slow convalescence, or help to amuse the intervals of active suffering.

MAGNET STORIES: THE STORY OF A PEBBLE. By J. A. Hall. (*London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.*)—This story of a pebble runs in quite a new course from any that have preceded it in this interesting series of juvenile tales; and while telling its own history entwines with it that of the brothers Harry and Freddy Harley, who have found the piece of madrepore in its pebble shape on the sea shore, and are the means of bringing out its beauty at the hands of the lapidary and jeweller. These boys are not represented in the impossible perfection which too many writers aim at: they are good boys, though not free from the faults which naturally beset children; but they have sufficiently educated feeling and generous impulses to be conscious of, and to regret their short comings in right conduct. We fancy young readers will take greater interest in the "common things of the sea shore," after reading this story, and in many it may be the means of arousing a taste for geology, a science that, like all others that have for their subject the study of Nature, is full of everyday delight. The very pavements are eloquent to such students, and "sermons in stones," are daily read by them.

PAWSEY'S LADIES' FASHIONABLE REPOSITORY FOR 1863. (*London: Suttaby and Co.*)—Oldest and best of the pocket books, "Pawsey" fairly vindicates its claims to the patronage of our lady readers. In addition to a prize tale by F. H. Knapp, and another prose story by Mrs. Bird, there are no less than thirty-six pages filled with original poems, many of them above average merit. But besides these attractions it is very gracefully ornamented with a tinted frontispiece, and vignette. The first, Sandringham Hall, Norfolk, which has recently become the property of the Prince of Wales, has of itself, at this period especially, sufficient interest for English ads to render "Pawsey's" the popular pocket-book. The book contains, besides the illustration (also tinted) of Crowfield Church, Suffolk, four engravings, and infinite amusement for Christmas fire-sides in innumerable new enigmas, charades, &c.

LADIES' PAGE.

BEAUTIFUL COUNTERPANE.

IN SQUARES FORMED OF FOUR FLEURS-DE-LIS, AND SCROLLS JOINED WITH STRIPES OF INSERTION.

MATERIALS.—Boar's Head Knitting Cotton No. 6, four threads of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby; and 2 pins No. 14.

Cast on 53 stitches.

Knit 2 plain rows.

3rd row. Knit 2, seam 49, knit 2.

4th. Same as 3rd.

5th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 19, seam 3, knit 3, seam 3, knit 19, seam 1, knit 2.

6th. Knit 3, seam 19, knit 3, seam 3, knit 3, seam 19, knit 3.

7th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 18, knit 9, seam 18, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

8th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 18, seam 9, knit 18, seam 1, knit 3.

9th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 17, knit 5, seam 1, knit 5, seam 17, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

10th.—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 17, seam 5, knit 1, seam 5, knit 17, seam 1, knit 3.

11th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 8, knit 5, seam 4, knit 4, seam 3, knit 4, seam 4, knit 5, seam 8, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

12th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 8, seam 5, knit 4, seam 4, knit 3, seam 4, knit 4, seam 5, knit 8, seam 1, knit 3.

13th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 7, knit 7, seam 2, knit 5, seam 3, knit 5, seam 2, knit 7, seam 7, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

14th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 7, seam 7, knit 2, seam 5, knit 3, seam 5, knit 2, seam 7, knit 7, seam 1, knit 3.

15th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 7, knit 2, seam 2, knit 4, seam 1, knit 4, seam 5, knit 4, seam 1, knit 4, seam 2, knit 2, seam 7, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

16th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 7, seam 2, knit 2, seam 4, knit 1, seam 4, knit 5, seam 4, knit 1, seam 4, knit 2, seam 2, knit 7, seam 1, knit 3.

17th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 8, knit 1, seam 2, knit 9, seam 5, knit 9, seam 2, knit 1, seam 8, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

18th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 2, seam 9, knit 5, seam 9, knit 2, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 3.

19th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 10, knit 7, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 7, seam 10, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

20th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 10, seam 7, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2 seam 7, knit 10, seam 1, knit 3.

21st. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 3, knit 2, seam 4, knit 7, seam 4, knit 1, seam 3, knit 1, seam 4, knit 7, seam 4, knit 2, seam 3, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

22nd. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 3, seam 2, knit 4, seam 7, knit 4, seam 1, knit 3, seam 1, knit 4, seam 7, knit 4, seam 2, knit 3, seam 1, knit 3.

23rd. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 4, seam 3, knit 7, seam 5, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1,

seam 5, knit 7, seam 3, knit 4, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

24th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 4, knit 3, seam 7, knit 5, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 5, seam 7, knit 3, seam 4, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3.

25th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 5, seam 2, knit 1, seam 2, knit 1, seam 2, knit 1, seam 2, knit 1, seam 2, knit 1, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

26th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 5, knit 2, seam 1, knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2, seam 1, knit 2, seam 5, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3.

27th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 2, knit 6, seam 1, knit 1, seam 7, knit 1, seam 1, knit 6, seam 2, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

28th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 2, seam 6, knit 1, seam 1, knit 7, seam 1, knit 1, seam 6, knit 2, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3.

29th. Knit 2, seam 6, knit 1, seam 2, knit 9, seam 1, knit 7, seam 7, knit 7, seam 1, knit 9, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

30th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 9, knit 1, seam 7, knit 7, seam 7, knit 1, seam 9, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3.

31st. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 15, seam 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 15, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

32nd. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 15, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 15, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3.

33rd. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 3, knit 14, seam 4, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, seam 4, knit 14, seam 3, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

34th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 3, seam 14, knit 4, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 4, seam 14, knit 3, seam 1, knit 3.

35th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 4, knit 14, seam 2, knit 1, seam 3, knit 1, seam 2, knit 14, seam 4, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

36th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 4, seam 14, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 14, knit 4, seam 1, knit 3.

37th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 5, knit 16, seam 3, knit 16, seam 5, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

38th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 5, seam 16, knit 3, seam 16, knit 5, seam 1, knit 3.

39th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 3, knit 4, seam 3, knit 6, seam 2, knit 4, seam 1, knit 4, seam 2, knit 6, seam 3, knit 4, seam 3, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

40th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 3, seam 4, knit 3

seam 6, knit 2, seam 4, knit 1, seam 4, knit 2, seam 6, knit 3, seam 4, knit 3, seam 1, knit 3.

41st. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 5, seam 5, knit 1, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 7, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 1, seam 5, knit 5, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

42nd. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 1, seam 5, knit 5, seam 1, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 7, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 1, knit 5, seam 5, knit 1, seam 1, knit 3.

43rd. Knit 2, seam 2, knit 6, seam 3, knit 4, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 5, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 4, seam 3, knit 6, seam 2, knit 2.

44th. Knit 4, seam 6, knit 3, seam 4, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 5, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 4, knit 3, seam 6, knit 2, seam 2.

45th. Knit 2, seam 2, knit 6, seam 9, knit 3, seam 4, knit 1, seam 4, knit 3, seam 9, knit 6, seam 2, knit 2.

46th. Knit 4, seam 6, knit 9, seam 3, knit 4, seam 1, knit 4, seam 3, knit 9, seam 6, knit 4.

47th. Knit 2, seam 2, knit 4, seam 2, knit 2, seam 6, knit 5, seam 7, knit 5, seam 6, knit 2, seam 2, knit 4, seam 2, knit 2.

48th. Knit 4, seam 4, knit 2, seam 2, knit 6, seam 5, knit 7, seam 5, knit 6, seam 2, knit 2, seam 4, knit 4.

49th. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 3, seam 6, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 7, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 6, knit 3, seam 1, knit 2.

50th. Knit 3, seam 3, knit 6, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 7, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 6, seam 3, knit 3.

51st. Knit 2, seam 1, knit 2, seam 16, knit 3, seam 5, knit 3, seam 16, knit 2, seam 1, knit 2.

52nd. Knit 3, seam 2, knit 16, seam 3, knit 5, seam 3, knit 16, seam 2, knit 3.

53rd. The same as 49th.

54th. The same as 48th; and so on until all the rows have been knitted back, when the square will be complete.

For the stripe between the squares cast on 16 stitches.

Knit 2 plain rows.

3rd row. Knit 2, seam 1; knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, knit 2.

4th. Knit 3, seam 1, knit 1, seam 5, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows alternately, each 3 times more.

11th. Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1; make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2.

12th. Knit 2, seam 4, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, seam 5, knit 2.

Repeat the 11th and 12th rows alternately, each 3 times more, then repeat from the 3rd row until you have the length of the stripe. For the pieces to join between the squares, cast on the same number of stitches, and knit 2 plain rows.

Knit 88 rows of the pattern, knit 2 plain rows, and cast off.

These short pieces must be very neatly sewed to the squares, to the casting off of one and the casting on of the other.

The long strips of insertion to be sewed up the sides of the squares.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE HAYMARKET

Still continues to draw crowds to witness the evergreen "Lord Dundreary." With this and some good farces the theatre affords a bill of fare sufficient for the most exigent play-goer.

THE PRINCESS'S,

Under Mr. Lindus's management, has been presenting to the public a selection of standard English plays, well cast, and well put on the stage. In the "Hunchback," Miss Amy Sedgwick as the heroine, has conferred fresh brilliance on her well known reputation. The theatre boasts a strong company and good management, and will, we trust, be as successful with new plays by contemporary authors as with the more ancient gems of the drama.

THE OLYMPIC

Has made a hit in the new play by Watts Philips, "Camilla's Husband," in which Mr. Neville plays the part of *Maurice Warner*, in his accustomed dashing and graceful manner.

SADLER'S WELLS

Prosperes under Miss Lucett's management.

The drama of "Rob Roy" is in preparation, and a new and original burlesque on a well known play is to be produced. In our next we shall have more scope for description, seeing that the Christmas pieces, with fun, parody, brilliant scenery, and blue-fire afford ample food for the descriptive if not the critical pen.

W. R.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

We are glad to inform our readers that the success which has attended the concerts of "National Melodies," organized by Mr. Lockyer, the energetic secretary of the Vocal Association, has resulted in the programme of another, for the evening of Wednesday the 3rd, the second part of which is to consist of "Irish National Melodies," accompanied by a band of 20 harps. We are also glad to say that Mr. Benedict will conduct, and that Mr. John J. Cheshire has undertaken the superintendence of the harps, and has composed new symphonies and preludes for them; so that the only drawback to the past performances, in which the harp accompaniments were too frequently at

fault, are certain to be obviated, and the excellent singing of the choir properly supported. Those who remember how charmingly some of the melodies were rendered on the occasion of the last concert, will be prepared to enjoy even a more satisfactory musical treat on Wednesday next,

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.

Taking advantage of the leading topic of the day, "Cotton," its mode of growth, its chosen habitat, its culture, preparation, and finest staple; Professor Pepper, with that ready grasp of subject so essential to the literary and scientific man, has been interesting large audiences through the past month with the natural history and general treatment of this plant; so important in its relation to national industry, commercial wealth, and domestic comfort.

Warmth and the saline breezes seem essential to the full development of the cotton-tree, of which there are many species. Its value in the market is decided by the length and elasticity of the fibre, and it is these superior qualities which make the loss of the American staple so important to us. In describing the history of cotton in India Mr. Pepper gave an amusing description of the careless way in which it is planted, often intermixed with various other seeds, in order to give a chance of a crop of some sort or another. The rude mode of gathering and preparing it, and the vicissitudes to which it is subjected in its transit by bullock-waggon and boat to the place where it is shipped. The short staple, and the dirty condition in which it reaches us are thoroughly accounted for in this description, which is rendered more vivid by dissolving views of the plantation and native processes, and the roads by which it

reaches Bombay at the rate of a mile per diem, and the crafts in which it is set on fire half-a-dozen times in the course of its river voyage. The lecture is throughout full of information and abundant in hopeful promises of future improvement in the growth of the Indian plant, which up to the present time has never received that attention at the hand of native growers which is required to perfect the quality of its produce. Now, its enhanced value will make it worth their while to increase their care in its culture, and the result is looked for with a full assurance of improvement. Under the enlightened government of the Pasha of Egypt another source of supply is expected, and altogether, dark as is the present aspect of the cotton manufacturing districts, there is good hope for them in the future. Several beautiful experiments, illustrative of submarine warfare, are amongst the attractive features of a visit to this interesting school of science, experiments, which if put into practical use would render war impossible by the very terrors of their destructiveness. Sub-marine boats that glide invisibly under the doomed ship and blow her to atoms without themselves appearing, liquids that projected on the sails of a ship from the distant deck of an enemy cause them to ignite and burn with a rapidity that nothing can save, and while the disabled ship lies helpless, the whole sea around her is set on fire by an ether so volatile, that it floats upon the surface, and so fierce that it fires every object it meets with. A concert, and a well arranged sketch of London from the time of the Britons to our own days, illustrated with dissolving views, and the lovely illuminated fountain conclude an abundant and gratifying entertainment. We cannot conclude our notice without reference to the generous benefit given on the 26th, at this establishment, towards the Lancashire relief fund.

T H E T O I L E T .

(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of grey silk, trimmed with a deep flounce, along the head of which are set velvet stars surrounded with Chantilly lace. These stars are also continued on the bottom of the flounce. The body is pointed and decorated with stars like those on the skirt, but smaller of course in dimension. This ornament is continued from the front along the back to the end of a short *taille*, like that of a postillon's jacket. The sleeves are open from the elbow downwards, and are held together near the end with lace *tabs*. Velvet stars are set on from the elbow and round the bottom of the sleeve, and there is also one on each shoulder. Muslin embroidered collar and under sleeves. Crape bonnet, ornamented at the side with a bunch of wheat-ears, black and straw colour, placed at the head of a full

frill of Chantilly lace. The same ears within the cap.

SECOND FIGURE.—Green silk dress, trimmed with a narrow flounce, set on in hollow plaits and headed with a full *ruche*, pinked at the edges. This *ruche* is of silk, of a darker shade than the dress. The body, almost round at the waist, is ornamented with a similar *ruche* forming braces. The sleeve is cut with an elbow, rather wide at the bottom, and is trimmed with a frill laid in plaits, headed by a pinked *ruche*. A frill laid in large plaits is put on the sleeve as a jockey. Embroidered muslin collar edged with lace. Under-sleeves of puffings, separated by insertions, and trimmed with Valenciennes. Head-dress in the Spanish style, made of black figured *tulle*, bordered by a lace *ruche* mixed with velvet.

A tuft of *grosseille* velvet flowers as ornament and long lace *barbs* behind.

THIRD FIGURE.—Toilet for a little girl of ten years of age, composed of a frock of Irish poplin, with a plain body, braces, and a Bernese waist-band, black silk, embroidered with white. The skirt is trimmed with a band of silk to match the braces. Swiss *chemisette*, and under sleeves. Boots laced in front. Trousers plaited at the bottom. Invisible hair net.

Poplins of a tartan pattern are much in vogue for both little girls and boys' costumes. A very pretty dress for a *fillette* of six years of age is composed of grey poplin, braided with brown *soutache*. The *corsage*, low and square, is ornamented with *soutache*, as are the sleeves. With this robe our *fillette* should wear a *chapeau* Henry III., with a *panache* of black and *cerise* feathers, and a little *basquis* or jacket of soft grey cloth, with a reverse of brown silk, and pockets of the same. A little linen collar, and brown *taffetas* cravat.

Pelerines of lace or muslin, with *entre-deux* of *guipure* or ribbon, are much worn, and bestow an air of distinction even to the most simpler robes. Some of the newest models are made to cross on

the bust; and others are cut square behind and before, and trimmed with a lace. For my own part, I think the simplest form, plain and pointed before and behind, as effective as the more elaborate designs.

For walking and home toilets Irish poplins are very much in favour: plain high bodies fastened to the throat with small fire-gilt or costly steel buttons. Happily for Coventry, ribbon *ruchings*, as well as others of pinked silk, are very much in request. Bands of this trimming are worn on the skirts, as well as on the bodies of dresses, where it appears in the form of braces, or outlines the figure of the corselets, or *Figaro* jacket so much in favour.

Reps and poplins will be most worn of solid colours. Plain rich silks are also in demand: these may be made as elegantly or as simply as possible. All shades of grey, *mauve*, blue and green, with the new shades, "*bois*" and "*cuir*," will be represented. Some new woollen goods for walking-dresses have been added to the monotonous lindseys and wisseys, so long and so deservedly popular. Amongst these *poile de saie* and *merinos écossais*, a shepherd's plaid, in new colours, are exceedingly warm and serviceable.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

On the first day of November her Majesty the Queen, in council, signed her consent to the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Alexandra, Princess of Denmark; since when the bride elect has been domiciled with the Queen at Osborne, and has to appearance been already installed in the intimate relation which she is to fill in the domestic circle of her Majesty. The promised event offers very interesting social and national points of contrast to the last marriage of a Prince of Wales; and, so far as the principal personages are concerned, appears full of happy auspices. Judging from the unflattering candour of photography, the Danish Princess is not only handsome, but intellectual-looking; and we rejoice that the lot has fallen on a daughter of the old Viking race. Her Majesty has commissioned Mrs. Thorneycraft to make a bust of her future daughter-in-law. The birth-day of the Prince of Wales, ignored by Court etiquette during this year of mourning for the death of his revered father, was only partially honoured in the metropolis, in deference to the wishes of the august widow; and the majority of a royal son and future king of England, has passed over without any other public demonstration than a few gas stars, and illuminated triple plumes on the fronts of his tradesmen's houses. But this enforced repression of national feeling will, we have no doubt, find ample compensation on the occasion of the

royal marriage, which now that the International Exhibition, with all its fertility of subject matter for admiration or fault-finding, is numbered with the things that were, will be the next great matter of interest, and public excitement.

At present the unsafe condition of the streets and suburbs of London is creating no little apprehension, and the letters in the daily papers relating to the outrages committed in them, or suggesting means for the suppression of this new form of crime, take us back to the days of Sir John Fielking and the "Flying post." Loving very dearly an hypothesis, we date the germ of this system of garrotting to the exhibition of Thugism in the ethnological collection in the British Museum. There, as our readers may have seen, the whole process is most graphically illustrated—from the first starting of the unsuspecting victim, to the moment when the scarf or lace is thrown over his head, and he finds his respiration for ever impeded. At the period of the first appearance of these models, having occasion, for some literary work, to be often in the ethnological department, it was almost startling to note the description of men and boys who specially on the two first days of the week crowded around the table on which these models were disposed. We remember, on more than one occasion, to have remarked it to a friend; for their concentrated interest and grim amusement at the study was (looking

at the countenances of some of these visitors) a thing to shudder at. We should exceedingly like to learn the date at which London magistrates first found their attention called to systemized cases of garrotting?

Those who witnessed the dying out of the International Exhibition during the last fortnight of its unnaturally protracted existence, must have experienced with ourselves some natural melancholy. The contrast of order with disorder, of beauty with ugly blanks and disarray, all the glory of its summer show departed, and the whole merged in complete or semi-November fog, was absolutely depressing. The great nave cleared, for the most part, of its trophies, left an unnatural space about those which remained; so that the deadly conflict of the "Duelists" assumed a more terrible earnestness; and the inwreathed limbs and straining muscles of the combatants seemed more than ever instinct with a hopeless resolution. Very dreary looked "The Norwegian Bridal Group," in all their gold and scarlet bravery, while the great telescope loomed hopelessly through the yellow misty atmosphere, without seeing anything beyond it. It was pleasant, however, to come suddenly on Monti's "Reader," under a fan palm tree (she had been removed from the Roman Court), and in its beautiful relief looking more mutely life-like than ever. One almost wondered, looking at the luminous earnestness of the downcast eyes, how with the murmur and buzz of admiration about her, they kept their earnest gaze upon the page, nor winked, nor closed. Here, too, so wonderfully and delicately poised, that the upper figure of the group seemed floating forth with an impalpable, yet actual motion, "The Sleep of Sorrow, and the Dream of Joy" remained to refresh us with last thoughts of their beauty, and remind us that the soul of art still animates the sculptors of Italia. Other statues, hearsed in sarcophagus-like cases, were being borne away,

and above the organ notes, or the harmonious instrumentation of the Coldstream Guards that from time to time endeavoured to cheer the dreary space with jubilant airs, were heard the sounds of dismembering hammers. Policemen, in great coats, pale with cold; attendants wrapped in furs; brown-paper, packing-cases, and hay monopolized the side courts; and we console ourself, remembering the suggestion urged by one, who is himself the soul of kindness to the Commissioners, to permit a concert to be given in the building for the aid of the Lancashire hands, that the season put it out of question—the visitors even now were shuddering as they walked about.

Speaking of Lancashire, reminds us that Christmas is at hand, and that the distress continues in its direst form, notwithstanding the large sums contributed from week to week, and the many practical modes for its local alleviation. Mrs. Potter's plan has worked well, we are told, and the industrial schools opened for men and women are likely to be of eminent future benefit to both. But in the midst of the great flow of charity to the cotton manufacturing districts, other benevolent institutions are not forgotten; and at this season of storm and danger on our coasts, another noble woman, who gives no name, has presented the Life-boat Institution with the means of placing an additional boat upon the coast.

The year and our volume are drawing to a close, both to be renewed, we hope, with renovated strength and freshness; but on looking back we count the loss in time, and from our pages, of more than one kind friend and helper. Mrs. Charlotte Anne Bartholomew, and Mr. John Leaf, author of many carefully-written biographical and other sketches, have, within a month of each other, dropped from the circle of our contributors; the latter at the early age of 42.

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO OUR READERS.—We have much pleasure in announcing the appearance of the first chapter of a Novel—"Gowrie Hall"—by the author of "The Double Marriage," in our New Year's number. We are also about to publish a monthly Paris letter.

POETRY received, with thanks.—"Autumn;" "What has the Old Year done for us?" "Lines;" "New Year's Thoughts;" "To a Bird in the City;" "Dead."

"Agnes."—Promising, but not sufficiently finished for publication. The subjects are trite to weariness.

"To my Best Beloved."—Please transmit by post.

"Snowflakes."—Not without poetic feeling, but imperfect in rhyme and rhythm. Try again.

"The Slave."—Too evidently the inspiration of a rhyming dictionary.

"Christmas."—Had there been a thought or image, or even a whole line, in this composition which had not been said or sung before, its seasonableness would have rendered it acceptable.

PROSE accepted.—From "L. S.;" "A true Story of the Road;" "Piero Di Cosimo."

MSS. returned.—To "J. C. B.;" to "Mrs. Palmer;" "H. J."

Correspondents not communicated with by post will please direct all letters, manuscripts, &c., to 246, Strand.

Want of space compels us to hold over the article upon "Toole" (the comedian), also notices of "The Story of Cervantes" and "The Cruickshank Gallery."





